

1881.

New Series.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 2.

THE  
**ELECTIC**  
**MAGAZINE**

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE

AUGUST.



NEW YORK:

E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 25 BOND STREET.

AMERICAN NEWS CO., AND NEW YORK NEWS CO., General Agents.

Terms: Single Numbers, 45 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$5.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

No. 181 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,  
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Total Assets, January, 1881, -  
BENJAMIN A. WALCOTT, President.

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# Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XXXIV., No. 2.

AUGUST, 1881.

{ Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

## THE SWORD.

THE march of democracy is not limited to mankind alone; the uprising of *nouvelles couches* is not confined to the peoples of the earth; the undermining of the upper classes is not restricted to humanity. The dismantling of aristocracies is no longer a merely mortal operation; it has sapped away the bases of other privileges than those of princes; it has exterminated other prerogatives than those of blood; it has suppressed other rights than those of birth. The revolutionary spirit is swelling beyond politics and parliaments; its action is stretching outside societies, and is reaching above nations; it is pervading nature herself, and is even permeating matter. The subversiveness of our time extends to metals as well as to men; under its dissolving action—alas that we should have to say it!—steel has ceased to be a gentleman.

Until this nineteenth century steel had retained its exalted place. It had been assailed by gunpowder, and it had been

debilitated by the gradual diminution of duels, but it had held its own; its superb traditions had not yet faded; the knightly sword was still its accepted expression, still its representative idea. It is true that steel—though used in Asia from all time—though seen, perhaps, in imperial Rome, and though introduced into Spain by the Arabs in the ninth century—had only been seriously known to Europeans since the First Crusade; it is true that the swords of Greece, of Spain, of Germany, of Gaul, contained no sign of it: but for the last eight centuries the world had learned to associate the sword and steel together, and to instinctively regard them as implying the same conception. To-day, that stately unity has disappeared. The sword has been dethroned; and steel, meanly forsaking its former self, repudiating its lineage, its alliances, and its traditions, has gone in for demagoguery. And we are the sad spectators of its fall.

What a superb career it has renounced!

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXIV., No. 2

It had shaped the world ; it had carved out history ; it had formed the nations ; it had fixed the limits of languages and the geography of character and thought ; it had vanquished the strong ; it had rebuked the proud ; it had succored the weak ; it had been the arbiter of honor, and the accomplisher of justice. The sword was, as the ancient chronicler said, "the oldest, the most universal, the most varied of arms ; the only one which has lived through time. All peoples knew it ; it was everywhere regarded as the support of courage, as the enemy of perfidy, as the mark of commandment, as the companion of authority—as the emblem of sovereignty, of power, of force, of conquest, of fidelity, and of punishment." And all this has steel abandoned—to become rails ! Look at what it was, and at what it is. Its aspect was brilliant ; its habits were punctilious ; its manners were courtly ; its connections were patrician ; its functions were solemn ; its contact was ennobling ; even its very vices were glittering, for most of them were simply the defects of its superb qualities. It is true that it was sometimes cruel, and that its processes of action were distinctly sanguinary ; but those reproaches apply to all other weapons too. Throughout the ages it grandly held up its head, and haughtily bore its name. It lost no caste when it allied itself with lance and dagger, with battle-axe and helm, for they were of its natural kindred, and even when, in later times, it stooped to generate such lowly offspring as razors, lancets, knives, and needles the world saw no real abasement in the act, for the chivalrous blade was still the image which represented steel to man. But now its whole character has changed ; now, it has thrown aside its gallantry, its grace, its glory ; now, it has forsworn its pride for profit, its pomp for popularity. Steel is now bursting coarsely on the earth at the rate of thousands of tons a month. It is positively being made into steam-engines, and cannon, and ships, and all sorts of vulgar, heavy, uncomely, useful objects. Worse than all, it is becoming cheap ! Steel cheap ! The steel of old, the steel of legend and of story, the steel of the paladin and the chevalier, the steel of the noble and the brave, the steel of honor and of might, the steel that was

above price, that knew not money and cared nought for profit—that steel is no more. It has been driven contemptuously out of sight by metallurgic persons called Bessemer, and Krupp, and Siemens, and these destructive creators have put into its place a nineteenth century substance, exactly fitted to a mercantile period, but possessing no tie whatever with time or fame.

No more will steel append its personal signature, its glaringly recognizable autograph, to the great events of history. The dagger that slew Caesar, the glaive that Brennus hurled into the scale to weigh against the liberty of Rome, the axe that gashed off Mary Stuart's head, the knife that armed the hand of Charlotte Corday (of course they were not all steel, but they admirably represent the notion of it), are mere faded antiquities. Steel has other functions to discharge now ; it has given up marking dates in the world's life, and has gone in for trade ; it has ceased to be history, and has become actuality ; it is in a state of new departure ; it no longer incarnates a sentiment ; it is nothing but a fact. It has turned its back on the blades of Damascus, on the armor of Milan, on the shields of Augsburg, on the rapiers of Ferrara, on the halberds of Flanders, on the poniards of Bilbao, and, at this very moment, is forsaking almost the last refuge which was left to it and is deserting the marvellous sabres of Japan. In the place of its former glories it is taking up all sorts of low associations ; it is being manufactured in big furnaces ; it is being "cast," as if it were mere clownish pig-iron ; it is being rolled, as if it were uncouth "bar ;" it is condescending to be boiler plates, and axle-trees, and driving-shafts, and girders. To this is steel reduced.

In what else has evolution worked a sadder change than this ? Where else has relentless progress stamped out a nobler past ? Of course the present development of steel is very serviceable, and very commercial, and very profitable ; and it is, perhaps, our duty to be delighted at it. But views and opinions are, after all, like religious faiths, affairs of temperament rather than of reason. Just as some people regret post-chaises, and just as some others mourn over the divine right of kings, so



is it comprehensible that a few of us may deplore the disappearance of swords, and the desecration of steel. The feeling may be absurd, and it is certainly purely sentimental, and altogether impractical and out of date; but in a conservative country like ours, there is some excuse for lamenting the disappearance of landmarks, and never was there a bigger or more universal sign-post than the sword, for it pointed the road to almost all the ends of life. Men were what their swords made them. To be "as brave as his sword" was the highest aim of a warrior's heart. And yet the sword has vanished so completely that we can scarcely suppose the world will ever see it at its true work again. A lingering survivor of the family is still to be detected in the French duelling tool; but, with the exception of that pallid, sickly inheritor of a fallen crown, all direct descendants of the once mighty race have died out. No one can seriously pretend that the soldier's sabre of today is anything but a bastard of the kin; it is a vulgar article of commerce—like skewers, or chisels, or nails, supplied by contract from Liège or St. Etienne, from Solingen or Birmingham. It has no place in the glorious lineage of fighting steel; it is a mere article of military accoutrement; among the tools of actual war it stands a long way below knapsacks, a little above chin-straps, and about on a level with shovels; it has been cast out into the cold shade by breech-loaders and rifled barrels; it has scarcely any blood relationship with the real sword—with the sword which was the one essential weapon of every man who fought. That trusty friend is gone forever—an awkward instrument of inferior iron, which, like Charles the Second's promises, "no man relies on," has assumed its place. Never again will poet sing of puissant falchions, or of adamantine blades. The Balmung of Siegfried, the Escalibur of Arthur, the prodigious Mistelstein, which expunged two thousand four hundred men, the Joyeuse of Charlemagne, the Flamberge of Renaud, the Altecler of Oliver, the Quersteinbeis of Hakon, which chopped in two a millstone, the Tisona and the Colada of the Cid—all these, and all their like, have faded into "dreams that tempt no more." Even Durandal, the epic

Durandal of Roland, the wondrous brand that cleft the cliff at Roncesvaux, and left its yawning mark upon the Pyrenean crest, has flickered into night, and is bewailed by none. A rusty rough-edged bar, purporting to represent it, is shown to curious travelers in the Armory at Madrid; and an equally veracious rival is exhibited in the Church of Rocamadour, in the department of the Lot; but the true Durandal is, of course, as the legend tells us, still lying in the waters into which the dying hero flung it, as the last blast of the Olifant expired on his lips, in the vain effort to call back Charlemagne to the field; it is still, undoubtedly, at the bottom of the enchanted poisoned stream "which passed by there." And there, we may presume, it will remain, unless somebody finds it. No more will champions hew a foe in half at one wild sweep, as Godfrey and Conrad did to several Paynim in the Holy Land. No more will shields be split from top to bottom, as Renaud treated the buckler of the wicked infidel Sacripant. All that sort of behavior is no longer in our ways; we do not work so laboriously in conflicts now; battles have become lazy, in company with most other acts of modern life. Like stone cannon balls, the rack, the toga, and cups of hemlock, hard hitting has passed out of our wants.

The ferocity of sharp strokes, the immensity of savage smiting, which constituted, for thousands of years, the essential characteristics of the sword, form, however, but a poor part of its vast story. There came into it, with time, new lineaments, fairer and nobler than these. By small degrees, as centuries passed on, the sword began to mount, its uses rose, its functions soared. It never ceased to be a slaughterer, for killing is the essence of its being; but it grew to be a creator as well as a destroyer; men made of it their great ennobler. Its touch upon the shoulder conferred the knighthood which soldiers longed to win; and reverence for it waxed so deep that its simple presence on the hip was taken to be sufficient evidence that its wearer was, to some extent at least, a gentleman. It came to be regarded as the one accepted emblem of manly pride, as the outer symbol of all that men prized most—their courage,

their liberty, and their honor. The practice of disarming captives had naturally engendered the idea that to give up a sword was an act implying defeat, bondage, and disgrace; and by a not incomprehensible extension of opinion, its possession was counted as indicating the exact contrary of all this, as constituting evidence that its wearer was undegraded and free, as supplying an unquestioned certificate of his liberty. It was the visible badge of birth, of bravery, of freedom. No other material object ever attained such a place in the eyes of men; the sword stood absolutely alone in its honor-bestowing efficacy. The crown, the sceptre, and the robe of ermine were for the elect alone—even the spur was only for a narrow class; but the sword was for large numbers at once, and it made no distinctions between its holders, it treated them all alike, and rendered precisely the same service to each of them. This enormous power was, however, of slow growth. This highest of the attributes of the sword, this noblest of its privileges, was, after all, almost modern, the earth got on without it for long ages. The Greeks and Romans (who only handled swords in war, and discarded them in peace time) knew naught about it; they contemptuously scoffed, indeed, at the barbarians their neighbors for carrying weapons when they did not want them, and saw therein conclusive evidence of their savageness. It was not until a state of life was reached in which almost every man bore arms as a distinction, until the sword became a daily and cherished companion, that its value as a mark of personal position stood out complete. But when it did, at last, attain the faculty of bestowing repute on all who touched it, it added a new and special glory to its previous splendors. Its legendary, historical, and political aspects, which were all stately enough already, became supplemented by another and a still higher phase.

And so the sword went forward, noble and ennobling, until another totally new life began for it with the sixteenth century. Until that period it continued to be the vehicle of honor and of blows; cleaving, slashing, mangling, and making gentlemen, were its perpetual occupations; and very grand they were—so

grand, indeed, that they would have sufficed for any other lesser ambition. But the sword was not content; it wanted more. Before it died it seized a new and still more wonderful position. There came a day when it assumed another function, acquired another potentiality, and claimed another place. Radiant as had been the sparkling brilliancies which light up its regal history, a still brighter effulgence suddenly illuminated it about the time of Ferdinand and Isabella. That glorious epoch, so full of dates and memories, was the starting point of further splendors which the sword, with all its accumulated majesty, had not yet known. In Spain, four hundred years ago, it was converted from a weapon of pure attack into a mixed arm of offence and defence combined. In contradiction to all its previous usages and aspects—which had been exclusively aggressive—it burst forth with a new complexion, and became a protector as well as an assailant. It remained the sword, but it replaced the shield; it lost no atom of its ancient powers, but it added to them new ones, which, so far, no one had suspected it of possessing. It unexpectedly duplicated its operations; it went on being itself, but it simultaneously became its contrary. Never did the nature of things protest more strangely against its own essence. The destroyer set itself to save, the slayer to rescue. The sword had always possessed the cut and thrust; it obtained the guard and parry. Fencing was invented!

Fencing could have had no possible existence while bucklers were alive. It was, equally, an impracticability while armor was employed. But, when the ægis and the coat of mail had disappeared together—when the road was opened, without barriers, to each man's skin—when the ponderous glaives that hewed heavily through casque and cuirass had lost the reason of their being, then the long thin *couteille* of the Germans—a prodding utensil, originally devised to find out holes in breastplates—was seized by the lithe ready hand of Spain, and swordsmanship was. In the first shape of the new invention the memory of the shield was too vivacious to be effaced; the rolled-up cloak upon the left arm supplemented the action of the blade

and comforted the combatant by the notion that he was behind a fortification. But this subterfuge died out, and the true fence of open onset and unaided ward appeared upon the earth, alone. The soldiers of Charles the Fifth carried the new science into Italy, where it was taken up with wild enthusiasm, and where it found its ablest professors. Profoundly Spanish in its origin and language, fencing became Italian in its teaching. "The great Tappa of Milan," as Brantôme calls him, was its first famous expositor; and the first scientific treatise on it, the well-known "*Arte degli armi*," was published by Marozzo at Venice in 1536. The craft of swordsmanship dashed into life, instantly great, suddenly magnificent—it stood abruptly before the world, as real an art as cookery or hairdressing. And then began the superbest moments of the course of the sword. Its noble day had fully come. The earth went mad about fence—as mad, almost, as if it had been a tulip, a furbelow, or a wig. And then it turned French (as many other fashions have done, before and since). When Louis Treize was king—when the Mousquetaires fought hourly duels in the *Pré aux Clercs*—when Athos and D'Artagnan (who happened on that occasion to be on opposite sides without knowing it) recognized each other in an accidental set-to on a pitch-dark night, by the manner of their swording, then, most undeniably, France had grown to be the mistress of this new cunning, and thenceforth her thirty two-inch blade became the adopted combat-weapon of all gentlemen.

The sword at that moment reached its highest. The handling of it was a process by itself; nothing like it had been known before; it was of its own day and of no other. Of course, the method of employing swords had always varied with their shape and size; of course, the long swinging of the two-handed claymore was distinct from the short chopping of the Greeks; of course, the fantastic flourishing of the scimitar was other than the straight stabbing of the dagger; but the rapid lunging of the rapier, and the complicated double action of the sword and poniard, were absolutely new shapes of procedure, involving, for the first time, theories, prin-

ciples, and rules. Thereon steel rose to its pinnacle; it reached its triumph; it attained its consummation. Its fall has been all the more immense. Its ruin has been more especially complete by reason of the very greatness of its fortune.

The vastness of its adversity would alone suffice to prevent our forgetting the sword; but we have additional motives of memory, for its suppression has brought about a severance of a very particular kind between the present and the past, and has produced a gap that nothing can fill up. Other ancient engines have disappeared, and none but archaeologists have sought for their traces; other venerable usages have melted away, and the world has gone on as if they had never existed; other antique fashions have died out, and no one has wept over them; but the sword has left a staring vacancy behind it; its place remains untenanted; its functions are discharged by no successor. Its overthrow has entailed such vast and varied consequences, that it may really be counted, without exaggeration, among the events which have palpably affected and directed the destinies of humanity. Its effects have been felt in every land and every home; for the disappearance of the sword has radically transformed the character of war, and has largely modified the character of men. The sword was not a mere momentary weapon, like a catapult or a crossbow; it was not a passing custom, like breaking on the wheel or keeping a jester; it was not an accidental style, like wearing masks or building pyramids. It was an essence, a fact, a part of existence, a world's need; it outlived nations and centuries; it endured when all else changed around it. And yet it was not always the same thing—it varied largely with time and place; it made itself everything to everybody.

The discarding of this universal, indispensable, and perpetual weapon has brought about a transformation of two distinct kinds in the features of European war. Its material result has been the almost total abolition of hand-to-hand hitting; its moral outgrowth has been to change the nature of the courage which is required in soldiers, and to give a new form to the manifestations of that

courage. With the exception of such cavalry charges and of such infantry rushes as result in a *mêlée* (and they are growing rare in the actions of to-day), there is an end in Europe of close quarters, and of the savage tussels which formerly made up almost the whole of a battle. Instead of delivering his stroke with his own arm, and within the reach of his arm, the soldier now transmits his blow through the barrel of his gun, to a distance of a mile or two; instead of demolishing a personal antagonist, whose eyes are glittering at him two feet off, he knocks over an indifferent stranger out of sight. Strength, activity, and hard hitting are replaced by skill in shooting straight and in keeping under cover. Shelter-trenches have replaced single combat. Smart fighting consists now in slaughtering people you cannot see, and to whom you are yourself invisible; you lie down in a hole and aim at a puff of smoke somewhere in front, and try to detect the consequences through a field-glass. Whirling a two-handed claymore was less scientific than this, but it was decidedly more immediate and more personal. And furthermore, it was infinitely more murderous, which was a merit, inasmuch as the object of war is to slay. When armies got face to face, and man to man, they hammered at each other until scarcely anybody was left; as is distinctly proved by the tremendous proportions of killed and wounded reported from the combats of the middle ages. At Poitiers, for instance, Charles Martel is said to have slain 375,000 Saracens. The suppression of swords has certainly rendered warfare a good deal less destructive than it was; and it has also considerably affected the nature of wounds; but it is by no means sure that the world has really derived any advantage from that. It is possible, indeed, that we should gain immensely in the long run by augmenting the abominations of war instead of diminishing them; by rendering them so insupportably hideous, that nobody would consent to face them. If it were made a certainty, beforehand, that every fight would end, necessarily, on both sides, with the massacre of every man engaged, fights would probably become more rare. Instead of that we are going directly the other way, and are introducing a

sort of affected gentleness into war; we are pretending to make it a matter of cleverness instead of murder, by which we are incontestably corrupting its real nature and distorting its true position in sociology. War means butchery, and nothing else; and the more butchery there is, the more does war present itself in its own character, and the less disguise and sham is there about it. The sword was straightforward and ingenuous; every blow was meant to hack flesh somewhere; it was all in earnest; it was all savage, brutal, and monstrous; it was all blood and mutilation, and horror; it meant all it did, and had no shame about it. But the theories and the processes of to-day are of another sort; they have none of the simplicity and none of the frank honesty of the sword. Strategy (which means stratagem) has assumed the place of strength and struggling. The object of a campaign is to take the other people prisoners rather than to kill them. Little linesmen, who weigh nine stone, are fancied to be more fit for soldiering than brawny giants are, because they have less weight to carry on a march, and can be more easily hidden away in a furrow or behind a bush. Physical power is no longer indispensable, for there are scarcely any occasions in which it can be used.

But these transformations in the nature of war, great though they be, are even less striking than the immense changes which have come about in the composition and the demonstration of modern military courage. We all well know what bravery used to be. In the days of steel the soldier very soon got up to his enemy, and went at him in person. The employment of distant arms, whether they were slings, or javelins, or arrows, did not keep armies long apart; they got together and battered each other. The sort of valor required for such fighting as that was of a very elementary and common sort; no training, no obedience, no discipline, no example, were required to lead a man to combat when he was in personal danger, when his life depended on his own stoutness, and when he would be killed at once if he did not use his weapon to protect himself. And furthermore, he had the stimulus of physical exertion, of



active effort and strife, of passion and conflict. His blood was up, and all his senses were concentrated on attack. He had no time to be afraid, and his entire case, corporeal and mental, was opposed to running away. In such a condition ferocity came of itself; it was an unavoidable, self-born result of the situation; all the aids to it were collected round the fighting man; all its sources were present in him, hard at work; he combated in battle as naturally as he would eat at table. There was no high courage in his doings, as we understand courage now.

The pluck that we ask from our soldiers to-day is of a very different sort. It is indeed so infinitely other and so infinitely higher that it is scarcely possible to make a serious comparison between the old and the new shapes of valiance. The invention of long-range fighting has brought into the world a type of fortitude which has been hitherto totally unknown (excepting in occasional isolated cases), which is just as much a product of our century as railways or electric telegraphs, and which is as distinguishable from the animal courage required for sword-work as is prophecy from fortune-telling. Instead of dashing at the enemy in fierce excitement, instead of the hot emotion of savage struggle, instead of furious muscular exasperation, instead of the intensest development of the combative faculties, our soldiers have now to exhibit their intrepidity by remaining placid, motionless, undisturbed, amid a hail of death and wounds. They have to stay quiet under distant fire, to let themselves be knocked to pieces, without the chance or even the possibility of doing anything whatever to defend themselves in an eager, efficient, satisfying form; the one solution open to them is to treat the other people in the same fashion, and to pelt impersonal missiles at them from afar. Not a man on either side has the pleasure of identifying the particular opponent who slaughters him. There is scarcely any of that individuality of carnage which is so contenting in hand-to-hand fight. And worse than all, there is none of the output of effort, of the bitter strain which necessarily accompanies the exhibition of brute hardihood. The bravery of to-day is a nerv-

ous contemplative process; there is no action, no movement, no tug about it. It principally consists in waiting obedience until you are hit by a chance shot. Troops do not like it. They are always wanting to get out of it, to rush ahead, to strike, to do something violent and comforting on their own behalf. They feel that it is absolutely unnatural to stand still to be killed, that it is totally anomalous to rest unaggressive under a tempest of ambient peril, that it is contrary to all the tendencies of humanity to make no vigorous attempt to ward off destruction; and yet that is precisely what they have learned to do. They may use shelter if they can find it (it is no longer cowardly to hide), but they may not use action. In one of Raffet's caricatures, a regiment is halted in the middle of a river, with the water up to the men's necks; the colonel says to them, "My children, I forbid you to smoke, but I permit you to sit down;" and that is very much the situation in which European soldiers are placed in battle now; it is permitted to be killed, but it is forbidden to fight. In Asia, it is true, there is still a chance of getting to close quarters and of using the right arm, as a good many of our people who have been in Afghanistan can testify. But in modern fighting on the Continent the rule is that the foe is so far off that no hitting can reach him. The consequence is, that our new shape of courage is based on the suppression of direct effort; it has become a passive process, in which we endure instead of acting. The old sword-daring was impetuous, emotional, and intuitive; the new gun-courage is deliberate, logical, and subjective; the one was material and substantial, the other is abstract and theoretical. They are as different from each other as credulity and faith, as astrology and astronomy, as dreams and thought.

Now, how has this strange transformation come about? Where lies its root? Can it really be that it is solely because soldiers go to battle now with guns instead of swords, that this prodigious change in the character of bravery has grown up? Or is there another cause for it besides that one? The answers to these questions are not difficult to find. The influence of sword or gun is, cer-

tainly, at the bottom of them, but another and a greater action overlies it. The use of the sword was essentially personal; while the use of the gun is, as essentially, impersonal. The sword was the expression of the individual man who fought with it; the gun is a machine. Each sword had its own special manner of operating, its own particular method, according to the hand which held it; while each gun is but one in a total. The sword could not be wielded without liberty; the gun cannot be worked without system. The one means independence, the other means discipline; and there—in that last word—is found the true secret of modern courage. The swordsman was himself alone, therefore his qualities were positive; the shooter is a unit in a regiment, therefore his qualities must be negative. We see proof enough of that at every match. The men who win prizes are precisely those who are animated by the least emotion, who have reduced themselves the most completely to a condition of impassibility. The difference between the swordsman and the rifleman is as great as between the Japanese workman, who never reproduces the same pattern twice, but throws a fresh invention of his own into every object he fashions, and the Birmingham artisan, who goes on mechanically making the one same identical spoon or tray throughout his life. And yet, though the independence of the sword is, manifestly, a more intellectual condition than the discipline of the gun, it is discipline, not independence, which has generated the loftiest type of courage that the world has seen. It is discipline alone which has popularized coolness, by enabling entire armies to acquire and practise it. Single examples of it have existed since history began; but it is in our day that, for the first time, hundreds of thousands of men exhibit stoicism together. There lies the reply to our questions. The actual shape of military courage is the fruit of a particular training, which has suppressed the importance of the parts by transferring it to the whole. That training was unattainable while the sword forced fighters to be individual. It has only become achievable since the gun has obliged soldiers to be collective.

Here, at last, is a point on which the sword has to confess itself beaten.

But if it has to admit its inferiority as regards the quality of the courage which it provoked, it rushes to the front again directly we try to measure the influence it exercised on character. The gun has done nothing, absolutely nothing, to develop either qualities or defects in man. The peculiar new shape of bravery which has accompanied its adoption in war, is due, after all, to no merit in the gun itself; it is simply an additional example, evolved by circumstances, of that progressive substitution of the idea of duty for the idea of honor, which constitutes so vivid and so absolute a distinction between the motives and the objects of the past and of the present. The gun has in no way aided us to form our temperaments, our dispositions, our desires, or our capacities: its action on us, as a moulder of our natures, has been null. But the sword, on the contrary, has been one of the most powerful of the factors which have contributed to shape the tenor of men, both in body and in mind. The work it did is self-evident; it stares us in the face. Its operation was so direct, so immediate, so personal—it went so straight to its end—there was such a total absence of hesitation or of complexity about it—that it would indeed have been astonishing if it had produced a less vast result. Of course the manner and the quantity of its action have varied largely with time and place; but that action was, in general terms, constant, until a century ago. Everywhere and always the usage of the sword has told, for evil and for good, upon a large proportion of mankind. Physically, its work was excellent: it stimulated activity, strength, rapidity of movement, dexterity and certainty of hand and foot. Morally, its doings were opposite and conflicting. In one direction it engendered self-reliance, the habit of resource, the consciousness of responsibility; a keen sentiment of dignity, of loyalty and of honor; the desire to protect the suffering and the weak; and a curious, fantastic, very noble generosity, proper to itself alone, which stands before us in history under the misty name of "the spirit of chivalry;"—but in its

other bearings, it bred irritability, bullying, provocation, violence, the vainglory of force. In all these resultances, however, composite and even contradictory as they were between themselves, the sword invariably maintained, unchanged and unchangeable, the great striking characteristic of its form of proceeding—it was uniformly and persistently personal. It acted on each man separately; it guided one to the right, another to the left. Never did it proceed by groups; the absolute individuality of its teaching was the most remarkable of the many features it presented. It was a private tutor, not a schoolmaster.

Well, this energetic educator has been suppressed. Its peculiar lessons have ceased to act upon us; the influence it exerted has vanished; it no longer prompts us to good, or pushes us to evil. We have become free to act as we like, without any of the guidance which, during centuries, the sword imposed on Europeans. Have we lost, or have we gained, by the cessation of that guidance? The majority of us would probably declare that we have largely gained: that the sword was a blusterer, a bully, and a tyrant; that an incubus has been lifted off our backs; that we have escaped from a domination and a cruelty; and that we are well rid of the intimidation of steel. But a minority would perhaps proclaim that the sword performed a moral function, and exercised a social action; that it was not a mere swaggerer, a mere despot, or a mere killer; that it did service upon earth by forcing men to respect each other; that it kept up the sentiment of mutual responsibility as no other external agent has ever sustained it. Some of us might indeed go further still, and assert that, since the downfall of the sword, the notion and the practice of deference and of manners between man and man have palpably diminished; that the conception of honor has grown distinctly feeble; that an undeniable development of the meaner instincts has supervened; and that, if hectoring and violence have decreased on the one hand, punctiliousness, courtesy, dignity, and fair name have still more ebbed away on the other. And all this may be said without the slightest desire to defend duelling. It is the abstract idea of the sword, not the

practical misuse of it, which lies at the bottom of such thoughts as these. The sword, with all its faults, was a gallant gentleman; and there is neither folly nor exaggeration in maintaining that, when a just balance-sheet is struck, the world comes out a loser, not a winner, by its discomfiture.

All this, however, is only the moral and sentimental aspect of the subject. It has a material side as well, which, though it is far less interesting, would form an even bigger part of it if it were set forth in its full proportions. Its dimensions are indeed enormous. Never has any manufactured product exhibited more elastically than the sword the faculty of adapting itself to circumstances; even clothes have scarcely been more multiform, even houses have hardly been more sundry. The sword has been made of many sorts of matters and metals; of stone, of wood, of bone, of copper, of brass, of bronze, of iron. It has assumed deviating shapes and profuse sizes; it has been short and long, heavy and light, straight and curved, wide and narrow, pointed, round, or square, tapering or expanding, sharp on either side, or on both, or on neither. There have been, in each European language, at least thirty different names of breeds of swords, from the horseman's huge *espadon* of six feet long, to the garter stylet of six inches. The catalogues of armories, and the special books on weapons, contain so many details, so many descriptions, and so many distinctions of types and sects and characters, that no enthusiast can pretend to know them all. Specimens have come to us from all the hiding-places and all the countries, from tombs and caves and river-beds and ruins, from under ground and under marsh and under water, from Mexico and Persia, from Scandinavia and Japan, from ancient Dacia and Peru, from Africa and China, from Rome, Assyria, and Ireland, from Switzerland and Denmark, from Germany and Sicily, from everywhere and anywhere, and other places. The earth, the lake, and the stream have disgorged their swallowed specimens; the sepulchre and the temple have given back their offerings; the buried city has unclutched its relics; the battle-field has rendered up its vestiges. And from all these subterranean pillag-

ings the museums have grown full. There is the Greek sword, so curt that it was little more than a large knife, pre-eminently fit for scrambling, hacking, strenuous stabbing at unflinchingly close quarters. There is the Roman sword, of differing lengths, almost as various, indeed, as the countries it conquered. There is the Gallic sword, of such soft pliant metal that its users had to stop in fight, after each hard blow, in order to straighten it under their feet, thereby enabling the enemy to knock them over uncontestedly. There are the hooked scimitars of the Turks, with an inside edge, and the curved Arab yataghans, with the edge outside. There is the cross-handled sword of the Crusader, with which he prayed and slew alternately. There is the weapon whose pommel served for a seal, like that of Charlemagne, who said, when he used it to put his stamp on treaties, "I sign them with this end, and with the other I will take care that they are kept." There are the Dutch, Russian, Portuguese, and Moorish swords, each one of them with a type or detail proper to itself. There are the glaives of red-clothed headsmen of the middle ages; there are Malay *krisses*, and the notched blades of Zanzibar, and old sabres (the parents of our contemporaneous tribe) from India, Armenia, and Khorassan. There is the *espada* of the Spanish *matador*, the *schiafona* of Venice, the Albanian cutlass, the Kabyle *flissa*, the Turkish *kandjar*, the Court sword of a century ago, the claymore of Scotland. There are all the incalculable assortments of German, Spanish, and Italian swords. All these, and a thousand others, are to be found in the collections, with their capricious varyings of blade and handle, of pommel, spindle, and hilt, of inlaying and engraving, of complicated basket-guards, of every sort of ornament and complement and supplement that can be added to an implement. Damascening, particularly (which is the incrusting of gold and silver into iron and steel, and which, though said by Herodotus to have been invented by Glaucus of Chio, and though cultivated by the Romans, was not seriously practised in modern Europe till the fifteenth century), gives a remarkable beauty and artistic value to many swords; it is per-

haps, indeed, the most distinctive and the most graceful of all the adornments which have been lavished upon them. And the scabbards! Why, they form a special race; if they were not, by the essence and condition of their being, a mere adjunct to something else, they would occupy a place of their own in the world. Their sorts and shapes are so many that they are beyond arithmetic.

Then there are the inscriptions on the blades. They almost constitute a literature, in poetry and in prose. For the most part they are brag and bluster; but here and there some few of them are pious, wise, or silly. The mighty glaive of Conrad Schenk of Winterstetten (4 feet 8 inches long, and 4 inches wide), which is in the Dresden Museum, bears, in antiquated German, the tenderly swagging advice—"Conrad, dear Schenk, remember me. Do not let Winterstetten the Brave leave one helm uncleft." The sword of Hugues de Chateaubriand flashed in the sunlight the noble motto won by his ancestor in the fight at Bouvines, "Mon sang teint les bannières de France." In the Erbach Collection is an old Ferrara blade, with the sage device, "My value varies with the hand that holds me." A sword in the Paris Cabinet de Médailles, is reverently inscribed, "There is no conqueror but God." The rapiers of Toledo were engraved in hundreds with the wise counsel, "Do not draw me without reason, do not sheathe me without honor." The invocation of saints are very frequent; and so are prayers, like, "Do not abandon me, O faithful God," which is on a German sword in the Az Collection at Linz; and ejaculations, like the Arabic, "With the help of Allah I hope to kill my enemy." There are vaunting mottos, like the Spanish, "When this viper stings, there is no cure in any doctor's shop;" and pompous announcements, like the Sicilian, "I come;" and critical observations, like the Hungarian, "He that thinks not as I do thinks falsely;" and matter-of-fact declarations, like, "When I go up you go down" (only that is on an axe). This "cutler poetry," as Shakespeare called it, presents itself all over Europe, in all languages, mixed up with the maker's address or the owner's arms. And so, if you go to Toledo now and buy a



dozen blades for presentation to your friends at home, you have their names engraved upon the steel, with some sonorous Castilian phrase of friendship and gift-offering.

As for manufacturing details, properly so called, they are (with one exception) too technical to be talked of here; they interest nobody but blacksmiths. All that need be said about them is that the secret of a modern sword lies exclusively in the tempering, and that almost each maker has his own fashions and his own tricks. To make steel sharp, it must be hard; to make it elastic, it must be tough. Cast-steel gives hardness, sheer-steel gives toughness, but in no ordinary process can the two qualities be united. So, excepting at Toledo and one or two other places, all actual makers have abandoned the attempt to produce elastic blades, and have gone in for edge alone. There is, however (or, more exactly, there was), a treatment which really does unite the two contrary capacities in the same blade. The curious product called damask-steel possesses them both, and all the great Eastern swords owe to it their celebrity. It is true that the art of damasking (which is a very different matter from the damaskeening alluded to just now) has lost its use since swords have ceased their service; but still it looms out with such distinctness in the mechanical part of the history of swords, it occupies so large a place in its atmosphere, that it is impossible to pass it over in silence. It constitutes the exception which has just been mentioned.

All steel which exhibits a surface figured with lines is called damask, but the true oriental product of that name united extraordinary interior qualities to this generic exterior aspect. It combined two distinct classes of merit. First, as regards its inner nature, it was so ductile and so malleable that it could be hammered cold; yet it became "as hard as tyranny" when tempered, and took an edge as sharp as the north wind; and, with all this, was as supple as whalebone, so that no accident could break it. Secondly, as regards its external appearance, it was covered with meandering lines like water-marks; its hue was gray, brown, or black, and presented, over all, a varying sheen, blue,

red, or golden. The quality rose with the size, the shape, and the clearness of the lines. In very high class specimens they were an eighth of an inch thick; when they were only as wide as ordinary writing they were not regarded as really good; and if they were scarcely visible they were altogether contemptible. Pattern was as important as size: straight parallel ribs constituted the lowest type; as the lines curved the merit rose; it went on increasing with the multiplicity of twists; it became admirable when ruptures of the marks appeared, with dots between them; it was distinctly noble when the lines were so contorted and so broken that they formed a network of little threads, twisted in different directions; and it attained its highest possible perfection when those threads assumed the shape of chevrons or of bunches of little grapes, spread equally all over the blade. If, to these peculiarities of pattern, a deep dark ground with a true golden gloss was superadded, then the work was a masterpiece, and was worthy to have been made at Damascus.

These definitions were laid down some thirty years ago by a man who followed out the art of damasking to its inmost mysteries—who made himself its apostle, and preached its creed. This enthusiast—Colonel Anosoff, manager of the imperial factory of Zlatoust in the Urals—succeeded in reproducing the true oriental damask—at least he obtained steel of such striking character, and of such beauty and merit, that it was not possible to detect any difference between it and the most finished old Syrian performances. The lines which his work showed were in the metal itself, and could not be ground out of it; his color and prismatic lustre were altogether perfect; and he frequently (but not always) united extreme hardness and extreme elasticity in the same specimen. He made some swords which would bend till the point touched the hilt, and which would also cut through an iron bar. More than this no blade can do, or ever has done; and the same two faculties have never been conjoined in any other steel than damask. There are swords now made in Europe which will sweep a gauze in two in the air; and at Toledo, every day, blades may

be seen packed in coils like watch springs. But no metal can be persuaded to do both unless it be damasked, and not always even then.

To attain these results, Colonel Anosoff tried several processes of manufacture, and reached fair results with most of them; but his best work was effected by mixing pure native graphite with the highest quality of iron, using dolomite as a flux. A good many minerals are known to possess the property of damasking steel, but none of them to the same extent as graphite—so far, that is, as European experience extends. It is, however, almost certain that the great Asiatic steels were obtained by some unknown process of mere tempering, without any special mixtures; unless, indeed, Nature did the adulteration herself, which is possible, for Faraday thought he saw in many Eastern specimens faint traces of something more than pure iron, carbon, and azote, which is the composition of chemically unsophisticated steel. In the Indian "wootz" steel, for instance, which possesses remarkable toughness and sharpness, he fancied he found aluminium. But no analysis of oriental swords has revealed any really perceptible difference of ingredients between them and ordinary modern products. The water used for cooling may, not impossibly, have had a share in the work; for it is well known that its particular character exercises a clearly recognizable influence on the metal chilled it. When the Toledo factory was removed to Seville, to keep it out of the hands of the French during the Peninsular war, the quality of the steel fell instantly, and rose again on the return to Toledo—showing, according to all the judges, that the Guadalquivir did its business less well than the Tagus. In the same way the dyes for the Gobelin tapestries are said to owe their infinite delicacy of hue to the effect of the Bièvre—a little stream which is employed in their preparation; and the beer of Allsopp and of Bass to be what it is, because it is made of the water of the Trent. Anyhow, whatever may have been its fashioning, the Asiatic damask-steel was far away the best material for swords that the world has ever seen—for it would cut through most obstacles, and could be fractured by none.

Even the amazing sabres of Japan, despite their bewildering sharpness, cannot compete with damasked blades, because they have no elasticity. They are as hard as diamond; they take and keep an edge so ideally acute that they will go through a pillow or a poker as if they were air. If you hold them vertically in a river the leaves that float down with the current will, unknowingly, cut themselves in two against them; they flick off a man's head with a twist of the wrist; you can shave with them—at least all this is said of them, and very possibly it is true. But, stupendously as they cut, they can do nothing else; and they are heavy and double-handed, and awkward to use by foreigners. In their own country, however, they have been so cherished and so prized that some of them have been deified, and have had temples built to them. It is true that this happened a long time ago, when the sword, the mirror, and the ball were still revered as the three treasures sent from heaven with the first ruler of the country in 700 B.C. But though the sabre soon ceased to enjoy the advantage of becoming a god itself, it continued always to be regarded as a worthy offering to other gods, which explains why so many of the finest specimens have been preserved in the temples. Yet, with all this adoration of them, the manufacture of swords developed slowly in Japan. Until the end of the fifth century Chinese and Corean blades were considered to be better than the local products; and it was only on the creation of the Ministry of War in A.D. 645 (has any other land a War Office twelve centuries old?) that a Government arms factory was established, and a stimulus given to the trade. From that date it grew rapidly. The famous Yastsuma invented new processes of treating steel; and in the eleventh century the Japanese swords exported to China aroused such admiration that a notable wise man of the period composed a poem, which is still popular, to celebrate their merits. About the year 1400, the illustrious maker Yoshimitsu, and his followers, carried the manufacture to the highest perfection it ever attained. From that date it progressed no further, but it remained active and prosperous, because, as every gentleman wore two

swords, the demand was large and constant. The destruction of the feudal system by the revolution of 1868 has suppressed swords in Japan, as they had already been uprooted in Europe; henceforth those wonderful razors will only be found in museums, side by side with mummies and stuffed birds.

And when, from the cold standpoint of those museums, with all enthusiasm chilled out of us by catalogues and glass cases and rust, we look back at the career of swords in their totality—when we consider them as things of the past with which we have no longer any concern, excepting as curiosities—we see even more plainly than before the main outlines of their record, and the salient features of their work. The stages of their history stand forth distinctly; the periods are as clearly marked as the rows of seats in an amphitheatre. First comes the pure carnage epoch, elementary and ruthless. Then follows the legendary era of impossible feats of arms, stupendous and puerile. Next arrives the feudal time, devout and murderous, with its curious mixed processes of religion and butchery, and the simultaneous sentimental elevation of the sword to the sovereign place of fountain of honor. After it springs up the noble season of fence, gymnastic and superb. And, finally, there is the downfall, sad, ah sad! Through these five ostensibly registered terms the sword traveled unceasingly onward and upward, till it had completed its allotted evolution, and reached the plenitude of its development. It followed out its varying destiny to the end, attaining, before it fell, a glory of fulfilment which no one, certainly, foresaw in the days of its uncouth youth, when naked savages splintered each other with flint choppers. But the radiant completion of its imperial course presented certain local disparities; it was not equally magnificent all over Europe. It attained its fullest perfection only in the countries where chivalry was established, and even in them there were visible differences from land to land. The ideal conception was not the same everywhere; the psychological sentiment shifted; the creed fluctuated; and, above all, the external expression veered about. So widely, indeed, did all this vary, that, strange to tell, in the North

the sword was either male, as in Britain, or neuter, as in Germany (where, indeed, girls are neuter too); while in the South it was uniformly female! What a discord of appreciation is revealed by this single fact! And what consequences resulted from it! The elegance, the poetry, the graceful dignity of the sword were incontestably most ripened on the sunny soils of France, Italy, and Spain, where it was feminine; while its force, its overwhelmingness, and its harshness, found a more congenial place in the colder regions, where it was masculine or neuter. Of course, in all this, national temperaments made themselves felt. Latitude and climate and genders were not alone at work; local character, local usages, and local necessities assisted to bring about local deviations; and, between them, they made up a very perceptible collection of variations. And yet all these external influences, numerous and contradictory as they were, never got beyond mere details; they were purely superficial in their action; not one of them ever told upon the real intrinsic fortune of the sword. Surrounding circumstances never exercised a substantial effect upon that fortune. They altered shapes, or names, or sizes, and they changed views, impressions, and fancies; but they went no further. Even natural laws, universal and irresistible as is their domination, were powerless to affect the fate of steel; they had to make an exception in the case. The sword persisted in being as independent of their sovereign puissance as of mere local conditions of life; it scoffed at predestination and order, and proclaimed free-will and liberty. Headlong, impetuous, and dazzling, it furnished a wonderful example of Pelagianism and Molinism in their application to matter; and there were no St. Augustin and no Jansenists to preach against it. Unlike the motion of light, the growth of potatoes, the orbits of planets, and everything in general, the reckless blade alone has always been unregulated by principles. The eternal edicts which steer all other substances whatever, which govern comets and earthquakes, the sun and electricity and sound, apple-trees, diamonds, and rain, and ordinary things of that sort—which make them do what they do in the way

they do it, simply because they cannot help themselves—have had no grasp whatever upon swords. Politics, and headache, and appetite, and all other human weaknesses whatever, have to be submissively obedient to the great central guiding forces; but the sword has acknowledged no higher volition than its own. It stands alone as the successful defier of Nature and her laws. It has always been itself, unchanged, enfranchised, and heroic, the arch-type of arrogant audacity, of fantastic spontaneity, of resplendent freedom.

And really it did not make a bad use of the wild liberty it arrogated to itself. It went fairly straight along its vagabonding road, and did not yield too contemptibly to the seductions and temptations which surrounded its steps. It was neither too haughty nor too capricious—neither too cruel nor too childish. It is true that Clotaire II. did slay all the Saxons who were taller than his sword (which makes us hope they were a small race); but Procrustes went through the same curtailings proceeding with his bed; and we might as well accuse beds in the one case as swords in the other. No, decidedly; the sword used its vast power well. Its memory is not that of a tyrant; it scarcely ever lost the consciousness of its high estate, of its duties and responsibilities; it felt that *noblesse oblige*, and behaved accordingly. With what can we seriously reproach it? What has it done that was particularly disgraceful? Or, more exactly, what has it done that was more disgraceful than what everything else around it was doing every day? More people have died of the sea than of the sword, and with quite as much unpleasantness of treatment; but nobody has ever presumed to blame the waves for that; they have simply carried on their legitimate business, which is drowning. And the sword has similarly followed its own calling, and has made holes in people to let out their lives, that is all. In every other of its acts it has been so high and admirable that mankind instinctively adopted it as the natural and essential symbol of lofty thoughts. The list of the attributes which have been conferred upon it includes nearly all the generous aspirations of which the heart is susceptible; and it must be remem-

bered that it possessed them not merely in its representative capacity as an emblem, but to a great extent also in its effective being as an achiever. The proverbs of all nations (which are the truest measurers of popular conviction) speak of it with reverence and trust; it was everywhere regarded as an all-sufficient type and token of the higher sentiments and higher tendencies of men. It was only by exception that it became sometimes associated with low longings or with vulgar thirsts. It inspired poets, bards, and troubadours; it was the theme of glorious song, the burden of true tale, the subject of strange romance. The blood which dripped from it did not defile it; it remained almost unceasingly and almost universally, the "good sword;" its fair fame never faded, excepting for short rare moments. How, otherwise, could it have held, for thousands of years, so supreme a place, as the model, the sign, and the expression of all that men most hallowed? How else could it have reached and kept so marvellous a position of ideal nobility, so splendid a height of illustrious personification. It represented almost all the ambitions, the exaltations and the prides of men. Fame, courage, and glory; rank, dignity, and renown; greatness, victory, and truth; majesty and honor—have all been incarnated in the blade of steel, have all been expressed by its pregnant name, have all been contained in the suggestive ideas which it conveyed. What other word in language has had such meanings? What other image has betokened such import? What other sign has pointed to such associations?

With such a prodigious function as this, the sword seemed destined to immortality, for it was difficult to conceive that men would be able to do without an assistant whose uses and whose senses were so all-applicable. And yet the immensity of its position did not save the sword. All this magnitude of meaning, all this significance of symbol, all this accumulation of elevated thoughts, served for nothing when the day of ruin came. They cannot be forgotten, but they go back further from us each day. The poetic aspects of the sword have already become legendary; no one selects it as a figure now; it is a sword, in our time,



and nothing else. Steel is no more to us than lead or putty; it is, like them, a substance used in manufacture, and the generation of to-day would no more think of assigning virtues to it than of conceiving that putty can make loye, or lead teach swimming. The change which has fallen on the sword is not a mere cessation of business—it is a stoppage of life. The sword is no longer either a weapon or an idea; we no

longer fight with it, we no longer think with it, we no longer respect it.

It had remained from the beginning until yesterday; and then it became mortal and died. It is gone: and when we stand in armories and gaze at the relics which testify what it once was, we say, with a sigh in spite of common-sense and commerce, "A great soul has passed out from among us."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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MR. FROUDE AS A BIOGRAPHER.

BY JULIA WEDGWOOD.

THAT we should speak only good of the dead—which means, of course, of the recently dead—is a maxim founded on respect to the best part of our nature. There is almost always some one on whom, at such a moment, any harsh judgment on the one who is gone inflicts a peculiarly painful wound, and if by any sad chance there should be no one, then the sense of a common humanity should replace the peculiar ties which have been loosened or broken, and demand, with an even superior claim, that we should pay so forlorn a being the tribute of a respectful silence. We hurt the sense of pity, of reverence within, when we needlessly allow ourselves to put hard judgments of one recently gone from us into words, even if they are just words. And in ordinary circumstances such words are needless. That chapter is closed—with that person our relations are ended, his faults can hurt us no more. Most people are soon forgotten, their memory, while it lasts, may well be allowed a little undue fragrance. We should not disturb the silence of the newly-closed grave for any reason that is not weighty.

The consciousness of these truisms (as they may perhaps be considered) generally delays any attempt at the record of a life, till such time as a judgment may be expressed on it without offence. It jars on our sense of moral fitness when those whose empty place still seems, as it were, to affect our spiritual equilibrium, are presented to us in a light which demands any moral investigation, even if this should end in ac-

quittal. For if they are so presented, the judgment must be expressed. It is not so great an evil to speak ill of the recently dead as to contribute to a false account of them. Hardly any duty of which the law takes no cognizance is more important than that of the biographer; some duties of which it does take cognizance are less important. Some kinds of dishonesty for which men were, at no distant period, condemned to the gallows, seem to us more pardonable than the careless or malignant word which diminishes an honorable reputation; some kinds of cruelty which our more lenient penal code still regards with severity, are trifling beside the injustice which sets before thousands the calumny which can be refuted only in the hearing of a few score; or than the record, even if it be accurate, of some event or circumstance which, without throwing any valuable light on character or history, revives forgotten pain, and undoes the soothing work of time. Nor do the claims of literary decency strike us as less urgent than those of literary humanity. The duty of reticence grows with a man's audience. Much truth must be reluctantly spoken; but we do not believe that even cowardly silence does so much harm as indecent utterance, and when a wise man feels that he must choose between possibly speaking what should be withheld, and possibly withholding what should be spoken, we will always choose the latter, at all events when he is speaking to the world.

These remarks apply to every kind of

biographical record—to that which a man makes of himself, and to that which another makes of him. There are some very different temptations in the two cases, and some that are identical. A certain reserve should be the common aim of both; a biography or an autobiography should alike show us a man at his best. This may be thought even too much the aim of most biographers, but they would rarely gain truthfulness by losing affection. Nor would self-portraiture be more truthful if, in any self-review, a man failed to repress the faults that he has failed to overcome. It is no less desirable than it is natural that literary utterance should act as a moral filter. We are all the gainers by being made to repress the worse half of ourselves. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things;" the evil treasure, it is implied, is left by the good man unopened. It is not that any one should desire to have a portrait of himself given to the world which is fairer than the original. It is that he and we should desire that in all self-revelation a noble idea should give the key-note to utterance, that while unfaithfulness to that ideal should be confessed; yet in this self-revelation, as in all other actions, a man should aim at rising above himself, and setting the influence of his words on the side of that greater permanence in what is pure and lofty, which, as contrasted with the superior present effectiveness of evil, forms our only hope of the final triumph. This aim, which should be included within the code of the most insignificant of us, is by no means—as at first sight it may seem—a small or easy part of duty. Much natural impulse, and perhaps some logical theory, would lead toward an impartial expression of the whole being, often the easiest, sometimes to all appearance, the more noble kind of utterance. In resisting the temptation let us not lose the mighty aid of the example of genius. We underrate the influence of such an example. Miss Cobbe has finely said of the influence of law on general morality, that it is like that of an organ on a choir. The same image may be applied to that unwritten law which the standard of great men imposes on the rank and file of humanity. If the key-note is struck wrong, if

the powerful instrument is out of tune, where shall we look for connection to our own feeble voices and false ears? A biographer is a model not merely to biographers. He gives all his readers a lesson in moral judgment, especially in the discrimination of character and circumstance, one of the most important elements of judgment. Men of genius are subject to decay like their inferiors. Old age blunts the judgment, distorts the taste—above all, slackens the power of reticence. But when those who have the privilege of watching and remedying that decay give to the public what is marked by the characteristics of a time of weakness and suffering, they inflict gratuitous pain. The very accuracy of their observation is misleading. A mind in ruins is not, like a castle in ruins, a record from which we may revive, to our mind's eye, the original structure. It resembles rather some such strange confusion as might be found in the shattered *débris* left by an earthquake, where we should vainly seek to trace the causes which have combined or separated different objects, and can only recognize that nothing has been created by the shock. The utterances of second childhood do not, any more than the utterances of first childhood (and indeed they do it much less), reveal the man. Of the needs of age and disease such utterances have much to teach; the lesson, if we obtained it legitimately, would be a very pathetic one. But nothing is pathetic that is thrust upon unwilling eyes. Such utterances remind us that:

"From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow;"

but a portrait of Marlborough at that stage adds nothing to the lesson, takes off, indeed, much of its impressiveness. There are truths that we enfeeble when we illustrate them. We must recognize that old age brings with it many kinds of weakness; but in the very act of such recognition we should hide its object from the gaze of indifference. To do so is our interest no less than our duty. The hope of each one of us must be that in the twilight of our day some tender hand will draw the curtain that shuts us from the world, and that it shall be the largest part of filial care to hide our weaknesses from every eye but that of

love. Such books as that which all England has been lamenting do much to frustrate this common hope. To bring into the glare of full daylight that which tells of mental decay is to weaken all the resources of forbearance, of tolerance in dealing with mental decay. There is a profound connection between forbearance and reserve which we shall too surely discover if we allow ourselves to do, on our small scale, what Mr. Froude has done. But we incline to hope that these volumes will do more than the most eloquent sermon to preach the claims of a merciful and reverent silence.

For no one is blind to the error of him who, in discharge of a responsibility bequeathed with a pathetic confession of conscious incapacity of judgment, such as ought to have delayed this vicarious decision with a sense of anxious and scrupulous caution, has flung before the world, with haste barely allowing correction of the press,\* the utterances of a mind diseased. We never remember a book, concerning which opinion was so unanimous, as concerning the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. That it should not have been written is the opinion of most of those whose opinion was worth having, but that it should not have been published seems to us the opinion of everybody, except those who regarded Carlyle as a preacher of mischievous doctrine, whom it was desirable to bring into disrepute. "This book will destroy the Carlyle-idol," was the gleeful exclamation, it is said, of an eminent Radical, who honestly believed Carlyle-worship to be an impediment in the way of the true Gospel.

*Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ.*

At times we could almost imagine that this line furnishes a key to Mr. Froude's true motive. So bewildered are we by the decision, that the cloud of dotage shall eclipse a striking and interesting character, that we are tempted to ascribe to him the part of Sino toward Priam, and to believe that under a guise of meek inoffensiveness he has intentionally admitted the foe into the very

heart of the citadel. But we must vary the Virgilian narrative to make it suit our purpose. It is a duteous Hector, a pious Æneas, to all appearance, who has played the part of Sino. It is the trusted son who has opened the gates to the hostile crowd.

We must try to remind ourselves of the extreme disinterestedness he has shown in this publication. Mr. Carlyle said to him, "Give the world what you think well for it to read of these papers;" and he desired, surely, to present to the public only that portion of them which would commemorate what was characteristic of a large and lofty, even if a faulty personality. What ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have done with such a bequest is plain enough. The beautiful little sketch of James Carlyle, like the autobiographic fragment prefixed to Lockhart's "Life of Scott," was the natural introduction to a Biography; and the picture of the Annandale stone-mason might have stood side by side with that of the Edinburgh lawyer, as the frontispiece to the memoirs of an illustrious and affectionate son. The recollections of Jeffrey and of Irving would have afforded rich material for a biographer, but a portion of both would have been not only not used, but as far as possible obliterated and forgotten. The memoir of Mrs. Carlyle would have been used, but hardly quoted at all; and such papers as that on Wordsworth, lastly, would have been neither used nor quoted, but thrown into the fire. We have vainly striven to fashion some conceivable hypothesis why Mr. Froude has not done what any one else would have done. He had here the most valuable materials for the biography of the man he wished to commemorate; he is endowed by nature with all the powers needed for a worthy commemoration; and he has so used these materials that when the biography comes, all his great literary power will hardly prevent his work from falling flat. He has acted like the discoverer of a gold mine, who should cart away tons of the earth in which the ore is imbedded before beginning to separate any. He has given wanton and reckless pain, has hurt tender recollections and sacred feelings, and he has bereaved us all of a noble

\* At least an important date on p. 226, vol. i. is, it would appear, given wrong; nor is this the only mark of careless editing in the volumes.

ideal that was most dear and precious ; but we must remember that he has not yielded to any comprehensible temptation in doing so ; on the contrary, he has made the task he has yet to fulfil less interesting, both to himself and his readers. It is not as in the publication of a book to which these *Reminiscences* have been compared—the *Greville Memoirs*. They, at least, were a contribution, of a certain kind, to literature ; it never occurred to the reader that any other use could be made of them than giving them with more or less revision to the public. But these *Reminiscences* are a drawer emptied into the printer's hands, not a book. Can Mr. Froude be ignorant that the memoir of Jane Welsh Carlyle is an exposure of mental decay ? If he was really blind to its true character, he may have failed to recognize the petty slanders of ingratitude and ill-will. It is a strange, but not altogether an undesirable, conjunction by which literary acumen and common humanity depart together, and a man of ability forgets what is the effect of mere slovenly jottings, as he loses all sense of the evil in a low grudging spirit of disparagement.

We write thus with no intention of sarcasm, but in a real desire to discover that an eminent historian has not acted with reckless cruelty in giving this book to the world. If he really knew what he was doing, it was an act of literary cruelty in some respects without a parallel. Many men and a few women have had hard things said of them in print before, no doubt ; far more disagreeable, in fact, than anything said in these pages, where everything is on a small scale. We deal with petty disparagement, not libel. But in every case which we can call to mind, those who have previously suffered a similar wrong were persons who were, in a certain sense, prepared for the misfortune. Either by character, or position, or some accidental circumstance, they stood already before the world. They, or rather their children, knew that different views must be taken of them ; their position, to a certain degree, was secured ; any fresh opinion had to take its place by the side of that which it could not displace ; and as it was not the whole of what would be known of them, so it was not an unwarrantable intru-

sion into the shadow of privacy. But the persons calumniated and depreciated here are mostly those of whom posterity will know little or nothing but what Carlyle has chosen to tell of them. They asked nothing better of the world than to forget them. They challenged no comparison with heroic natures ; they demanded no space in the chronicle of resonant action ; they sought only a place in the hearts of a few loved ones, and a merciful judgment, perhaps, from the only being to whom they looked for recollection when their children passed away.

We cannot remember any other book from the pen of a man of genius by whom such men and such women were assailed. There is a strange stirring of heart which almost all feel, sooner or later, at the mention of those whom they can never forget, but whom they must remember alone. There was no wish in the dead to be remembered, but we are so made, that a certain dim, irrational pity mingles with our love for those whom the world has forgotten, and there is a strange glow in the most commonplace, even the most indiscriminate mention, that recalls their mere names to us, so it be only kindly. And if the thrill of expectation, stirred by the unexpected sight of their names, be followed by scorn or disparagement, a wound is inflicted on a part of the nature far more sensitive than that of self-love. Our own repute is a thing to some extent in our own hands. If it is hurt to-day, we may determine that it shall be healed to-morrow. But a slur cast on the memory of a parent leaves us helpless, and such a slur, sent down to posterity, even if it be comparatively a slight one, seems to us a more cruel wrong than the heaviest libel that man or woman may meet, and answer, or at least explain. This book enters the modest home, where fame is as little desired as slander is feared, and defaces the loved portrait, seen for many years through a mist of tears, with splashes of mud. With splashes of mud only, for the most part, we firmly believe. This dull, pointless censure is refuted by its own monotony, its tone of unvarying peevishness. When we have read of Wordsworth—that "he was a rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, and



almost wearisome kind of man ;\*\* of Lamb and his sister (think of writing † the words "of Lamb and his sister"), that "they were a very sorry pair of phenomena" (ii. 165); of Coleridge (i. 23c), "that he was a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest"—we come to hard, contemptuous words of some new acquaintance, with a habit of scepticism that undoes their effect, or perhaps inverts it. But, alas! it is not only mud which has been cast on the central portrait of Mr. Froude's gallery. We believe, indeed, that some of the ugly splashes which deface an image dear to all lovers of literature throughout Europe may be washed away. Much of the discredit which this book has brought on its writer will fade, we may hope, as men recover from the shock of its moral ugliness, and recognize that this is due, in part, to the diseased state of the mind thus uttered. But we dare not hope that we shall ever entirely recover the noble image we have lost. Carlyle was not the poor creature he has painted himself here. But he must have had the faults he betrays, there is no denying it, ugly as they are. The discovery may not be altogether new to his friends. A faulty being they all know that he was. But they thought him loyal, grateful, and generous, and with the *Reminiscences* to be brought against them, they must in future, if they can still give him credit for loyalty, gratitude, and generosity, be ready to justify their belief in the face of his own words.

How far his words written under such circumstances reveal his character is a point on which we are glad to think that opinion will vary. What posterity will think of Mr. Froude's share in this book must be considered as hardly more doubtful than what the world thinks of it to-day, but what posterity will think

of Mr. Carlyle's share of it is happily less clear. He was always regarded with a kind of special indulgence by his friends. "It seems to me marvellous," said one of them to the writer since his death, "how I could listen as I did to his tirades in favor of slavery; one could not have endured it from any one else, but there was something in his personality that made it different." It was not merely that he was a man of genius. There was something in him that there is in many men not specially intellectual, which seems to take the sting out of what would be intolerable in another. In some degree, perhaps, it was that a kind of pathetic feeling always mingled with the admiration of those who loved him, and now that the last feeling is for the moment blotted out, the first comes out very strongly. It has been expressed by Mrs. Oliphant with candor and insight, and comes with much force from one who joins a warm friendship for himself to a kindly sympathy for some he has cruelly libelled. Long before there was any question of accounting for Mr. Carlyle's defects by the difficulties of age and loneliness, we well remember hearing this plea from an older friend than Mrs. Oliphant. It must be thirty years since the gentle and tolerant James Spedding expressed to a youthful hearer (in answer, probably, to some rather presumptuous criticism, but the fact is buried in suitable oblivion) what all Mr. Carlyle's friends must have felt it needful at times to revive—their sense of his need of indulgence. If the words were remembered as distinctly as those peculiar, slow, calm, selective accents, it would probably be misleading to report them, lest apart from that aroma of gentleness and respect they might seem commonplace, but their substance has always remained with the hearer as a plea for the unsuspected weakness of the powerful. "Carlyle needs always the kind of indulgence which most of us need in a fit of violent toothache" is the substance, and partly the words, of that pleading which now blends suitably with the almost dying declaration of the speaker—that the accident which caused his death was no one's fault but his own. Mr. Carlyle could not have been sixty years old when Mr. Spedding thus urged his need of

\* "Reminiscences," ii. 330. If the reader study this wonderful passage he will see that it is meant as a criticism on Wordsworth's poetry, and not his conversation.

† The reader will be grateful to us for including, at the close of this article, an extract from Carlyle's letter to Mr. Proctor on his sketch of Lamb. It is interesting as at least suggesting a different view of Lamb from that given in the *Reminiscences*.

forbearance, and the thirty years which was to elapse before he and his indulgent advocate passed away together certainly did not diminish his need of that advocacy. We would give it its fullest scope, but we shall be unjust both to great men and to ordinary men if we refuse to make a certain claim on every one, whatever his excuses for not responding to it, so long as they leave him in a condition which the law would pronounce a responsible one, and we cannot make a claim which does not imply a certain judgment on one who rejects it. When we say that a man should control himself, we do not in ordinary circumstances mean that he should control himself as long as his nerves are in good condition. It is a miserable effeminacy, which no one would have scorned more than the great man who has given so much occasion for it, to plead that when duty becomes difficult it ceases to be duty. We must be loyal to his own lesson of endurance, even if he is not. And what we must condemn in this book, moreover, as far as we condemn the writer for its existence, is not that he let expressions of feeling escape him which he should have controlled, but that the feelings were there to be expressed. We have all accepted the fact that old age weakens the power of reticence. What each one of us is becoming day by day, he or she must, if old age is reached, betray to the world, and if there is a confirmed habit of the pen no doubt our faults must leak out that way as well as another. But surely we shall not then undergo any miraculous transformation; and we cannot see that age, and weakness, and sorrow have any natural tendency to create some of the ugliest feelings revealed here. And then, too, it seems that some of Mr. Carlyle's apologists, in their eagerness to vindicate the character of a man of genius, cheapen the privileges of genius. When the Poet, in Schiller's pretty fable, flies to the throne of Jove to complain that earth is portioned out and nothing is left for him, Jove compensates his impoverished son by the promise that at any moment he shall find a refuge from the poverty of earth in the glory and light of Olympus. It is a strange ingratitude that the guest of the Immortals should murmur that his cup

is not better replenished at these poor festivities of earth. Perhaps it is not the kind of ingratitude that his inferiors are able to judge, but it is one that no human being should excuse.

However, we gladly allow ourselves to rest on the misleadingness of the utterances of disease and grief. What is absolutely certain is that Mr. Carlyle would have condemned their publication. If Mr. Froude himself imagines that Carlyle would have desired that many pages of this book should meet the public eye (a question which we put in all sincerity), he certainly is the only person in England, with the smallest qualification for forming an opinion, who is of that opinion. We do not think Carlyle was nearly reluctant enough to give pain; but we cannot believe that he would have consented to give the pain this book has inflicted; and when some years ago (about the time, indeed, that he was composing these *Reminiscences*) the private papers of a distinguished German were made public, at the cost of somewhat similar offence, he was loud in his expressions of displeasure. However, let that pass, suppose he was indifferent to the fact that his unjust words should be flung about like broken glass in a crowd; still he was, at all events, a master of letters. We do not believe that in all his voluminous works there is one slovenly sentence. He was a thorough literary workman. What he would have felt on having to disentangle information about a great man from some of the rubbish that encumbers it here we can easily imagine. Many of these pages resemble nothing so much as the disorderly jottings of a pocket-book diary, and we have all, to recover some forgotten date, read over memoranda that were quite as suitable to the printers' hands as much that is given here. Indeed rather more suitable. At least our private jottings are all in the indicative mood, this and that happened—trivial enough it may be, but definite and certain. But Mr. Froude has given the world much of his hero's writing that is as trivial as the memoranda of his humblest reader, and as uncertain as the speculation of a scholar on some doubtful point of early history. We will not become his accomplice in unveiling the weaknesses of a suffering

old man ; but let the reader, who thinks this sentence exaggerated, turn to Mr. Carlyle's account of the building of his study at the top of the house (ii. 237-239), or the journey to Edinburgh, p. 245 of the same volume, or the sentence, on p. 189, beginning, "The Stanleys of Alderley," or the self-questioning, on p. 168, whether he went to Edinburgh in 1832 or 1833. Most of us would try to bring our recollections into a more dignified condition, both as to definiteness and proportion, before writing them down for our own grandchildren. The truth about this memoir of his wife we fancy must have been something of this kind. In the forlorn wretchedness which followed her death the one anxiety of his friends must have been to procure him some sort of occupation, and they felt, probably, that they had no chance unless they suggested occupation directly connected with his grief. "Write down your recollections of her," they may have urged ; "she deserved to be commemorated, and you may revive much in trying to transcribe it." We can fancy that he may have taken up the pen in a sort of desperation of forlorn misery, and poured forth his longings for her as a sort of atonement to her memory, with actual tears blotting the paper. We have seen these poor maunderings called pathetic. Nothing that spoke of great suffering ever seemed to us further from being pathetic, but they are certainly piteous. They tell of great wretchedness, great loneliness, and very great impatience. We do not consider that anything which we thus describe is suited for the public, and we are absolutely certain that the author of "Sartor Resartus" would have emphatically condemned its publication. He did in his dotage take the first step to their publication, no doubt. But he has left it on record that his own impulse would be to burn the blotted page ; and, however our opinion of him must be modified by the fact that such judgments as he chronicles were ready to be chronicled, we may be sure that the act which gave them, as they are, to the public, would be one that he would have condemned no less severely, though possibly from a different cause than would those whom the publication has most insulted and wounded. Let us enforce

our belief on the reader's mind in his own words, as they are given in his will, with all their feebleness and repetition.

"My manuscript, entitled 'Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle,' is to me naturally, in my now bereaved state, of endless value, though of what value to others I cannot in the least clearly judge ; and, indeed, for the last four years am imperatively forbidden to write further on it ; or even to look further into it. Of that manuscript, my kind, considerate, and ever faithful friend, James Anthony Froude (as he has lovingly promised me), takes precious charge in my stead. To him, therefore, I give it with whatever other furtherance and elucidations may be possible, and I solemnly request of him to do his best and wisest in the matter, as I feel assured he will. There is incidentally a quantity of autobiographic record in my notes to this manuscript ; but except as subsidiary and elucidative of the text, I put no value on such. Express biography of me, I had really rather that there should be none. James Anthony Froude, John Forster, and my brother John, will make earnest survey of the manuscript, and its subsidiaries there or elsewhere, in respect to this, as well as its other bearings ; their united utmost candor and impartiality, taking always James Anthony Froude's practicality along with it, will evidently furnish a better judgment than mine can be ; the manuscript is by no means ready for publication ; nay, the question, How, when (after what delay, seven, ten years) it, or any portion of it should be published, are still dark to me ; but on all such points, James Anthony Froude's practical summing up and decision is to be taken as mine. . . . Many or most of these papers I often feel that I myself should burn ; but probably I never shall after all."

As we consider how Mr. Froude has executed the bequest here so touchingly confided to him, the two hypotheses between which we are forced to oscillate, of disloyalty and of ignorance, become alternately the most incredible. It is as difficult to believe that he wished to present to the world, in an unlovely light, one who regarded him with the love and trust here expressed as that he should be ignorant of the way men regard dull and needless censure, cruel slander, hard unfeeling reference to misfortune, careless misstatements where misstatement gives poignant pain, ingratitude, and unmanly whining. All these things are made known to the world within a few weeks of Mr. Carlyle's death by the man whom he trusts as his own son. With what object, we cannot but ask in utter bewilderment ?

Let us recall to the reader a few specimens of the information which Mr.

Froude has provided for him. One lady, for instance, known to Mr. Carlyle's readers only by her Christian name, but quite sufficiently indicated to her children or grandchildren, if she has any, by even the few words which accompany it, is mentioned merely to give a disagreeable and ill-natured nickname by which he and his acquaintance were wont to speak of her, and to state that he would not have married her on any account. The man whom Komilly chose as guardian to his children is described as a "puffy, vulgar little dump of an old man," with "nothing real in him but the stomach, and the effrontery to fill it." A family of whose kindness we well remember hearing in former days from Mrs. Carlyle may read of their constant hospitality as having seldom given "much real profit or even enjoyment for the hour." We come to the mention of one of her particular friends, where we naturally look for some kind words, but we, and this lady's children also, may read that she was admirable to Mr. Carlyle "as a highly-finished piece of social art, but hardly much otherwise." Another lady, named and elaborately described, was, it is hinted, quite ready, had he been willing, to have become his wife. The most cruelly treated of all his victims, who was also the wife of his dearest friend, and who, though she was his hospitable hostess, had some natural dread, we believe, of his influence on her husband (a more natural explanation of his dislike to her, to our mind, than that suggested by Mrs. Oliphant), has already found one defender. An interesting letter from Mr. Kegan Paul, in the *Athenæum* of April 16, embodying the protest of Mrs. Irving's sister, Miss Martin, against the slanders which this book has circulated respecting all her family, will startle the reader with its revelation of the strange recklessness of the man who would spend days in ascertaining a date or a genealogy, concerning some hero of the past, but did not care, apparently, to ask a question before stabbing those who sought no place in history, with slanders concerning their dead that appear to have been utterly baseless, and in some cases the very opposite of the truth. Of all that relates to the Martin family Mrs. Oliphant herself declares

that it is "disagreeable, painful, and fundamentally untrue."<sup>\*</sup> Another lady, the daughter of the man who pressed on him no contemptible pension at a time when nothing could accrue to the giver but a consciousness of having given help where it was deserved and needed, is characterized, besides much else that is contemptuous, and we must add most impertinent, as "a morbidly shy kind of creature who lives withdrawn among her children," and he concludes with almost giving her address! Imagine the shock to a sensitive woman, such as is indicated here, of seeing any description of herself in print, even were it a less unpleasing one! But there is a far keener pain than dispraise—even than impertinent and unjust dispraise—of oneself. The lady to whom we allude, who is remembered by others, knowing her better probably than Mr. Carlyle did, as the object of a peculiarly tender parental love, may feel too much the grudging, ungracious estimate of her father to have any space left for hurt self-love. But the mentions of a public man, just or unjust, are at least natural, while such intrusion into an inconspicuous home as that of which we have, perhaps, given the worst specimen is altogether blameable even if its object were complimentary. It would have been an impertinence to describe Jeffrey's daughter if the description had been flattering. Women who come before the world must take their chance with men; if anything is worth saying about them, good or ill, let it be said. But wait till they give

\* The present writer had intended, had space permitted it, to have inserted another letter of vindication which has appeared (in *Notes and Queries* for April 9th) since the publication of these volumes, to wipe away the trace of Mr. Carlyle's pen from another blameless woman—Southey's second wife. The writer, the Rev. Edmund Tew, an intimate friend of her stepdaughter, "Edith May," gives a picture of Mrs. Southey's relations to her step-children, and of her whole character, entirely different from Carlyle's. Southey's daughter and her husband, the late Rev. John Wood Warter, always spoke of the "certain Miss Bowles," whom Carlyle describes with such cruel contempt, as "one of the best and truest women that ever lived." His unwarrantable perpetuation of what he learned at second or third hand has, we learn from this letter, "touched to the very quick" one of her surviving kindred, at whose instance Mr. Tew comes forward in her defence.



the opportunity for such description even if it be favorable. Such gossip as is printed here would not perhaps be worth notice if it were not ill-natured, but it would in any case be very much to the discredit of an editor that he had let it stand: As it is, the larger fault hides the less.

The specimens of slander and of depreciation which we have selected are not carefully sifted away from warm eulogy, lively character-painting, subtle analysis, or even brilliant pictures of society. None of these things would excuse slander or impertinence, but they would put into a very different light what might, by their side, pass almost without notice in the midst of so much that would draw attention from it. In character proportion is as important as it is in chemistry. If much is said of any one, some ill must be said, and it takes its place naturally as a part of the character of an imperfect human being. But Mr. Carlyle has not, in any single case that we have cited, attempted a portrait. He has given an account of the persons mentioned which would have been justified if he had been obliged to mention whatever he could recollect about them, and that is all we can say. Some faint attempt has been made to find an excuse for this disparagement in its universality. But it is a poor comfort for the pain we feel at finding that a great man could bequeath sneers and morose censure to posterity, to find that he made his portraits of his equals quite as ugly as those of his inferiors. It is a poor vindication for our complaints of his grudging estimate to be told that it was universal. He was, we fully allow, impartial in his dispraise. High and low, rich and poor, well known and little known, all alike suffer for the honor of being mentioned in these pages. He remembered slights, but benefits made but a feeble impression on him. A certain dislike for humanity is evident everywhere—at least, excepting his own and his wife's kindred, we can hardly mention a name that comes the brighter from his pen. The natural and blameless desire to attract the attention of genius receives a curious inversion from the records here presented to us. The children of those he has passed over in silence congratulate themselves on their

escape. Those whose parents were thought worthy of being described by him are all stung by a sense of injustice and cruelty, sometimes—we must write the word—of ingratitude.

We must add the hateful word in introducing to the reader what we would gladly consider as a little supplement to the *Reminiscences* of Thomas Carlyle. The daughter of one of the many women disparaged or caricatured by a man they may have considered their friend, has printed some letters from him, in reading which the reader is enabled to judge of the true character of these *Reminiscences* as a revelation of their writer, and to substitute, in one case, the impression of his maturity for those of his dotage. No part of these memoirs (except perhaps the account of Mrs. Irving) seems to us more discreditable than that which deals with Carlyle's friendship for the Basil Montagus. Basil Montagu is a name little familiar to the readers of our day, except through the famous article of Macaulay, confuting his partial view of Bacon, but he deserves to be associated with the name of Bacon in a more honorable light than that of an easily confuted apologist, and, indeed, the respectful tone of the confutation must have suggested to more than one reader a wish to know something more of the antagonist thus answered. His "valuable" edition of Bacon's works, as Macaulay calls it, formed indeed the first step toward that study of the great thinker which has distinguished our own century; and the frequent citations which ornamented his pleadings in the law-courts, made the thoughts of Bacon familiar to some who were not his students. We learn from an affectionate eulogy contributed by Montagu to the *Memoirs* of Mackintosh, that their friendship originated in the successful attempt of the elder—himself a recent and reluctant convert—to convert the younger from the principles of the French Revolution, and also that it was to these friendly warnings that Montagu owed his first introduction to the philosopher, with whom his name was to be thus honorably connected. He seems ever after to have retained for his friend (for whom, though only five years his senior, he professes an almost filial reverence) that warm and lively interest felt

for one who directs our convictions anew. Indeed, he would appear from his own account to have been influenced by Mackintosh not only in doctrine but in practice, a "morbid wish to seclude himself from public life,"\* which however could never have really prevailed against so many endowments for it, being earnestly combated by Mackintosh with the precept of Bacon that "in this life God and angels only should be lookers-on;"† and the tendency which Mackintosh here combated showed itself on its nobler side perhaps in a direction which he was wont to indicate in a playful threat, not unwelcome to its object, to spend the evening in "baiting the philosopher."‡ The temptation toward a life of seclusion quickly passed away. Montagu became an active and successful practitioner at the Chancery bar, and owed to his own exertions the wealth which enabled him to exercise a liberal hospitality, enjoyed by many eminent contemporaries, and abused only by one. "There is no place that I enjoy more than Basil Montagu's," writes Charles Sumner. "I step into his house after I have been dining out, and we talk till I am obliged to say 'good morning' and not 'good night.'" "The Montagus have been intimate with more good and great people than anybody I know. . . . It is a pleasure to hear his quotations from the ancient English writers come almost mended from his beautiful flowing § enunciation. Mrs. Montagu is one of the most remarkable women I have ever known."|| The impression he made on her was mutual, and in 1844 she wrote to him,¶ "I cannot account for the strange sympathy by which in a moment my heart acknowledges a friend; but . . . I seem to hear a voice not new to me, and to meet looks and expressions so respond-

ed to by every fibre in my frame that it is no stranger who stands before me, but a lost friend recovered. I do not attempt to solve this problem, and say why I sat down with you at once and could have said anything that I thought . . . I knew — for years, admired his talent, was most confidentially intrusted with his inmost thoughts, would have been his hostess for months or years, his nurse in illness, or his adviser in common things where advice was needed; but his friend, after my fashion, never! I loved Edward Irving with all the tenderness of a friend and mother. I dare not tell you of my antipathies." We give this extract from a letter of Mrs. Basil Montagu's in introducing those which she received from Mr. Carlyle, to show (as we think the extract does show) that she was a woman eminently formed for friendship; her distinction of it from good-will, admiration, and warm interest, even in their highest manifestation, proves her to have felt what many women pass through life without finding out—that there are relations other than those of kindred, and equally real, which we rather discover than create, and which, once discovered, remain a perennial source of moral refreshment, less encumbered by anxious care than the ties of blood, and not much less fruitful in the influences that soothe and cheer our path through life. She is gracefully and affectionately sketched in a book which, though it may sound strange to say so, might well be set side by side with the one before us, as a contrast between the reminiscences of a far-off youth, touched by the glow of a generous tenderness, and one where the chill of old age tells in a wintry gloom reflected backward on the objects of recollection—Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood." We have felt it refreshing to turn from Mr. Carlyle's sketch of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. Kemble's, which is indeed superficial, but not more superficial, and which surprises us by the extent to which a totally different effect is produced by the very slight changes between two descriptions, which, were they left unnamed, we might discern as pointing out the same object. We gather from both as from all other records that have met our ears, that Mrs. Basil Montagu was beau-

\* "Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh," by his Son, i. 157.

† Ibid., 158.

‡ This name seems to have been applied to Montagu when he and Mackintosh first became acquainted in the year 1796. Basil Montagu was born in 1770.

§ The reader will recall a tribute of greater weight and equal purport from Macaulay cited above.

|| "Life and Letters of Charles Sumner," ii. 44.

¶ Ibid., ii. 290, note.

tiful, dignified, and somewhat authoritative, a certain formidableness mingling with her stateliness without interfering with its grace. Both writers give much space to the description of her dress, which was apparently peculiar. But while the one description suggests a style of attire occupying lengthy thought and care, we learn from the other that it was perfectly invariable, so it must have been an object of the minimum of attention to the wearer. There is a curious and instructive contrast even in this little touch. Mr. Carlyle, with his seventy or eighty pins,\* suggests a daily-dress-fitting full of an anxious, fussy carefulness. Mrs. Kemble, in her elaborate description of the becoming and suitable costume adopted once for all, paints for us an enviable freedom from all such small attention. However, they concur in putting a striking and picturesque, as well as a dignified figure before us, and one which seems to have been the centre of a group of admiring friends and acquaintance, to whom she was as strong a personality as her husband. Sir James Mackintosh was accustomed to speak of her rather the oftenest of the two. With such a household to preside over (Basil Montagu was thrice married, and she brought her own little daughter into the new home), we can imagine how much effort was implied in the admission of any new claimant to her acquaintance; probably most people who have lived in London know what it is to make room for a new friend in a crowded circle, especially where the friend is himself a stranger. It was into this circle that Mr. Carlyle came as a raw Scotch youth—most impressive he was always—but at that time with his country manners, his strong accent, and his dyspepsia, the impressiveness cannot have been altogether of an agreeable kind. Nothing draws a thicker veil over all natural attractiveness than bad health, without the shelter of suitable arrangements; the habitual discomfort of the sufferer can hardly help being otherwise than self-occupied, and consequently ungracious; and there could have been

little in Carlyle at this time, when he was fresh from a Scotch farm, to compensate for this ungraciousness by any external polish. At this time, in short, Carlyle had, from a social point of view, nothing to give and everything to receive. It is evident, even from his own grudging and ungenerous narrative, that he was received warmly and hospitably into a crowded and occupied circle, to which he was able to contribute nothing of the smallest worldly advantage, and his entrance on which must have been a considerable worldly advantage to him, that a certain motherly care was from the first extended to him by Mrs. Montagu, and that when he wrote his Reminiscences, he was still aware, in a dim feeble way, that some sort of gratitude was due from him to her. How much more strongly he felt this at the time, however, let the reader judge from the following extract from his letter to her:

"20th May, 1825.

"When I think of all your conduct towards me, I confess I am forced to pronounce it *magnanimous*. From the first, you had faith enough in human nature to believe that under the vinegar surface of an atrabilious character, there might lurk some touch of principle and affection. Notwithstanding my repulsive aspect you followed me with unwearied kindness, while near you, and now that I am far off, and you suspect me of stealing from you the spirit of your most valued friend, you still think tenderly of me, you send me cheering words into my solitude, amid these rude moors a little dove-like messenger arrives to tell me that I am not forgotten, that I still live in the memories and wishes of some noble souls. Believe me, I am not unthankful for this; I am poor in heart, but not entirely a bankrupt. There are moments when the thought of these things make me ten years younger, when I feel with what fervid gratitude I should have welcomed sympathy, or the very show of sympathy from such a quarter, had it then been offered me; and now that *yet* changed as matters are you shall not escape me, that I *will* yet understand you and love you, and be understood and loved by you. I did you injustice, I never *saw* you till about to lose you. Base Judæan that I was! Can you forgive without forgetting me? I hope yet to be near you long and often, and to taste in your society the purest pleasure, that of fellow-feeling with a generous and cultivated mind. How rare it is in life, and what were life without it! Forgive me if you can. If my affection and gratitude have any value in your eyes, you are like to be no loser by my error. I felt it before I left you, I feel it still more deeply now."

\* Which surely cannot, as Mrs. Oliphant suggests, be due to some recollected description of his wife's. We can hardly imagine a lady supposing that a well-fitting dress was dependent on such an appendix.

It seems very natural, if we may take

the foregoing expressions as sincere, that Mr. Carlyle should desire such a friend for his young wife, and we find him seeking to make them correspondents before they were personally acquainted. He writes, after giving a description of Jane Welsh :

"This young lady is a person you will love and tend as a daughter when you meet ; an ardent, generous, gifted being, banished to the pettiness of a country town ; loving, adoring the excellent in all its phases, but without models, advisers, or sympathy. Six years ago she lost her father, the only person who had ever understood her ; since that hour she has never mentioned his name ; she never alludes to him yet without an agony of tears. It was Mr. Irving's wish, and mine, and most of all, her own, to have you for her friend, that she should live beside you till she understood you, that she might have at least one model to study, one woman with a mind as warm and rich to show her by living example how the most complex destiny might be wisely managed. Separated by space, could you draw near to one another by the imperfect medium of letters ? Jane thinks it would abate the 'awe' which she must necessarily feel on first meeting with you personally. She wishes it ; I also, if it were attainable ; is it not ?"

We are glad to know that the friendship thus demanded was not abused by the person for whom it was sought. "Mrs. Carlyle," writes one who knew her intimately for about thirty years, "always spoke of Mrs. Montagu in my hearing with admiration and respect, and almost reverence." These feelings seem at the time to have been fully shared by her husband. We will give another specimen of them.

"25th December, 1826.

"Indeed, indeed, my dear Madam, I am not mad enough to forget you, the more I see of the world and myself the less tendency have I that way, the more do I feel that in these my wilderness journeys, I have found but one Mrs. Montagu, and that except in virtue of peculiar good fortune, I had no right to calculate on even finding one: A hundred times do I regret that you are not here, or I there ; but I say to myself we shall surely meet again on this side the wall of night, and you will find me wiser and I shall know you better, and love and reverence you more. Meantime, as conscience whispers, What are protestations ? Nothing, or worse than nothing ; therefore let us leave them."

How little he could have thought, as he wrote those words, that they were to be illustrated, after his death, by unkind sneers against the woman he here addresses with so much apparent reverence and admiration ! Let us read the last

words by the light of the earlier ones. Surely, whatever else he was, Thomas Carlyle was not a hypocrite !

The unmanly remembrance of trivial ills which characterize these volumes receive no less forcible a rebuke from these letters than their petty sneers. His published works, of course, contain many more forcible, but the following passage, as elicited by some of the trials which in recording them he makes so much of, seems to us worthy of a place here :

"25th December, 1826.

"At all events, what right have we to murmur ? It is the common lot : the Persian king could not find three happy men in the wide world to write the names of on his queen's tomb, or the philosopher would have recalled her from death. Every son of Adam has his task to toil at, and his stripes to bear for doing it wrong. There is one deadly error we commit on our entrance on life, and sooner or later we must lay it aside, for till then there is neither peace nor rest for us in this world : we all start, I have observed, with the tacit persuasion that whatever becomes of others, we (the illustrious all-important *we*) are entitled of right to be *entirely fortunate*, to accumulate all knowledge, beauty, health, and earthly felicity in *our* sacred person, and so pass *our* most sovereign days in rosy bowers, with distress never seen by us, except as an interesting shade in the distance of our landscape. Alas ! what comes of it ? Providence will not treat us thus ; nay, with reverence be it spoken, cannot treat us thus, and so we fight and fret against His laws, and cease not from our mad romancing delusion, till experience have beaten it out of us with many chastisements.

"Most, indeed, never fully unlearn it all their days, but continue to the last to believe that, in their lot in life they are *unjustly* treated, and cease not from foolish hopes, and still stand in new amazement that they should be disappointed—so very strangely, so *unfairly* ! This class is certainly the most pitiable of all, for an action of damages against Providence is surely no promising lawsuit."

Now if our readers will turn to the Reminiscences, they will not, it is true, find any direct evil-speaking of the lady whose friendship in his youth Mr. Carlyle sought in terms of so much respect and gratitude. He does even acknowledge that he stands "her debtor, and should be grateful for all this." But to read his account of the whole Basil Montagu family, with these expressions of strong and affectionate feeling still in our ears, leaves on the mind an impression of treachery that it is most painful, most bewildering, to connect with the great preacher of veracity to our genera-



tion. Every family misfortune is narrated in a tone of hard indifference that at times we are almost forced to believe rises into something like satisfaction, and it is difficult not to suspect, incredible as it appears, that the unconscious memory of some slight from the sons of the house sets their subsequent disasters or errors in a light that is not altogether disagreeable to him. The lady herself, for whose kindness we here see such grateful expression, is described with an amount of innuendo that is more hurtful in its general impression than a good deal of definite blame, if the latter were not unmixed.

A recollection haunts the memories of the present writer—too dim to recover through the mists of perhaps forty years with any distinctness—of having once overheard Mrs. Carlyle express with all her brisk dramatic effectiveness, obvious though not wholly intelligible to an attentive child, the annoyance with which she had once heard that her merits had been summed up by some one whose words had been repeated to her (by an officious friend apparently) as "a very good dresser." If the dim records of such a distant memory may be trusted, she described with much humor her mortification at discovering that the most salient fact about the wife of a man of genius was her successful toilette! The daughter of one whom that man of genius sought as his friend might be excused a certain feeling of disappointment even if the sole sting of a like piece of information about her was that it stood alone. But let us see with what sneers it is accompanied. Her few recollections of Burns, we are told, "were a jewel she was always ready to produce." "Her father, I gradually understood, *not from herself*, had been a man of inconsiderable wealth or position" (as if she had been ashamed of her father). "Her first husband, Mr. Skepper, was some young lawyer of German extraction, and the *romance* of her wedding Montagu which she sometimes touched on, had been prosaically nothing but this;" and then Mr. Carlyle gives an inaccurate account of the matter which, as the reader who turns to Mrs. Kemble's account of her may see, had its romantic side, the marriage which he represents as the elevation of a gov-

erness to a coveted \* position after some years of preparation for it, being the result of sudden and very lively admiration. Irving, we are told, at length discovered that Mrs. Montagu "had not so much loved him, as tried to buy love from him by soft ministrations, by the skilfullest flattery liberally laid on . . . . In this liberal London pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to." Most of the distinguished men who have frequented the house, we are given to understand, had found this out and left it; "a confused miscellany of 'geniuses' hovered fitfully round the establishment; I think those of any reality had got tired and gone away." We will add to this specimens of Mr. Carlyle's sneers at the woman for whom he professes so much admiration (and which we have not set down in full); his unworthy allusion to her letters as "high-sounding amiable things to which I could not but respond, though dimly conscious of their quality." A letter to her, not included in the present little collection, written at a distance of three years from the beginning of their correspondence, ends with an earnest petition for its continuance. Was he then addressing her with empty flattery?—a flattery, we should imagine, most onerous to its busy recipient, if it was to be paid for in the long letters which he afterward speaks of as if they had pestered him. The years which had passed had, it is evident, not then abated anything of his regard for her. However, we would cite this letter for the light it throws on his intercourse with another person to whom he was ungrateful. Jeffrey had evidently snubbed him for seeking his help in his wish to acquire a position at the remodelled Observatory at Edinburgh, and all that he writes about him seems touched by an ungenerous remembrance of the snub. But now see what pains Jeffrey did take to help him to a post that he

\* To the present writer this innuendo appears involved in the assertion that she "succeeded well in that ticklish capacity, and better and better, for some time, perhaps some years, whereupon at length offer of marriage," i. 229. But where every mention is disparaging we are sometimes inclined to make too much of a single one.

thought suitable for him. In the year 1827, Carlyle was a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at the London University, and had much discussion with Jeffrey on the matter, who,\*

"Being one of the most friendly of men now breathing, entered zealously into the matter, and wrote twice to Brougham about it, and, receiving no answer, besieged the great lawyer in person for a whole day, in 'six assaults.' I think he said, and to the same purpose."

As we copy the passage recording the kind deeds which were to be forgotten, and then remember those which record the sharp words which were to be remembered, the painful conviction is borne in upon us that there must have been something in Carlyle's nature fundamentally ungenerous. We might never have discovered it if Mr. Froude had not shown it us, but we cannot deny that the thing he shows us, though much magnified by age and disease, was a part of character. But let us look at his spirit of grudge through his own words, as they lie before us in his characteristic handwriting:

"Kind it is in you not to forget me; yet it is a kindness not unrepaid. O why is the spirit of man so often jarred into 'harsh thunder,' when sweeter tones of melody may be awakened from its strings! Why do we not always love, and why is the loved soul shut out from us by poor obstructions, that we see it only in glimpses, or at best look at it from a prison grate, and into a prison grate!"

We know few things in biography much more unlovely than the contrast between the way Carlyle speaks to Mrs. Montagu and of her. It is true, there is a certain contrast between the way we speak of our dearest friend and to him, and many a little playful scoff or even severe criticism would be found in private letters associated with the name of some that are very dear to us. But surely, even in private letters, such expressions are not found alone. And secondly, these papers are not private. Carlyle had taken the first step toward publishing them. We do not believe he would ever have taken the last, but still

Mr. Froude has violated no confidence in making public the papers which, if they were not written for the public, were written for nobody. While Carlyle was writing in this way of the mother, he was now and again reminded by friendly intercourse with the daughter (who was his occasional guest till the last) that whatever opinions he left on paper about the Montagus would be liable to meet the eyes of one who would be deeply wounded by unkind words of them. And though he seems to have forgotten, according to Mr. Froude's fearless information, that he had ever written the paper in which their name occurs, and the responsibility of its publication is thus brought home in a peculiar sense to his editor, we cannot feel that the responsibility for its existence is removed from himself. However, we would leave with the reader in parting one consideration which tends to put these *Reminiscences* in a gentler light. When Carlyle talks of the Basil Montagus flattering him, he is evidently looking back on their intercourse through the haze of his egotism. He is thinking of himself, as he was through the greater part of his life, a person whom there was some object in flattering. He was confusing two separate selves. We often see this confusion in the memories of the old, happily not often to the advantage of a mean ungenerous spirit; but even generous natures become sometimes a little unjust in mental decay from the mere loss of an accurate power of recollection. Perhaps, indeed, it may be the one compensation for all the pain which this unhappy book has given, that here and there some valued life, obscured by what seemed a strange cloud toward its close, may receive a softening light from it, and we may be enabled to look more steadily at an image which we see now was confused by the medium through which, at the last, we had to regard it. We pay a heavy price, however, for these faint touches of consolation. It was said of Lord Campbell that his series of biographies had added a new terror to Death. Lord Campbell had no victims among the lowly, but Mr. Froude has added new terrors to old age for the humblest of us. We could look forward with calmness to the hour when the "windows should be darkened, and the grass-

\* See a very confused reference to this in the *Reminiscences* (ii. 136), as some professorship, "perhaps of Literature," which reads like a sentence of Mrs. Gamp's, but that may be the fault of printer and editor.

hopper should be a burden, and desire should fail;" but now that we learn how gratitude may fade with the keenness of hearing and justice with sharpness of eyesight, how with the light tread and the active hand depart the kindly will, and grudging suspiciousness assail the weary spirit as disease the weary frame—who will not tremble at the consciousness that youth is past? Let us take courage. A hundred soothing memories crowd in to our solace; images of old age that needed no sheltering shadow, of long pain and incapacity borne by those whose interests were still vivid, with cheerful reticence, of oblivion that seemed like a sponge laid on all unkindness, of all harsh things banished and held at bay, of quickened tenderness, and distaste or resentment that grew dim. If genius makes such an old age unattainable—if that interest in oneself which no doubt belongs to intellectual power fosters an expression of the whole nature which must tell after many years in an impartial development of what is best and worst within; then, indeed, we ordinary beings may find much consolation in our insignificance, and be thankful that for those whose day has not been particularly brilliant, "at evening time it shall be light."\*

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\* We would reinforce the lesson in Carlyle's own words, here, as so often, appearing as witnesses against their author. "Dear Proctor," he writes to Mrs. Montagu's son-in-law, in 1865, "I have been reading your book on 'Charles Lamb' in these silent regions" (a country-house near Dover), "whither I had fled for a few days of dialogue with Mother Earth, and I have found in your work something so touching, pure, serene, and pious, that I cannot but write you one brief word of recognition. . . . Brevity, perspicuity, graceful clearness, then also perfect veracity, gentleness, lovingness, justness, peaceable candor throughout, a fine kindly sincerity to all comers, with sharp insight too, quick recognition graphically rendered—all the qualities, in short, which such a work could have, I find in this, now dating, it appears, in your seventy-seventh year. Every page of it reveals to me the old Proctor whom I used to talk with forty-two years ago, unaltered, except as the finest wines and such like alter, by ripening to the full, a man as if *transfigured* by his heavy-

In conclusion, the writer may, perhaps, be permitted to describe herself as one who has received no special wound from any mention in these Reminiscences. None dear to her were scornfully or harshly judged by Mr. Carlyle; some were tenderly and even faithfully loved by him. His writings afforded the first glimpse of genius appreciated in early youth; his person still bears the halo worn by all who have thus been to us the revealers of a larger world, and to these strong ties is added the bond of a hereditary interest, and with many of his views an abiding sympathy. Prejudice, if it exists, is on the side of the man whose failings are here, of necessity, pointed out. But this attempt will be much misunderstood if it is regarded as a disquisition on the failings of a great man. It is meant as a protest against the action which has lifted the curtain on those failings. When a biography has to be written, give the picture of the whole man. Give his failings, in their due proportion, and with that due reserve which is indeed rightly understood only a part of proportion. But do not thrust before us writings which show nothing but those weaknesses, do not tempt us to believe that noble and inspiring words were a hollow formula; that the teaching which, to some extent, has guided and enriched many lives was mere hypocrisy. This is not to further truth; this is not to teach us anything of a spirit's history. It will satisfy a certain love of vulgar gossip, and sometimes more evil feelings. But, judged by posterity, we have no question that it will be a blot on the literary fame of him who is guilty of it which no other achievements, however honorable, can wholly wipe out.

[The writer omitted to insert, in the proper place, a reminder to those few surviving friends who were hurt by the contemptuous mention of one they recalled with respect and affection—Mr. Whishaw—that a tribute was paid him that might well outweigh many such mentions—Sir Samuel Romilly made him the guardian of his children.]

laden years, and to whom his hoary head is as a crown."

## DOGS OF LITERATURE.

"Ci-gît qui fut toujours sensible, doux, fidèle,  
Et, jusques au tombeau, des amis le modèle.  
Il ne me quitte pas quand je perdis mon  
bien.

—C'était un homme unique !—Hélas ! c'était  
mon chien."

—*Epitaphe d'un Ami*, par EDMOND DALLIER.

"EPITAPH on a pet, in a pet !" and  
"Cynical !" are the exclamations which,  
in spite of the unpardonable punning,  
rise unbidden to our lips as we reach  
the concluding word of our Byronic  
quotation. And the sentiment em-  
braces just as much truth as is common-  
ly wrapped up in sentiments that are  
cynical. Like our own pessimist Crabbe,  
when with similar poetic licence he pic-  
tures the dog :

"The only creature faithful to the end"—

Dallier is using the teeth of the "friend  
of man" for the purpose of snapping at  
humanity ; making capital out of canine  
fidelity at the expense of those who had  
doubtless found it hard enough to be  
true to him in spite of his poetic irrita-  
bility ; and allowing his real grief for  
the death of his favorite to rise to ficti-  
tious mountains which fall on and cover  
all remembrance of past faithfulness and  
truth. But perhaps we are too hard on  
the peculiar poet nature. "Man is the  
god of the dog," says Bacon, and it may  
be that the dog responds with less varia-  
bleness than any other living being, to  
that craving for worship which is not  
least innate in "nature's worshipper."  
The poet is no Actæon ; his darling  
thoughts are not torn in pieces by the  
carping criticism of his own hounds ; he  
himself is not "done to death by" their  
"slandrous tongues." Is he sensitive,  
choleric, revengeful ? Then, as says  
Dr. John Brown, he may "kick his dog  
instead of some one else who would not  
take it so meekly, and, moreover, would  
certainly not as he does, ask your par-  
don for being kicked." He may read  
the "Scotch Reviewers" and thank  
heaven for his dog. But such deduc-  
tions from the poetic and literary nature  
must not be pressed ; these unhinged in-  
tervals, when choler smothers affection,  
and the man is not master of his ac-  
tions, must, even in poets, be rare ; for,  
to judge from the investigations which I

have made into the history of the sub-  
ject, the record of literary men and wo-  
men who have experienced and reciprocated  
the devotion of their dogs, would  
furnish a material contribution to the  
"many books" of the making of which  
"there is no end : " nor,

"Had I e'en a hundred tongues,  
A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,"

could I venture to recite the innumera-  
ble passages in which well-known writ-  
ers have used their pen to the glory of

"The joy, the solace, and the aid of man."

Seldom, indeed, do we light upon any  
revelation of antipathy. Macaulay,  
however, seems to have been bored as  
much by a dog as by a bad listener, or  
by any person or thing that aided and  
abetted bad listening. His definition  
of a dog as "an animal that only spoiled  
conversation" is quite characteristic of  
that eminent, and, withal, monopolizing  
talker, who would most unreservedly  
have indorsed the parody, "One man's  
pet is another man's nuisance." But  
Goethe's feelings had passed the bounds  
of boredom ; dogs were an abhorrence  
to him ; their barking drove him to  
distraction. Mr. Lewes tells us of the  
poet's troubles as theatrical manager at  
Weimar, when the cabal against him had  
craftily persuaded the Duke Carl August,  
whose fondness for dogs was as remark-  
able as Goethe's aversion to them, to  
invite to his capital the comedian Kars-  
ten and his poodle, which had been per-  
forming, amid the enthusiastic acclama-  
tions of Paris and Germany, the leading  
part in the melodrama of "The Dog of  
Montargis." Goethe, being apprised of  
this project, haughtily replied : "One  
of our theatre regulations stands, 'No  
dogs admitted on the stage ;' " and thus  
dismissed the subject. But the invita-  
tion was already gone, and the dog ar-  
rived. After the first rehearsal Goethe  
gave his highness the choice between the  
dog and his highness's then stage man-  
ager ; and the duke, angry at his oppo-  
sition, severed a long friendship by a  
most offensive letter of dismissal. He  
quickly, however, came to his senses,  
and, repenting of his unworthy petu-  
lance, wrote to the poet in a most con-



ciliatory tone; but, though the cloud passed away, no entreaty could ever induce Goethe to resume his post. Alfred de Musset's dislike of dogs was intensified by unfortunate experience, for twice in his life a dog had gone near to wreck his prospects: once, when, at a royal hunting party, he blunderingly shot Louis Philippe's favorite pointer; and again, when, as a candidate for the Academy, he was paying the customary visit of ceremony to an influential Immortal. Just as he rang at the château gate, an ugly, muddy whelp rushed joyously and noisily to greet him, fawning upon the poet's new and dainty costume. Reluctant to draw any distinction of courtesy, at such a time, between the Academician and his dog, he had no alternative but to accept the slimy caresses, and the escort of the animal into the *salon*. The embarrassment of his host he accounted for by the barely defensible behavior of his pet, but when the dog, having followed them into the dining-room, placed two muddy paws upon the cloth and seized the wing of a cold chicken, De Musset's suppressed wrath found relief in the reserved suggestion—"You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of dogs!" echoed the Academician, "I hate dogs." "But this animal here?" ventured De Musset. "I have borne with the beast," was the reply, "only because it is yours." "Mine?" cried the poet, "I thought it was yours, which was all that prevented me from killing him!" The two men shouted with laughter; De Musset gained a friend; but the dog and his kind an enemy more bitter than before.

Mr. Tennyson, again, is one of the few national poets whose writings exhibit a striking absence of any tribute to the dog, or indeed of any reference that is not merely passing. Take, for instance, the brief allusion to Cavall, in his "Enid," when Queen Guinevere is listening for the baying of "King Arthur's hound of deepest mouth." But the argument from silence goes for nothing save to remind us that Mr. Tennyson is essentially the poet of the deeper thoughts and intents of the human heart.

Such exceptions, however, only bring into prominence the rule that the majority of our masters in literature, and

our poets almost to a man, have made dogs their personal friends in real life, in fiction, or in both. *Facile princeps* among such true dog-fanciers reigns Sir Walter Scott. So great a fascination did he exercise over dumb creatures, that even strange dogs in the Edinburgh streets used to pay him homage. Mr. Carlyle relates how a "little Blenheim Cocker," "one of the smallest, beautifullest, and tiniest of dogs," with which he was well acquainted—a dog so shy that it would "crouch toward its mistress, and draw back with angry timidity if any one did but look at him admiringly"—once met in the street "a tall, singular, busy-looking man," who was halting by, and running toward him began "fawning, frisking, licking at his feet," and every time he saw Sir Walter afterward in Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstration of delight.\* The genius of him that set a catalogue of ships to music would be needful in order to give, in attractive detail, the names, description, and history of Scott's canine associates, since

"Many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound,  
And 'dandies' of degree."

Washington Irving tells us of the "whole garrison of dogs, all open-mouthed and vociferous," that rushed out to salute him when first the wheels of his chaise disturbed the quiet of Abbotsford. The "very perfect, gentle knight" is a standing refutation of Karr's aphorism: "*On n'a dans la vie qu'un chien, comme on n'a qu'un amour.*" The death of a dog, it is true, brought keen sorrow to him. "The misery of keeping a dog," says he, "is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years, and then died—what would become of me?"† When, however, a dog did die, he vowed no perpetual widowhood, but, after a decent interval, the vacancy was usually and often completely filled. Of all the dogs that live, and always will live, side by side, with his memory, Camp and Maida bear the palm. Camp, a large and handsome bull-terrier, fierce as any of his race, but with children gentle as a lamb, Scott

\* See Mr. Hutton's "Scott," in the series, "English Men of Letters."

† "Lockhart's "Life of Scott" has of course been freely consulted.

speaks of as "the wisest dog" he ever had : so marvellously did he understand spoken language, that his master used to make him an argument for the higher education of canine potentialities. Camp once bit the baker, was beaten accordingly, and had the enormity of the offence explained to him ; after which he never heard the slightest allusion to the story, whatever the voice or tone, without retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with a look of the direst distress. Even amid the decay of advancing age, his affection and sagacity never abated ; and whenever the servant at Ashteil, while laying the cloth for dinner, happened to say to the dog as he lay on his mat before the fire, "Camp, my guid fellow, the sheriff's just coming hame by the ford," or "by the hill," the sick animal would immediately bestir himself, going to the back or the front door, according to the direction given, and dragging himself as far as he was able, to welcome his master. During the whole of his career he was Scott's inseparable companion in his study and in his protracted rambles by the banks of the Yarrow ; and his deportment, when the rest of the kennel added numbers but not dignity to the company, plainly showed that he held himself to be his master's "sensible and steady friend," in favorable contrast to the more freakish and locomotive members of the "following." At his funeral the whole family stood in tears round the grave, and Mrs. Lockhart recalls how her father smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression she had ever seen on his face. On the evening of the dog's death Scott excused himself from a dinner engagement, alleging as his apology, "the death of a dear old friend."

But it was Maida that gave rise to the almost proverbial saying of that generation, "Walter Scott and his dog." This, "the grandest dog ever seen on the border since the days of Johnnie Armstrong," was a cross between the wolf and the deer hound, and so huge that a Yankee, who had invaded Abbotsford to interview its owner, declared that Maida was "pro-di-gi-ous !" With such a creature, dignity, one would think, "went without saying ;" yet that Maida's dignity had a suspicion of cant

about it, and was partly aimed at the gallery, is a fact suggested by his lack of that calm restfulness which goes far to complete a dignified demeanor. He had a rooted objection to remaining for long in any one place or position ; he would lie stretched at the feet of his master as he sat writing or reading in his study chair, but would move whenever his master moved and lay his head across his master's knees to be caressed or fondled. Sir Adam Ferguson tells a characteristic story of Maida's spirit of unrest. He was sitting with Scott and Maida, on one occasion, in the rough, smoking study, when Abbotsford was still in building ; outside, a heavy mist shrouded the whole landscape of Tweed-side, and distilled in a cold, persistent drizzle. But in spite of external gloom and discomfort, Maida kept fidgeting in and out of the room, Scott exclaiming every five minutes, "Eh, Adam ! the puir brute's just wearying to get out ;" or, "Eh, Adam ! the puir creature's just crying to come in ;" when Sir Adam would open the door to the raw, chilly air for the wet, muddy hound's exit or entrance, while Scott, his "face swollen with a grievous tooth-ache, and one hand pressed to his cheek, was writing with the other the humorous opening chapters of the 'Antiquary.'"<sup>\*</sup>

In the Castle Street "den," Hinse of Hinsfeldt, a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, would generally, when Maida was in the room, pose himself on the top of the library ladder, looking on with a sedate interest ; but, when Maida chose to leave the party, and his master, apprised of his desire by his thumping the door with a huge paw, "as violently as ever fashionable footman handled a knocker in Belgravia, rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, Hinse came down purring from his perch and mounted guard by the footstool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough." But to write a life of Maida would be almost to write a life of Scott while Maida lived—"so pleasant were they in their lives," so intimate and tender and unbroken was their intercourse. Often were they companions on the same canvas, till Scott grew "as tired of the operation as

<sup>\*</sup> See Fanny Kemble's "Reminiscences of my Girlhood."

old Maida, who had been so often sketched that he got up and walked off with signs of loathing whenever he saw an artist unfurl his paper and handle his brushes." Maida's likeness became so cosmopolitan, that once upon a time a friend of Scott's picked up, as he passed through Munich, a common snuff-box, price one franc, with Maida for a frontispiece, and the superscription, "Der lieblich Hund von Walter Scott;" "in mentioning which," adds Scott, "I cannot suppress the avowal of some personal vanity." While the dog was still alive, though failing, and only now and then raising a majestic bark from behind the house at Abbotsford, a statue of him was erected at the door. Those were the days when Scott used to stroll out in the morning to visit his "aged friend," who would "drag his gaunt limbs forward painfully, yet with some remains of dignity, to meet the hand and loving tone of his master," as he consoled with him on his being "so frail." But the end came at last, and Maida died quietly one evening in his straw bed, of sheer old age and natural decay. The epitaph Lockhart suggested over toddy and a cigar—necessarily in Latin, because, as Scott said, Maida seemed ordained to end an hexameter:

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine,  
Maida,  
Ad januam domini sit tibi terra levis,"

and which Scott at once Englished:

"Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,  
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door,"—

has been made famous not only by its subject and its authors, but also by its false quantity. Before many hours it became permanent in stone, and having been likewise printed, but not accurately, by the admiring Ballantyne in his newspaper, gave rise to attack and even to defence—a defence including moreover Ballantyne's gratuitous blunder of *jaces* for *dormis*. Scott persisted in pleading guilty himself to *janua*, adopting Johnson's apology for a veterinary mistake—"Ignorance, pure ignorance, sir;" and, though according all admiration to the accurate knowledge of prosody which he had either never acquired

or had forgotten, he playfully wrote to Lockhart (whom he begged not "to move an inch in this contemptible rum-pus")

"A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,  
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys."

So much for Maida; and if I have seemed to linger unduly upon this particular companion, let my excuse be given in the words of Scott's biographer: "So died his faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of all his dogs—might I not safely say, of all dogs that ever shared the fellowship of man?"

Perhaps one or two of Scott's less conspicuous canine favorites should not be altogether passed by; for example, Spice, whose history demands a short prologue. An eccentric Scotch farmer, named Jamie Davidson—the genuine Dandie Dinmont, and, after the issue of "Guy Mannering," known by that name alone to all his neighbors—was the proprietor of what Scott terms, "all the Pepper and Mustard family." In order to balk the Inland Revenue, or for some other reason not assigned, Dandie had but two names for his score of dogs—"auld Pepper and auld Mustard, young Pepper and young Mustard, little Pepper and little Mustard," and so on—and when on one occasion the whole pack rushed out, incontinently bewraying to a passing surveyor of taxes their excess over Dandie's return, Dandie hurriedly brought up the rear, with the exclamation: "The tae hauf o' them is but whalps, man!" Dandie far out-Scotted Scott in submissiveness and self-abnegation; for "he b'lieves it's only the dogs in the bink, and no himsel'." Scott imitated his nomenclature only so far as to "stick to the cruets;" and Spice remains to us as the most prominent member of a "cruet" of contemporaneous dandies, denominated Pepper, Mustard, Spice, Ginger, Catchup, and Soy.

So intimately were Scott's dogs bound up with his life that, when his last financial difficulties crowded upon him, and it was for a time in his mind whether it would not be best to sell Abbotsford, the thought of parting from "these dumb crettaures," moved him more than any other painful reflections; and he

could only hope "there may yet be those who loving me will love my dog because it has been mine." Before he started as an invalid for Naples, one of his written instructions referred to the management of his dogs; and again and again, during his foreign sojourn, he gave strict, tender, and minute injunctions to Laidlaw, his steward, to be "very careful of the poor people and the dogs." He was always thinking of them. It was during this last hopeless journey that he spoke to the large Danish hound which, stranger though he was, fawned upon him at the Castle of Bracciano, of his "fitness as an accompaniment to such a castle;" but that he himself had "larger dogs at home, though, may be, not so good-natured to strangers." It was in Naples, too, where Sir William Gell's huge dog used to be fondled by Scott, and talked to, and informed of the "dogs he had at home;" while he would confide to Sir William how he had "two very fine favorite dogs, Nimrod and Bran"—"so large that I am always afraid they look too large and too feudal for my diminished income." And it was his dogs who, as the last days drew near, came round his chair and began to fondle him and lick his hands, while their dying master smiled or sobbed over them. "*L'ami des chiens*," *par excellence*, was Sir Walter Scott in the world of letters.

The ruling passion transferred the portraits of Scott's favorites to the pages of romance and poetry. There is not a novel or a poem, among his chief compositions, where "the inevitable dog," in the best sense, is not instinctively allotted a place; sometimes as almost the central figure of the story; always touched in with the loving and admiring hand of one to whom the thought of a dog was second nature. As Adolphus remarked in his "Letters on the Authorship of Waverley," wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that is required, in his proper place and attitude. "Woodstock," would be shorn of half its glory if it were robbed of Bevis, the favorite hound of the cavalier, Sir Henry Lee, and the protector, tractable as bold, of his fair daughter Alice; always present to help when help was most required.

In the large wolf-dog, "a mastiff in strength, almost a greyhound in form and fleetness," when the story begins—when the story ends "his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff rheumatic hobbling gait," living still, as it seemed, only to lie at his master's feet and raise his head now and again to look on him—Scott has reproduced our old friend Maida. Sir Kenneth's title to be hero of the "Talisman" may be fairly disputed by his stag-hound Roswal—guardian, almost to the death, of the English standard, when Sir Kenneth had been beguiled by the dwarf from his post on St. George's Mount; and the detector of the treacherous Conrade when all the Christian princes swept in long review and unconscious ordeal before Richard and Roswal in his master's leash; a dog which Scott has borrowed last, but not least "nobly," from the stock of primitive Aryan tradition, and which has found its counterpart in the dog of Montargis, the dog of the old knight Sir Roger, in the story of Sir Triamour; and in other heroic dogs of earlier and later romance. Gurth, the faithful herdsman of "Ivanhoe," would seem only half himself without the inseparable Fangs, the ragged and wolfish-looking lurcher, half mastiff, half greyhound, who is presented to us at one time in the midst of his ludicrously misdirected efforts to second Gurth in collecting his refractory gruntings; and, at another time, as he flies wounded and howling from the presence of the wrathful Cedric, leaving Gurth more in sorrow for the injury done to his faithful adherent than for the unmerited gyves on his own limbs, while in moody helplessness he appeals surreptitiously to Wamba to "wipe his eyes with the skirt of his mantle, for the dust offended him." And who but a student of dogs could have told us how Juno—though usually holding her master the Antiquary much in awe—on one occasion, while the Antiquary was in full declamation of "Weave the warp, and weave the woof," peeped several times into the room, and, encountering nothing forbidding in his aspect, at length presumed to introduce her whole person; and, finally, becoming bold by impunity, actually ate up



Mr. Oldbuck's toast; subsequently, to the accompaniment of a shake of Mr. Oldbuck's fist, and the gibe, "Thou type of womankind!" scouring out of the parlor? But a whole paper would hardly suffice to give a worthy account of all these friends of Sir Walter's imagination. The jealous Wolf, the staghound of Avenel Castle, so resentful of the love of his childless mistress for the little Roland whom he had saved from drowning; Wasp, the rough terrier, the plucky, watchful *alter ego* of Harry Bertram in his perilous wanderings and imprisonment; Yarrow, the sheep-dog, whom Dinmont was "hounding in his dreams"—"Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud"—when Wasp's ominous barking was waking the echoes of Bertram's cell, and compelling the angry challenge of the gaoler's deep-mouthed Tear'em in the courtyard below; Plato, whose howling provoked Colonel Mannerling's somewhat testy reminder that an Academic was not a Stoic, when the bungling ecstasy of Dominie Sampson had spilt the scalding tea upon the favorite spaniel; Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck, the deer greyhound that erroneously fixed his fangs in the throat of the dwarf's she-goat, and thereby put himself and Hobbie in bodily fear from the dwarf's dagger; Captain Clutterbuck's dog that quizzed him when he missed a bird; Fitz-James' hounds returning "sulky" from a bootless chase, or swimming "with whimpering cry" behind their master's boat; the English deerhound that flew "right furiouslie" at the young Buccleuch; Lord Ronald's deerhounds, "with shivering limbs and stifled growl" in the haunted forest of Glenfinlas; Cedric's "greyhounds and slowhounds and terriers, impatient for their supper, but, with the sagacious knowledge of physiognomy peculiar to their race, forbearing to intrude upon the moody silence of their master"—Balder, the grisly wolf-dog, alone venturing to presume upon his privileged intimacy, but being repelled with a "Down, Balder, down! I am not in a humor for foolery;" the Branksome staghounds "urging in dreams the forest race;" Ban and Buascar, the deerhounds so pathetically inspired to the chase by the sweet singing of daft Davie Gellatley; Stumah, "poor Stumah!"

the chief mourner at the bier when his master Duncan is laid out for burial at Duncraggan; "Brave Lufra,"

"whom from Douglas's side  
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,  
The fleetest hound in all the North;"

—all these and many more give Scott scope for some of his happiest and most natural touches, but must be passed by with a mere allusion.

The name of Byron suggests to us at once his dog Boatswain. But Boatswain was not alone; the Newfoundland had one or two smaller satellites, which through his master and himself have become historical. A finely formed and ferocious bull-mastiff, Nelson by name, was his contemporary and his relentless foe, being jealous of the precedence which Boatswain enjoyed. When the muzzle, with which it was usually deemed advisable to "fence" Nelson's teeth, was exceptionally remitted, dog met dog without a moment's delay; and we are told how, more than once during the stay of Byron and Moore at a Harrogate hotel, the two friends, the valet (Frank) and all the waiters that could be found, were vigorously engaged in parting them; a consummation only as a rule attained by thrusting poker and tongs into the mouth of each. But one day Nelson slipped his guard, and, escaping from Byron's room unmuzzled, fastened upon the throat of a horse with a grip that would not be gainsayed. Away went the stable boys for Frank, who, seizing one of his lordship's pistols, always kept in his room ready loaded, solved the knot with a bullet through poor Nelson's brain, to the deep sorrow of his bereaved master. But Byron's devotion to dogs was centred mainly in Boatswain, a dog whom he has immortalized in verse, and by whose side it was his solemn purpose, expressed in his will of 1811, as Moore tells us, to be buried. Byron appears to have been won, not merely by Boatswain's unusual intelligence, but by his noble generosity of spirit, both of which endowments come out in the story recorded of his relations to Gilpin, Mrs. Byron's fox-terrier. Lest Boatswain's unceasing assaults and worryings should finally make Gilpin's existence impossible, the terrier was transferred to a tenant at

Newstead; and, on the departure of Byron for Cambridge, Boatswain, with two other dogs, was intrusted to a servant till his master's return. One morning, to the dismay of the servant, Boatswain disappeared, and a whole day's anxious search did not avail to find him; at length, however, as evening came on, in walked the stray dog, with Gilpin at his side, whom he forthwith "led to the kitchen fire, licking him and lavishing upon him every demonstration of joy. He had been all the way to Newstead to fetch him, and, having now established his former foe under the roof once more, agreed so perfectly well with him ever after, that he even protected him against the insults of other dogs, a task which the quarrelsomeness of the little terrier rendered no sinecure; and if he but heard Gilpin's voice in distress, would fly instantly to the rescue." At Newstead Abbey Byron would often fall out of his boat, as if by accident, into the water, whereupon Boatswain would immediately plunge in, seize him and drag him ashore. Boatswain's tomb is a conspicuous object at the Abbey, and the inscription in verse is well-known, with the misanthropical bitterness of its opening couplets, and with its pathetic and characteristic conclusion:

"Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on, it honors none you wish to mourn;  
To mark a friend's remains these stones  
arise.

I never knew but one—and here he lies."

The prose epitaph, not so widely known, may perhaps be quoted more fully: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of—Boatswain, a dog."

No man who went not "in and out" with his dog could have written "The Twa Dogs." The poem is, first of all, a tribute to Luath, Burns' favorite collie, who had been wantonly killed on the night when the poet's father died; but even the imaginary Cæsar—"nane of Scotland's dogs," and "keepit for his honor's pleasure,"—is drawn with the hand of a lover; for though, as

"the gentleman and scholar," he "was o' high degree,"

"The fient of pride—nae pride had he;  
But wad hae spent an hour caressin'  
Ev'n with a tinkler-gypsy's messin'.  
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,  
Nae tawted tyke, though o'er sae duddie,†  
But he wad stan't as glad to see him.

Luath, on the other hand,

"was a ploughman's collie  
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,§  
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,  
An' in his freaks had Luath ca'd him  
After some dog in Highland sang|  
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.

He was a gash¶ an' faithfu' tyke  
As ever lap a sheugh\*\* or dyke;  
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt†† face  
Ay gat him friends in ilka place."

And what a natural touch is that when Luath, in Burns' picture of the poor man's contentment, is made to say,

"The young anes rantin' thro' the house—  
My heart has been sae fain to see them,  
That I for joy hae barked wi' them."

And in the closing lines which follow the dark catalogue by Cæsar of the curses which haunt a high estate, we shall see again, if we read between them, the strength of Burns' feeling toward his canine friends:

"When they gat up and shook their lugs,  
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs."

The Ettrick Shepherd (who remarked that "Luath was true to the life") hands down to us the portrait of his Sirrah, "beyond all comparison the best dog I ever saw." He was of surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refusing to be caressed; but "his attention to his master will never again be equalled by any of the canine race." Hogg had bought him, a hungry, lean-looking cur, for a guinea from a drover, because, in spite of his dejected and forlorn situation, he thought he discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face. And Hogg was a true seer; for, wholly unlettered as was this half-fed yearling,

\* Small dog.

† Matted.

‡ Ragged, dowdy.

§ Companion.

| Luath appears in Ossian's "Fingal" as Cuchullin's dog, together with Bran, the huge dog possessed by Fingal.

¶ Sagacious.

\*\* Ditch.

†† White striped.

who had never "turned a sheep" in his life, he soon discerned what would oblige his master, and manifested the utmost eagerness and anxiety to learn his various evolutions; these, when once learned, were never forgotten, and never miscarried—they were even improved upon in a way that fairly astonished his instructor; and the story of Sirrah's cleverness in collecting seven hundred lambs which had been intrusted to Hogg at weaning time, and had broken up in the thick darkness of midnight scampering in three divisions over the hills, and altogether baffling the long, weary, tramping search of the shepherd and his lad, is told with deep gratitude and affection. The "honest Sirrah" was found standing sentinel over a ravine at the rising of the sun; there stood the lambs he had mustered in the dark entirely alone, and not a lamb was missing.

Wordsworth was essentially the student of nature and of man, and he may therefore be forgiven for having left behind him no literary reminiscence of any favorite dog; but he has written quite enough to prevent his exclusion from the circle of dog-lovers. Three of the "Poems of Sentiment and Reflection" sing the praises of the dog. Most tenderly does he tell the story of little Music, a greyhound belonging to Mrs. Wordsworth's brother—how, when Prince, Swallow, Music, and Dart, were all four in pursuit of a hare across some treacherous ice, and Dart fell in, Music forsook her sport and sought to save her struggling friend.

"From the brink her paws she stretches.  
Very hands, as you would say;  
And afflicting moans she fetches  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,  
Him alone she sees and hears;  
Makes efforts with complainings; nor gives  
O'er,  
Until her fellow sinks, to reappear no more."

After a touching poem in memory of the same dog, we find another, equally full of sympathy and pathos, recording the fidelity of a dog who, by her strange cry, drew on a shepherd to the body of her master as it lay, where it had fallen, under abrupt and perilous rocks in the bosom of Helvellyn, the dog having "watched about the spot,"

"through three months space  
A dweller in that savage place."

No one can read these stanzas without a keen sense of the writer's near kinship to the friend of Maida, who, indeed, had himself spontaneously written a poem on the same incident.

Theron is the dog which Southey loved in imagination, and has bequeathed to us. He belonged to Roderick, the last king of the Visigoths, who, having escaped in the guise of a peasant from the battle-field where he had been defeated by Count Julian, and his Moorish allies, returned to his shattered kingdom after a hermit life of twenty years. Theron alone knew him, yet not even he at once, but only after eyeing him long and wistfully did he recognize at length,

"Changed as he was, and in those sordid  
weeds,  
His royal master. And he rose and licked  
His withered hand, and earnestly looked up  
With eyes whose human meaning did not  
need  
The aid of speech; and moaned as if at once  
To court and chide the long withheld caress."

The unrecognized king, withdrawing from the painful and ineffectual interview with Florinda and Rusilla his mother, retired, followed by the dog,

"Into the thickest grove: there yielding way  
To his o'erburdened nature, from all eyes  
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground  
And threw his arms around the dog, and  
cried,  
While tears streamed down: 'Thou, The-  
ron, thou hast known  
Thy poor lost master—Theron, none but  
thou'"

Consciously or unconsciously Southey must have reproduced in some degree Argus, the friend of Ulysses, and of Homer too. But with Argus there was no delay: straightway, after a like separation of twenty years,

"He knew his lord—he knew, and strove to  
meet;

In vain he strove to crawl, and kiss his feet;  
Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
Salute his master and confess his joys.  
Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;  
Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole."

And the tenderness of the poet is nowhere more contagious than when he goes on to tell how Argus, taking this last look at his master, there and then let life ebb quietly away.

The nervous melancholy of Cowper found in dumb companions a constant source of relief, and the debt he owed to his sprightly spaniel Beau was no trifling one. The graceful poem which has given Beau a lasting fame, though of no great intrinsic merit, serves to bring Cowper within our favored pale. The poet and his spaniel walking by the side of the Ouse on a soft, shady summer's day—the spaniel, now “wantoning among the flags and reeds,” now almost keeping pace with the swallows “o’er the meads,” now marking “with fixt considerate face” the unsuccessful pains of his master to reach a water-lily that “he wished his own,” and setting his “puppy brains to comprehend the case;” and, at last, on their return from the ramble, spying the lily once more, and, after a plunge into the stream, dropping “the treasure” at the poet’s feet—all makes a very pretty picture, and gives us an unerring insight into the love of Cowper for his dog.

Pope, too, was a man of dogs. Everyone will recall the inscription on the collar of the dog presented by him to Frederick, Prince of Wales :

“I am his Highness’s dog at Kew ;  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dogs are you ?”

The feeling thrown into the translation from Homer which we have quoted above, would almost stand sponsor for his appreciation of canine faithfulness and affection ; but we have a real friend of Pope always with us. His dog Bounce survives, associated, it is true, chiefly with an epitaph, yet the epitaph speaks volumes. “O rare Bounce,” first proposed by Pope as a *multum in parvo* eulogium on his departed favorite, was afterward abandoned as too obviously disrespectful in its allusion to “O rare Ben Jonson”—the words of Shakespeare, which an eccentric Oxfordshire squire, Jack Young, so called, on passing one day through Westminster Abbey, gave a mason eighteenpence to cut on Ben Jonson’s tomb—still virgin stone on account of the tardiness of the public subscription. Belinda’s Shock, on the other hand, kindles no enthusiasm ; but the true feeling of Pope can hardly be looked for in a mock heroic poem like the “Rape of the Lock,” where the by-

play of a grand lady’s lap-dog merely sets off the company of

“Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.”

To assert that Shakespeare drew from dogs that he possessed and loved, simply because he describes the sportsman’s comrades and pastime with such technical accuracy, would be a perilous conclusion, considering the number of pursuits to which his apparent omniscience has consigned him ; but, unless tradition belies him, he has a Charlcote reputation which tends to cumulate the evidence ; and we may therefore, without much apprehension, rest satisfied in our instinctive conviction that none but a friend of dogs could have lingered about them as he does in the “Taming of the Shrew,” where the sporting lord charges his huntsman to “tender well his hounds,” while master and man discuss the fatigues of Merriman and of Clowder, and the exploits of Silver and Belman and Echo, as sympathetically as if these fatigues and exploits had been their own. Equally defensible is it to persuade ourselves that Shakespeare is harking back to happy memories when Theseus promises :

“My love shall hear the music of my hounds,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.”

And when Hippolyta recalls the “gal-lant chiding” of the hounds of Sparta, baying the bear in a wood of Crete, and making the groves,

“The skies, the fountains, every region near,  
Seem all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.”

Again, it is Shakespeare, so to say, who in Theseus’ reply, revels in the beauty of his hounds :

“Their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
Crook-knee’d, and dew-lapp’d like Thessalian  
bulls ;  
Slow in pursuit, but match’d in mouth like  
bells  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla’d to, nor cheer’d with horn  
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.”

In the “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” Launce supplies an instance of dog-love run wild. “To this silly semi-brute fellow,” says Gervinus, “who sympathizes with his beast almost more than



with men, his dog is his best friend." Their communion and fellowship is so human that Launce is seriously hurt, and indites Crab as "the sourest dog that lives," as "a stone, a very pebble stone," and "with no more pity than a dog," because (he adds) "my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed a tear; . . . but see how I lay the dust with my tears!" And all this in spite of the fact that many a time and oft Launce had sacrificed everything to Crab—had even taken his faults upon him and submitted to stripes in his stead. Can we doubt that a real feeling lay at the foundation of this extravagance, in which the force of dog-love could no further go?

Smollett must have had many a merry chuckle as he developed the biography of Chowder in "Humphry Clinker." Chowder, "a filthy cur from Newfoundland" (according to the unsympathetic description of Jeremiah Melford), was the treasure of Miss Tabitha Bramble, who having, in the opinion of the same correspondent, "distinguished this beast with her favor on account of his ugliness and ill-nature, if it was not indeed an instinctive sympathy between his disposition and her own . . . caressed him without ceasing and even harassed the family in his service." Most whimsical is the status of profound importance which Chowder holds in the letters of Tabitha and her Malapropian servants—with their detailed instructions concerning Chowder's ailments, his medicines, and his treatment—their deep distress when he is ill, their devout thankfulness on his recovery. For example, Jenkins, in attendance upon the Brambles at the Bath waters, writes to Molly Jones, the housekeeper at Brambleton Hall in this strain: "As for house news, the worst is Chowder has fallen off greatly from his stomick: he eats nothing but white meats, and not much of that, and wheezes, and seems to be much bloated. The doctor thinks he is threatened with a dropsy. Parson Marrofat, who has got the same disorder, finds great benefit from the waters; but Chowder seems to like them no better than the squire; and mistress says, if

his case don't take a favorable turn, she will certainly carry him to Aberga'nny, to drink goats'-whey." Elsewhere Mrs. Jones is informed by the same writer: "We have been all in a sad taking here in Glostar. Miss Liddy had like to have run away with a player-man, and young master and he would adone themselves a mischief; but, the squire applied to the mare, and they were bound over . . . But what was worse than all this, Chowder has had the misfortune to be worried by a butcher's dog, and came home in a terrible pickle. Mistress was taken with the asterisks; but they soon went off. The doctor was sent for to Chowder, and he subscribed a repository, which did him great service. Thank God, he's now in a fair way to do well." Whenever the dog appears—whether as sitting gigantic in Jenkins' lap in a coach and four, or as tearing Matthew Bramble's leg and biting the venturesome footman's fingers to the bone when the carriage was overturned; or as the cause of Matthew's transport of passion and sudden ebullition of peremptoriness with Tabitha, which resulted in Tabitha's presentation of Chowder to Lady Grislin ("who proposes to bring the breed of him into fashion"), and in his former mistress' permanent conversion from chronic spleen to perpetual smiling—we feel that, under cover of farce and satire, Chowder is a real friend of Smollett's, and his hearty ally in scourging the frivolities of the age.

The humor of Dickens has sometimes been compared to that of Smollett; and though there may be many points of difference—perhaps to the advantage of the former—their keen appreciation of a "funny dog" is certainly one point of union, and may be allowed to serve as a bridge over which we may now pass to writers of our own time. Dickens' interest in dogs, Mr. Forster tells us, was inexhaustible, and he welcomed with delight any newly-discovered trait in their character. The society of his own dogs he ardently enjoyed. He invariably kept two or more mastiffs to guard his house against the undesirable wayfarers who haunted the high road hard by. Of all these his special favorite was Turk, "a noble animal, full of affection and intelligence," who had as his co-

mate Linda, a "superbly beautiful creature," the scion of a St. Bernard, brought over by Albert Smith. These two dogs happened to be with him in the walk when he fell lame, and, boisterous companions as they always were, the sudden change in their master's gait brought them at once to a standstill. As he limped home, three miles through the snow, they crept at his side at the same slow pace, and never once turned away from him. Dickens was greatly moved at the time by their solicitous behavior, and often afterward spoke of Turk's upturned face as full of sympathy mingled with fear, and of Linda's inconsolable dejection. A railway accident brought death to Turk and sorrow to his master; and then came Sultan, a cross between a St. Bernard and a bloodhound, built like a lioness, but of such indomitably aggressive propensities that, after breaking loose and well nigh devouring a small sister of one of the servants, he was first flogged and then sentenced to be shot at seven the next morning. "He went out," says Dickens, "very cheerfully with the half-dozen men told off for the purpose, evidently thinking they were going to be the death of somebody unknown. But observing in the procession an empty wheelbarrow and a double-barrelled gun, he became meditative and fixed the bearer of the gun with his eyes. A stone deftly thrown across him by the village blackguard (the chief mourner) caused him to look round for an instant, and he then fell dead, shot through the heart. Two posthumous children are at this moment rolling on the lawn; one will evidently inherit his ferocity, and will probably inherit the gun." The description of Dickens' welcome by his dogs on his return from America—how they lifted their heads to have their ears pulled, an attention received from him alone; how Linda, weeping profusely, threw herself on her back that she might caress his foot with her large forepaws; and how the terrier Mrs. Bouncer, barking furiously, "tore round him like the dog in the Faust outlines"—will show at once the tender relations that existed between the great novelist and his canine friends. But we must not omit little Snittle Timbery, a present from Mitchell, the comedian,

during Dickens' first visit to America. Timber Doodle was the original name of the small shaggy white terrier; but Snittle Timbery was deemed by his new owner to be more sonorous and expressive. When Dickens and Snittle both suffered at Albaro in Italy, the one, from swarms of mosquitoes, the other, from fleas, the dog came off worst: there was no choice but to shave off every hair of his body. "It is very awful," writes Dickens, "to see him slide into a room. He knows the change upon him, and is always turning round and round to look for himself. I think he will die of grief." Dickens' sympathy with dogs, and especially with their humor might be further illustrated by his story of the very comical dog that caught his eye in the middle of a reading, and, after intently looking at him for some time, bounced out into the centre aisle and tried the effect of a bark upon the proceedings, when Dickens burst into such a paroxysm of laughter that the audience roared again and again with him. The dog came the next night also, but met with a very different reception; for, having given warning of his presence to an attendant near the door by a suppressed bark and a touch on the leg, he was caught *in flagrante delicto*, when with his eye upon Dickens he was just about to give louder tongue, and was whirled with both hands over the attendant's head into the entrance behind, whence he was promptly kicked by the check-takers into the street. Next night he came again, and with another dog, whom "he had evidently promised to pass in free;" but the check-takers were prepared.

To turn now from Dickens' real life to his fiction, the wild ways of an excitable and irascible English terrier are nowhere, I should say, more vividly depicted than in his portrait of Diogenes: he must surely have known some such dog intimately. Take the absurd scene of the dog's arrival at the Dombey residence under the care of Florence's admirer, Mr. Toots, in a hackney cab, into which Diogenes had been lured under pretence of rats in the straw; and the description of his frantic and ludicrous gestures in the vehicle while his presence was being formally announced to Florence in the drawing-room. Dio-

genes was not "a lady's dog, you know" (to use Mr. Toots' phrase): he was as ridiculous a dog as one would meet in a day's march—"a blundering, ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood whom it was meritorious to bark at; far from good-tempered, and certainly not clever; with hair all over his eyes, and a comic nose, and an inconsistent tail, and a gruff voice;" yet he was dearer to Florence, because of Paul, than the most beautiful of his kind. None but an affectionate observer of dogs could have so graphically described the manners of Diogenes after his release from the cab: how he dived under all the furniture; how he wound his long iron chain round the legs of the chairs and tables at the risk of accidental death by suffocation; how the new idea struck him of baying Mr. Toots, till he had effected that gentleman's summary expulsion; how on another occasion he viewed Mr. Toots as a foreigner, and seized him by his expensive pantaloons when he was leaving one of the daily cards; how he would lie with his head upon the window ledge all through a summer's day placidly opening and shutting his eyes upon the street, till some noisy dog in a cart roused his ire, calling for a wild rush to the door, and a deafening disturbance, succeeded by the complacent return of Diogenes with the air of one who had done a public service. Even Florence Dombey could not have excelled Dickens in the appreciation of Diogenes. Jip, Dora's black-and-tan pet, is, at the first blush, as unwelcome as Dora; but all through the acquaintance, engagement, and married life of Dora and David, we feel that Jip is as much an individual as either of them. At first, indeed, Dickens uses him to set off Dora's exasperating childishness. She perpetually interposes him to prevent any serious talk or "reasoning;" so that, even when David presents himself to her as a "penniless beggar," she cannot avoid reminding him that "Jip must have a chop every day at twelve, or he will die." Not less characteristic and annoying is it when Dora uses the cookery book (with which, in its new gay binding, David hopes to interest and enlighten her ignorance) as a corner-

stool for Jip to "stand up" on, or as an unresisting prey which Jip may worry. But as time goes on and Dora comes to see her own unfitness, and touchingly begs to be called the "child-wife," and tries to be useful to her "Doady" by at least, if she can do no more, holding his pens for him as he writes into the late hours of the night—then Jip serves to set off the pathos of her childish love, till that affecting scene when Jip and Dora leave the world together; and then we see that Dickens has loved Jip after all. Bull's-eye, Sykes' dog, in "Oliver Twist," likewise sets off his owner's character; but in the treatment of a character so dark there is no room for humor save of the grimmest order. That is a master-stroke, however, when the Dodger, describing Bull's-eye as the "downiest of the lot" in Fagin's establishment, adds: "He would not so much as bark in a witness-box for fear of committing himself; no, not if you tied him up in one and left him there without wittles for a fortnight." Bull's-eye is a miracle of immovable canine faithfulness. This white dog, first introduced to us as he skulked into Sykes' room with his face scratched and torn in twenty different places, should have had as his badge the "badge of sufferance." Growls, curses, kicks, flying pewters, and other visitations of Sykes' savagery whenever it looked round for a butt never provoked reprisal, broke his spirit, or stunted his devotion: even when he was so cruelly assaulted with poker and clasp-knife, the anger of his snapping and barking, which preceded his flight by the opening door, meant no harm to his master, but was only the safety valve which at other times let off the steam by crushing through an occupied boot or biting like a wild beast at the end of a poker. In spite of all that he endured, one word or even a look from Sykes, and he was "ready, ay, ready" to serve him. When, after the murder of Nancy, Sykes sought to put one risk out of the way by drowning him, Bull's-eye showed no malice—he only slunk reproachfully away; and the pathetic and fatal endeavor of the returned and forgiving dog to leap from the parapet to the shoulders of his hanging master—so that, however unpleasant to Bull's-eye had been their lives, in death they were not di-

vided, is the crown and consummation of the dog's unwavering and unrewarded loyalty.

It would be like an amputation to regard Lytton's "What will he do with it?" apart from Sir Isaac, the accomplished French poodle which "Gentleman Waife," after a long period of unfulfilled desire, was at last enabled to purchase with the three pounds obtained by his supposed grand-daughter, Sophie, for a sitting to Vance the painter. The original name, Mop, had been instantly discarded by Waife as too trivial; and the various experiments to discover what more appropriate title would be agreeable to Mop, and the successive failures betokened by successive lugubrious howls, till Isaac, the name of his first master, was unwittingly hit upon, with the expletive *Sir* prefixed, because Waife had intended to draw upon the name of an equally intelligent calculator—form one of the best scenes in the book. To the name *Newton* alone Mop declined to respond, but *Isaac* was a joyful memory to him; and for the sake of the *Isaac* he let the *Sir* pass. Sir Isaac and Waife are one throughout the story: the fortunes of the one rise and fall with those of the other; and, when "Gentleman Waife" is restored to his true position at last, Sir Isaac is "there to see."

Washington Irving has left us a possession, perhaps forever, in Rip van Winkle and his dog Wolf, a possession increased in value by the impersonation of Mr. Jefferson, with his pathetic, half-humorous, half-despairing inquiry, "Did you know Schneider? 'Cos he was my dog." This Wolf (or Schneider) "was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-enduring, all besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs: he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame van Winkle; and, at the

least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation."—The pity which Rip and Wolf felt for the "dog's life" led by both—the vow of friendship which with mutual expressiveness they swore—the climax of loneliness that burst upon the exile, returning after his twenty years' absence, when a half-starved cur, prowling near Rip's roofless dwelling, snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on, wringing from him the cry "My very dog has forgotten me!"—are all graphic touches which reveal to us that Wolf had another friend besides Rip, and that was Washington Irving.

Tartar, in "Shirley," is the keeper that occupies so prominent a position in the life at Haworth Parsonage, and is Charlotte Brontë's tribute to her dead sister Emily's favorite, as "Shirley" is to Emily herself; and all the scenes in which they figure are taken from real life. This huge animal, half mastiff, half bull-dog, was faithful to the depths of his nature, Mr. Gaskell tells us, so long as he was with friends, but he who struck him with a stick or a whip roused the relentless nature of the brute in him, and brought him to his assailant's throat forthwith, where he held fast till one or other was at the point of death. This trait in Tartar's character gives scope to a most ludicrous scene in "Shirley," in course of which Mr. Malone and Mr. Donne seek ignominious refuge in various illegal, though fortunately unoccupied, rooms, while Shirley, coming to the rescue, "exhibits that provoking coolness which the owners of formidable-looking dogs are apt to show when their animals are all bustle and fury," begging Mr. Malone, as he re-appears over the banister, to release his friend Mr. Donne and inform him that she prefers to receive him in a lower room. Emily Brontë's fearless bravery cannot be more vividly realized than from the account Mr. Gaskell gives how, in fulfilment of a resolution taken in spite of all warning and a full knowledge of Keeper's ferocity, she dragged him from his favorite and forbidden place of voluptuous repose—a delicate white counterpane—and met his spring at the foot of the dark staircase with her clinched fist, till "his eyes were swelled up, and the half-blind, half-stupefied beast was led to his accus-



tomed lair, to have his swollen head fomented and cared for by Emily herself." Yet Keeper owed her no grudge. In "Shirley" we see the "tawny lion-like bulk of Tartar ever stretched beside his mistress, one of her hands generally resting on the loving serf's rude head, because if she took it away he groaned and was discontented." Keeper walked side by side with old Mr. Brontë at Emily's funeral; and thereafter, to the day of his death, slept at her room door snuffing under it, and whining every morning, till he in his turn was mourned over by "Currier Bell."

Mary Russell Mitford approaches Scott in the number and unbroken succession of her dogs, but not, as a rule, in their individuality or in the attractiveness of their history. In writing of her canine companions she is rather pleasant than striking, and is not altogether free from the gushing and the commonplace. But her devotion to them is undeniable: she never failed to make some dog or dogs (almost always of the greyhound type) an integral element of her life, and there is scarcely a letter of hers in which she does not refer to them. Perhaps the most distinctive are—Toney, the little greyhound that in the absence of his mistress, then aged thirteen, had a finger, or rather a paw, in laying the foundation-stone of Bertram House; Marmion, whose death is the subject of a farewell poem; Tray, who was stolen from her, and after whom she despatches verses of anxious inquiry, and of exhortation to "Revolt, resist, rebel!" Mayflower, a beautiful and symmetrical greyhound, with "the hue of may-blossom, like marble with the sun on it;" Dash, a stray dog originally, of whom we are told in "Our Village" that, in spite of his ugliness, he was taken up and forced upon the family by Mayflower, and that his head revealed to Dr. Dowton the phrenologist, greater combativeness than he had ever found in any other spaniel—his victory in twenty pitched battles (including contests with two bulldogs, a Dane, and a Newfoundland) acquiring him the undisputed kingdom of the street, and justifying Dr. Dowton's reading of his characteristics; and lastly, Flush, a pretty little brown spaniel, first of all a servant's property, whose broken leg led on Miss Mitford through the successive

stages of pity, nursing, and love, and who in the end took a place in the hearts of the household never afterward filled by any canine successor.

Mrs. Barrett Browning's Flush was a puppy son of the elder Flush, and was bestowed by Miss Mitford on his mistress. In the footnote to Mrs. Browning's poem on this her faithful friend, she tells us that Flush belonged to a beautiful race of dogs rendered famous by Miss Mitford in England and America. "The Flushes," she adds, "have their laurels as well as the Cæsars—the chief difference (at least the very head and front of it) consisting, perhaps, in the bald head of the latter under the crown." The verses of Flush's mistress give us a perfect word-picture of what Flush must have been, with his "startling eyes of hazel bland," his "silken ears" and "silver suited breast," his body "darkly brown,"

"Till the sunshine, striking this,  
Alchemise its dulness,  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold  
With a burnished fulness."

But Flush had better service to fulfil than the mere pleasing of the eye.

"Other dogs may be thy peers  
Haply in those drooping ears  
And this glossy fairness.

"But of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unweary;  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary.

"Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hare, and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow;  
This dog only crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

"And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dew-laps sloping—  
Which he pushed his nose within,  
After platforming his chin  
On the palm left open."

Flush, Mr. Browning tells me, "lies in the vaults under Casa Guidi, dying as he did at Florence in extreme old age." Of such a dog, the subject of such a poem, we may confidently say, "His body is buried in peace, but his fame shall live for evermore."

The picture of Charles Kingsley at

home would show a serious gap if his dogs were not in the foreground. His love for them, and for animals generally, was strengthened, it appears, by his belief in their future state, a belief he shared with John Wesley and other historical names. Kingsley had a wonderful power of attracting the affection of dumb creatures, and likewise of quelling their fury. He was known to have more than once driven large savage dogs, quite strange to him, back into their kennel by nothing beyond eye, voice and gesture, cowing them still with his look as they growled and moved uneasily from side to side; and on one occasion, after having thus forced an infuriated brute to retreat into his lair, he even pulled him out again by his chain. Muzzie was his dog at Magdalen, a clever, sedate-looking gray Scotch terrier: Kingsley was devoted to him. We hear of Dandie, Sweep, and Victor at the Eversley Rectory. Mr. John Martineau, who spent eighteen months at Eversley as Kingsley's pupil, thus concludes his description of the study: "On the mat perhaps, with brown eyes set in thick yellow hair, and with gently agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion—a long-bodied, short-legged Dandie Dinmont, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of his race." How well established was the position of Dandie in the Kingsley household may be gathered from the reminiscence of an American visitor: "Still I see Dandie lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun." He was Kingsley's companion in his parish walks, attended all the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and his children's friend for thirteen years. Victor, a favorite Teckel, given him by the Queen, had Kingsley for an unsleeping nurse during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's existence. Sweep, a magnificent black retriever, finds a niche instinctively in the surroundings which young Mr. Kingsley recalls after his father's death: "I can see him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'no, go home, Sweep,' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the garden walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping

against hope that he might be allowed to come on." And there lie the dogs, buried side by side under the great fir-trees on the rectory lawn—Dandie, Sweep, and Victor—with the brief but telling inscription on the headstone, "Fideli Fideles."

Thus have I endeavored to renew the acquaintance of my readers and myself with dogs that have shared the fame of their literary friends; in some cases I may venture to hope I have perhaps aided in swelling the number of the friendships these dogs have hitherto been able to claim. For, in a sense, they are all ours—Maida, Luath, Boatswain, Diogenes—even as those are ours whose possessions or creations they were. But it goes to my heart that so many dogs of worth are perforce passed over in my chronicle. Time and space would fail me to tell of Skovmark, the comrade of Sintram in his wild wanderings—of the dog that for sixteen years soothed the solitude of Robinson Crusoe—of Bras, the Princess of Thule's deerhound, the only reminder in unkindly London of Sheila's Highland home—of George Eliot's Mumps in the "Mill on the Floss"—of Faust in "Lewis Arundel"—of Bustle in the "Heir of Redclyffe"—of Snarleygown in Captain Marryatt's "Dog Fiend"—of Royal in "Blair Castle," a book which Mr. Ruskin has summarized as "the best picture of a perfect child and of the next best thing in creation, a perfect dog;" over whose cruel death I have known listening children shed floods of tears—of Isla, Puck, the dog of Flanders, and the many dogs, real and fictitious, associated with the name of Ouida—of the Druid of "Barbara's History," the Vic of Rhoda Broughton's "Nancy," the Huz and Buz of Mr. Bouncer in "Verdant Green," of Punch's immemorial Toby, and that cherished childish memory the "poor dog" of Mother Hubbard—of the "Matthew Arnold" that intensifies the comicality of the "Old Maid's Paradise"—of Cartouche, the title and the hero of as charming and pathetic a dog story, "Cartouche, or only a Dog," as I have ever read; a dog alike of humor, of tenderness, and of courage; ludicrous, as he dashes suddenly into the thick of a "proposal;" gentle, as he watches at the bed of his dying mis-

truss ; brave, as he rescues a cottager's cradled child from the flooded Tiber ; self-forgotten, as he turns back to save his struggling master's life, and to lose his own. " And a peasant woman, so ends the tale, in a southern country, has taught her children to love animals and be good to them ; for one of them, she says, was saved by a dog. The children listen, thrilled by the familiar story. ' Eccolo ! ' cries a little girl, pointing ; and they all turn to look up where, over the door, is a carved figure of a dog with a date." And no article on the dogs of literature would in this generation be complete without some passing reference, at least, to " Rab and his Friends." " *Horæ Subsecivæ*" with its Rab, Toby, and their compeers, is however so well known that Dr. John Brown's perfect story, which has so often been read with laughter and with tears, needs no fresh telling. " Lives there a man with soul so dead," who having once made Rab

his own, is content not to know and to love him more and more ? As for all to whom Rab is as yet undiscovered, let them search for him as for hid treasure.

Dogs of myth and of legend—dogs of history, such as the dog of William the Silent—dogs of art, such as Hogarth's Pompey and Crab, the dogs of Landseer and of Ansdell, or the Chang with whom Du Maurier has made us so familiar—and all those dogs whose mere instinct, intelligence, or courage has constituted them the heroes of so many books and anecdotes—would be altogether beyond the scope of the present article. My aim has been to re-awaken the associations, not of dog and hero, dog and gun, dog and horse, or dog and dog lover generally, but of dog and pen ; and to put on record how widespread in the range of English literature at any rate, has been the friendship of the writer and his dog.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### THE SUN-VOICE.

It is trite to say that the progress of science is filling the world with marvels far beyond those the most undisciplined imaginations have conceived. Scarcely a week passes but the report of a discovery, or the amplification of a discovery, gives the newspapers an interest beyond politics or the most important records of commerce. For the new discovery often portends serious modifications in the opinions and worldly fortunes of millions. Each scientific truth places man in a new attitude to Nature, and lessens by one link the chain of his ignorance. Intellectual chaos is diminished, and order makes progress. The true wonder lies in the fact, that every discovery is ultimately found to be of advantage to mankind. However remote and meaningless it may seem at the beginning, it ends in elevating and blessing our race. And discovery is so fecund in further discovery. A trifling accidental observation of phenomena expands into an immense mass of useful knowledge ; a toy ends in adding many cubits to our intellectual stature.

Galvani's dead frog has created a new science of biology, and of psychology.

Volta's battery has made civilization assured beyond the peril of decay or interruption. The electric telegraph has set up a mode of communication that cannot be stayed by all the barbaric hordes in the world. No more will an Alexander or Napoleon overwhelm the world with blood and fire ; the swiftest conqueror's march is as the slow creeping of the glacier to the lightning voice, which proclaims his designs to all the corners of the earth.

Although still in its youth, the electric telegraph is the fruitful parent of a wonderful family. Most notable of these is the telephone. What this will accomplish cannot be imagined ; but already it is beginning to revolutionize internal commercial and social communications. It is giving an impetus to business that will drive it at a speed of which we, strenuous toilers, have no adequate understanding. But before its possibilities are more than sketched out, behold it the parent of another family of wondrous servants prepared to do the behests of humanity. Its offspring, the telephone, or sun-voice, is already born, and what it may bring to pass, in knowl-

edge and human destiny, is undreamt of in the present philosophy. Its first services have transported us into such ethereal regions that the steadiest brains reel. It has opened up a radiating wilderness of wonders, on whose frontiers the hardest savants stand amazed.

The discoveries of Professor Graham Bell are undoubtedly the most extraordinary of all that mark the time in which we live. They reveal an intimacy of correspondence between the sun and man far greater than had been supposed. Every step in the study of solar physics has shown a further dependence of terrestrial life upon the glorious luminary for its beauty and its energy. The last conclusions of astronomers and meteorologists leave no doubt that all creatures exist through the sun. In every variation of the solar atmosphere there is a variation of human well-being, and also in that of the lower forms of life. The famines, the abundances, the epidemic diseases, which afflict men, animals, and vegetation, are due to changes in the great centre whence all energy proceeds. And so are the sequential changes in human history. The ebbs and flows of commercial vigor are dependent upon the primal forces which lie more than ninety millions of miles away. Bountiful harvests are transmuted into increased human activities; dearths act like a brake upon the wheels of progress. Even in Britain, where food-supplies pour in from all parts of the earth, and where there is no direct connection between scarcity and hunger, vitality droops when the sun ceases to give a normal flood of rays. Though we have erected powerful barriers between famine and death by our civilization, we cannot escape the influence of a beclouded sun. As vegetal products languish and refuse their increase, the population begins to lose the native hue of its resolution; mercantile enterprise dwindles; the captains of industry are bereft of their valor; anxiety, care, fear, despair, invade the exchanges; money stagnates in its owners' pockets. The commercial sky is a reflex of the celestial sky. Gloomy prophecies are delivered on all sides that the glory of Britain has departed, and that her course must be downward evermore.

The peculiar characteristic of such a

time is the almost universal despondency. With rare exceptions, everybody is depressed, disheartened, dismayed. No matter how little bad times may injure them, or how secure they may be against the worst evils prevailing, men refuse to be cheerful, and join in the common panic. An epidemic of hypochondria rages, and men cannot struggle against it. The exceptional few, who by unusual physical strength, by reason, by wide acquaintance with financial history, stand opposed to the rest, speak in vain. Though they prove by infallible data that no bad times can endure beyond a season, they receive no thanks for the cheering assurance. On the contrary, they are charged with a flippant optimism, highly inappropriate in the general mourning.

A few days of bright sunshine and an elevation of temperature produce a magical change in opinions. Hope prevails again, the future looks joyous, and care and physic are together thrown to the dogs.

These are the obvious effects of solar stimulation and its absence. In addition, the sun influences us in multiform modes. It is no exaggeration to say that every human being quivers incessantly like a perturbed magnetic needle as the solar forces vary in their intensities. If a spike of sensitive steel dances in time to every tremor of the sun's photosphere, how much more do the exquisitely-poised molecules of the nervous system? The most responsive magnet is inert compared with the living metals that bound in our veins. It is the dash of solar fire upon the phosphorus of the brain which sets the intellect aflame; and by the illumination we perceive how tremendous is the relationship between sun and man.

All our sensations are due to the sun, from the most palpable to the mysterious feelings which traverse our souls from time to time. The strongest and the most irreflective have periods of mental exaltation and depression, which come and go in spite of circumstances and volition. The more finely organized are continually vibrating with changes of mood. Men and women of extreme sensibility exhibit impressibility in its highest degrees. Of such stuff are poets, seers, and the great discov-



erers made. They are more alive than the rest of mankind, because the solar currents rush through them more swiftly; and therefore the number of their ideas are greater. Life is movement, and the more mental actions performed in a given time, the larger is the life.

The intuitions which flash upon great men are currents of light focussed upon a series of ideas that become resolved into one master-fact; scattered rays of thought are condensed into a mighty generalization, and, in an instant, the poet or the savant has lived from the dawn of time to its fading twilight.

By the researches of Professor Bell we now know that the sun enables us to hear as well as see. It makes all things vocal. A puff of tobacco-smoke, a few drops of sulphuric ether, have a message to deliver to the hearer. The grand science of the future will be to translate these molecular utterances into comprehensive speech.

In the sounds of the world around us there are immense numbers which are comprehensible though inarticulate. The many utterances of the dog are as well understood as though he were addressing us in human speech; that arises from the long intimacy between the two races. We do not know the meaning of the cries of all the domestic animals, but those most frequently made are plain to all having care of them. The roar of the lion strikes terror into man and beast, though heard for the first time; so does the hiss of the serpent and the scream of birds of prey. This is the natural language of menace. The songs of birds give delight to the listener, but why we know not. The boom of the stormy sea and the howl of the tempest in the forest have a powerful influence upon all creatures, and though it may be in part from the dangers associated with high velocity of the wind, that does not explain all the sensations. The weird wail of the night wind through the chinks and cranies of the house lowers our spirits to its sad key, in spite of ourselves; so does the plaintive melody of the minor scale. It would seem that certain sounds depress vitality, while others raise them. The clang of trumpets and the roll of drums excite all sorts of people. Even the ardent disciples of peace find themselves marching in unison to the strain

of war-like measures. Who does not respond to the ineffable spell of village bells vibrating in the evening air?

Acoustics have so far been left in the hands of mathematicians; but another order of savants will be needed to explain their deeper significations. We cannot be content to be told that sound is only a series of aerial undulations moving at different velocities. We want to know why certain sounds affect us in certain ways, and the want will no doubt be satisfied.

The human ear is being continually perfected. Civilized men can appreciate sounds, and combinations of sounds, that are unperceived by savages. Among barbarians of a low type, melody is unknown; what musical faculty they have is displayed in a rythmical beating of sonorous substances. The advance from this monotone to the orchestral performances at the Handel Festivals is so vast, that we might deem the performers beings of widely divergent species. Music among ourselves has greatly developed during the past fifty years; there is scarcely a house without some musical instrument, singing is taught in all schools, concerts multiply throughout the land; music in some form or other is the recreation and delight of millions, where it was limited to a cultivated few. The meaning of this is a growth of the faculty of hearing.

Common people now enjoy the works of the great composers; not merely the melodies, but the harmonious combinations. The fact that orchestral concerts are more and more patronized, proves that the national ear can appreciate the architecture of the world of tones, and that the massive and gorgeous structures of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Wagner are correctly pictured in the mind. And it is to be noted that modern music is ceasing to be melodious and becoming harmonious. Wagner's works are striking evidences of this; instead of arias we now have vast billows of sound flowing in mazy volumes, that grow huger and more complicated with each new composition.

The growth of aural discrimination will be accelerated as the nervous sensibility of our race advances, and those who follow us will hear sounds, simple and compound, that are imperceptible to

us. Nature will be to them grander and more communicative than she is to ourselves, just as we have a broader life than our fathers. Every expansion of faculty is an addition to the wealth of life, is a closer correspondence between man and the forces of the universe. How rapid the advance has been in the recent past is seen in the growth of modern music. The diatonic scale is only a few centuries old. Out of the chaos of sounds, that first produced order; and the world of defined tone that has since come into existence is immense. Some of the greatest intellects have employed all their genius upon it. Bach, Beethoven, Handel, and others have done as much in this invisible domain of Nature, as Kepler, Newton, Herschell, and others have done in the kindred domain of visible things.

In another field telegraphists prove how correctly the ear can register sounds. Those who have been trained to receive messages by the sounding instrument, can tell by its clickings the import of a telegram just as the uninitiated do by their eyes. What appears to an ordinary listener as a mere confused patter of sounds, is, to the instructed, speech in its plainest form.

One thing seems likely to follow from Professor Bell's discovery of the audibility of molecular motion, and that is a new method of chemical analysis. Each elementary body has no doubt a definite note, and compounds will have their harmonies and discords. The ears of physicists will be trained to decipher molecular tones, and who can say what marvels they will disclose? We know what almost incredible revelations spectrum analysis has yielded, since it came into use. It may well be that the new mode of molecular investigation, due to Professor Bell, will add to the empire of knowledge territories as immense as those conquered by the spectrum. In both, it is light which tells us of the hidden mysteries of the universe; and by using the methods alternatively, they will doubtlessly confirm the facts obtained by each.

The queries that arise out of the discovery of the photophone are so numerous that they embarrass the most able physicists. Foremost among them is that of the new-found power of the sun-

beam. What is this? In the words of Professor Bell: "An invisible beam is brought to a focus, is rendered parallel by a second lens, and a musical note is developed in the telephone. I do not pretend to say what the nature of these rays is, but it is difficult to believe they can be heat-rays, for, in the first place, hard rubber is a substance which becomes heated when exposed to the sun's rays, and does not, therefore, transmit heat to any appreciable extent."

The further experiments of Professor Bell prove conclusively that it is not the heat-rays which make molecules vocal. What rays are they, then? The actinic, or chemical rays, which paint the world in such splendid colors, and which do the photographer's work? Or are they those singular dark lines which intersect the spectrum, and whose agency has yet to be accounted for? So much is known of the special operations of the different parts of the solar beam, that we cannot be long in determining to which part is due the molecular sounds now engaging the attention of the scientific world.

Another query arises. Is the discovery of Professor Bell a re-discovery? Have the solar rays spoken to the sages who slumber in the depths of the past? Many truths of modern science have been guessed at by the early philosophers. Pythagoras declared that the movement of the stars produced a divine harmony, which could be heard by the wise. The myth of Memnon indicates some knowledge possessed by the ancients of the audibility of the sun's rays. The famous statue at Thebes became vocal when the sun rose and the beams fell upon it, and it continued to sing joyously all the day. When the orb sank to the west, a wailing cry seemed to deplore the departure of the light. A new interest arises in the old legend, and another link is added to the evidence that the old mythology of the Egyptians and Greeks arose out of a primitive natural philosophy.

But not only are we transported to the remote speculators of the scientific past; we are hurled into the depths of the future by the savants of the present, who see in the new discovery means of intercommunication that will add immeasurable powers to those now possessed by mankind. One of the savants, M. Ar-

mengaud the younger, of Paris, has struck out a collateral invention to the photophone, little less marvellous than itself. It is an instrument which he proposes to call the "telestroscope." By means of this, he says, we shall be able to see objects situated upon any part of the earth's surface, and at any distance from the observer. His reasoning is based upon the laws of reflection of images. All objects reach our eyes by means of luminous rays; the problem is, to transport them to such distances as we desire. The scientists to whom M. Armengaud has communicated his conception are confident of its feasibility. So it may come to pass that we shall see and hear our most distant correspondents while they communicate with us. A merchant in London, by telephone and telesroscope, will be brought into something like contact with a client at San Francisco, Shanghai, St. Petersburg, Yeddo, or elsewhere. It is true there are many difficulties in the way, but, with the cardinal principles fully grasped, it may be a mere question of details.

Who can say where the discoveries of the subtler powers of Nature will lead us, and how far they will modify human thoughts, acts, and hopes? One thing is clear, the communication of man with man will be more frequent than before. With a universal telephone, humanity will be consolidated into one family, inspired with one aim, that of bettering the welfare of the race. Language will lose its fundamental variation, its dialects, its provincialisms, and one speech will resound through the earth. Our ideas of time will be greatly modified,

and space will have a new significance. From our quiet room at home, we shall be able to converse with friends in the centre of Africa, in the far East, or in the glowing wilds of Australia. And, perhaps, by means of the telesroscope we shall see our interlocutors face to face. Nor will that be all. We shall see and hear what may be in their surroundings, for if it be possible to send the images of persons, it will be possible to send the images of other things. Thus the wild whirl of the cataract of Niagara, with the thunders of the falls, may be transmitted to us. And so may the Titanic explosions and menacing glare of Vesuvius and Etna, when in eruption. The mystic fires of arctic auroras and the dazzling splendors of tropical sunsets, may lighten our study's solitude, and make a voyage autour de ma chambre a veritable tour du monde! All that is grand in sight and sound, throughout the planet, may be brought to us, be our whereabouts where it may.

And far beyond the planet, in the awful abysses of space, we may have tidings of the wonders going on there; for no limit seems to exist to the excursions of the human mind, by the means of the transporting forces now placed at its disposal. If there be intelligent creatures in the sister planets, we may find a method of communicating our thoughts to them, and for receiving theirs in return. Light is the universal messenger, that flies from world to world, from sun to sun, from galaxy to galaxy. If we can find the alphabet of its speech, the problem of the Universe will approach its solution.—*All the Year Round*.

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TO CHAUCER.

["Than love I most thise flourës white and rede,  
Such as men callen daysyes in her toun."]

SWEET singer of the dawn,  
Who in the voiceless stillness, when the gray  
Throbb'd opal-tinged with hues of coming day,  
Upon our English lawn  
Didst honor chief the flower that lies bestrewn  
On the green-vestured meadows, when the May  
Goes forth with silver shoon—

Pace with me, master mine,  
 Adown the dewy crofts and thread the glades  
 Unrified yet, ere wake the merry maids,  
     Their comely locks to twine  
 With daisies, and salute the blushing Spring.  
 Linger, blest Dawn ; full soon the freshness fades,  
     Full short the blossoming.

Thou, who, when all was still,  
 And from the dayspring's altar dimly curled  
 Faint, wraith-like mists, and th' Eastern gates were pearled  
     With rose and daffodil,  
 Didst blow a note so clear, so joyous free,  
 Mute thickets woke to song, and the blithe world  
     Rang with thy jollity.

Teach me, whose lot doth lie  
 Amid the whirring of fierce wheels, the din  
 Of clashing words and eddying thoughts, to win  
     Thy grave simplicity—  
 Thy loyal tenderness, thy courteous grace,  
 Crystal revealings of the heart within,  
     Read on thy gentle face.

Teach me thy humor fine—  
 To flout men's follies with a loving smile,  
 That yet they wince, bethink them, pause awhile,  
     Win glimpses half-divine ;  
 But with keen arrows of thy barbed wit,  
 Piercing his close-set panoply of guile,  
     To slay the hypocrite.

Teach me this one best lore—  
 To dower pure womanhood with worship due—  
 Maiden, wife, mother, ordered fair and true—  
     Bloom, flower, and fruitful core,  
 White, innocent leaves, with rosy blushes tipt,  
 Great many-seeded heart of golden hue.  
     In the strong sunbeams dipt.

—*The Spectator.*

—♦♦♦—  
 KITH AND KIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FIRST VIOLIN," AND "PROBATION."

CHAPTER XVII.

"GODEN ABEND, GODE NACHT !"

HE crossed the farmyard and went into the garden, under the old archway, and then, just as he was about to enter, he heard a voice singing, and was arrested. The window of the large room on the right was open, and a glow of firelight warmed the background. From it came the sound of a piano being played, and of a woman's voice accom-

panying it. Aglionby trod softly up to the window and looked in. The fire burned merrily. Judith Conisbrough sat at the piano, with her back to him, softly playing ; her voice had ceased, and presently the music ceased also. Then she began again, and sang in a contralto voice, sweet, natural, and strong, if uncultivated, a song which Aglionby was surprised to hear. He would not have expected her to sing foreign songs—if this could be called



foreign. He folded his arms upon the window-ledge and gazed in and listened, and the music, after all the other strange and dreamful incidents of that day, sank into his inmost soul.

"Oever de stillen Straten,  
Geit klar de Glockenslag.  
God' Nacht! Din Hart will slapen;  
Un' Morgen is ook een Dag.

Din Kind liggt in de Wegen,  
Un' ik bin ook bi' Di';  
Din Sorgen un' Din Leven  
Sind allens um uns bi'.

Noch eenmal lat uns spräken;  
Goden Abend, gode Nacht!  
De Maand schient up de Däken  
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."\*

Aglionby was not a sentimental man, but he was a man intensely sensitive to simple pathos of any kind. None could jeer more cruelly at every pretence of feeling, but none had a keener appreciation of the real thing when it came in his way. And this little German dialect song is brimming over in every line with the truest pathos. Sung in these surroundings by Judith Conisbrough's rich and pathetic voice, her own sadness heavy upon her and in her heart, it was simply perfect, and Bernard knew it. Like a flash of lightning, while the tears rushed to his eyes at this song, he remembered last Sunday evening, and Miss Vane warbling of how they had "sat *by* the river, *you* and *I*," and he shuddered.

There was a long pause, as she laid her hands on her lap—a long pause, and a deep sigh. Then she slowly rose. Aglionby's impulse was to steal away unobserved, even as he had stolen there, but he feared to lose sight of her; he longed to speak to her, to have her speak to him; to tell her, if she would listen to him, something of the

pure delight he had this day experienced. So he said, still leaning into the room:

"May I thank you, Miss Conisbrough?"

He saw that she started, though scarce perceptibly; then she closed the piano, and turned toward him.

"Have you been listening to my singing? I hope it did not annoy you. It was for mamma. It soothes her."

"Annoy me!" he echoed in a tone of deep mortification. "You must take me for a barbarian. It did even more than you intended. It soothed *me*. Perhaps you grudge me that?"

"Oh, no!" said Judith calmly. "I am glad if it gave you any pleasure."

She stood not far from the window, but did not approach it. Inside, the firelight glowed, and threw out the lines of her noble figure and shabby dress, and flickered upon her calm, sad, yet beautiful face.

"Are you going upstairs just because I have appeared upon the scene?" he asked with a slight vibration in his voice. "You have ignored me all day, now you are about to fly my presence. You certainly snub me sufficiently, Miss Conisbrough."

Judith at last came nearer to the window, and held out her hand, which he took with a feeling of gratitude.

"I think you are very ready to invent motives for people's conduct," she said, "and those motives most extraordinary ones. I was not even thinking of going upstairs. I was going into the other room to have my supper, at Mrs. Ave-son's orders."

"Were you?" exclaimed he, with animation. "Then, if you will allow me, I will come and have mine at the same time, for I feel very hungry."

"As you like," replied Judith, and if there was no great cordiality in her tone, equally there was no displeasure—she spoke neutrally.

Bernard hastened to the front door, and met her crossing the passage.

"I think we had better fasten it," he remarked. "It is growing dark."

"We have no thieves in these parts," said Judith a little sarcastically.

"But there is the cold," he replied, with a townsman's horror of open doors after dusk; and he shut it, and followed

\* "Clear sounds adown the silent street  
The bell that tells the hours.  
Good-night! Thy very heart sleep deep!  
To-morrow is also ours.

"Thy child within its cradle sleeps,  
And I am by thy side.  
Thy life—its cares, and hopes, and loves  
Around thee all abide.

"Again the words of peace we'll speak,  
Good-even, love, good-night,  
Each quiet roof the moonbeams streak,  
Our Lord God holds the watch."

her into the houseplace, where this evening the supper-table was laid.

Judith walked to the fireplace, and stood with her hand resting against the mantelpiece. She looked pale and tired.

"Have you not been out to-day?" he asked.

"No. I have been with mamma. She was nervous, and afraid to be left."

"I have been out of doors almost the whole day," he said.

"Have you? Exploring, I suppose?"

"Yes, I have been exploring. It is a beautiful place, to me especially, who have been all my life cooped up in streets and warehouses. I daresay you can scarcely believe it, but I have hardly seen any country. My mother was always too poor to take me away—allow me!"

Judith looked up quickly, as he uttered these words, and placed a chair for her at the table. She laid her hand on the chair back, as she said:

"But you had friends who were wealthy, had you not—other relations?"

"My grandfather, Mr. Aglionby, was my only rich relation."

"But your mother—Mrs. Ralph Aglionby—had rich relations, I think."

"If she had I never heard of them. Indeed, I know she had none. Her relations were very few, and such as they were, were all as poor as herself. Her sister, Mrs. Bryce, is the only one who is left. She is a good woman, but she is not rich—far from it."

"Then I was mistaken," said Judith, in so exceedingly quiet a tone that he said abruptly, as he did most things:

"I really beg your pardon for boring you with such histories. Here is the supper. May I give you some of this cold beef?"

He helped her, and noticed again how pale her face was, how sad her expression. He poured her out some wine and insisted upon her drinking it. Every moment that he spent with her deepened the feeling with which she had from the first inspired him—one of admiration. In her presence he felt more genial, more human and hopeful. He scarce recognized himself.

As for Judith, the simple question she had put, respecting his rich relations, and the answer he had given her, had

filled her mind with forebodings. A dim, dread suspicion was beginning to take shape and form in her brain, to grow into something more than a suspicion. As yet, though it was there, she dreaded to admit it, even to herself. She had a high courage, but not high enough yet to give definite shape to that which still she knew, and which oppressed and tormented her. She must never speak of it. If she could prove herself to be wrong, what terrible repentance and humiliation she would have to go through; if right—but no! It could not be that she would be right.

At the present moment, she strove to put down these feelings, and exert herself to be at least civil to this young man who had so strangely stepped into her life, whom she had already begun to study with interest, and who, if her as yet unformulated suspicions should prove to be true, was one whom she could never know on terms of cordiality or friendship, even though all he said and did went to prove that he was no bragging heir, no odious hectorer over that which had suddenly become his.

"Were you at church this morning?" she asked.

"I?" He looked up quickly. "No. Ought I to have been?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps you are not a churchman?"

"I am not. And I suppose that almost every one here is."

"Yes; I think that all the gentry go to church, and most of the working people too."

"Miserable black sheep that I am! I realize from your simple question, that I ought to have presented myself, in the deepest mourning—"

"Mr. Aglionby," she interrupted, almost hastily, "pardon me, but you speak of your grandfather as if you felt some kind of contempt for him."

"Not contempt, but I should lie most horribly if I pretended to admire, or even to respect him. I do consider that he showed himself hard and pitiless in his deeds toward me during his lifetime, and that finally he behaved toward Mrs. Conisbrough with a cruelty that was malignant. And I can't respect a man who behaves so."

"But it was not so," said Judith, pushing her plate away from her, clasp-

ing her hands on the edge of the table, and looking intently at him.

"Not so?" He paused in the act of raising his glass to his lips, and looked at her intently in his turn, in some surprise.

"I don't understand you."

"I cannot explain. It sounds odd to you, no doubt. But I have reason to think that when you accuse my grand-uncle of vindictiveness and injustice, and then of malignant cruelty, you are wrong—you are, indeed. He was passionate. He did all kinds of things on impulse, and it he believed himself wronged, he grew wild under the wrong and then he could do things that were harsh, and even brutal. But he was not one of those who cherish a grudge. He was generous. His anger was short-lived—"

"My dear Miss Conisbrough," said Bernard, with his most chilling smile upon his lips, his coldest gleam in his eyes, "it is most delightful to find what generosity of mind *you* are possessed of—and also, what simplicity. But don't you think you appeal more to my credulity than to my common-sense, when you affirm what you do—and expect me to believe it? Have I not the experience of my whole lifetime—have I not my poor mother's ruined life and premature death from grief and anxiety—to judge from? And did I not only yesterday hear the will read, which has brought on your mother's illness?"

He tried not to speak mockingly, but the conviction of Judith's intense simplicity was too strong for him. The mockery sounded in his voice, and gleamed in his eyes.

"If I were in my usual crabbed temper," he added, more genially, "I should say that you were quixotic and foolish."

"No, I am neither generous, quixotic, nor foolish. I told you I could not explain. All I can say is, that when I hear you speak in that half-sneering, half-angry tone of him, I feel—I cannot tell you what I feel."

"Then I am sure you shall never feel it again. I promise you that, and I beg your pardon, if I have wounded you," he said earnestly, and, hoping to turn away her attention from that topic, he added:

"But you said something about going to church. Do you think the neighbors expected me to be at church this morning, instead of rambling round the lake, and talking about the fells with the farmers' boys?"

"I daresay people would be a little surprised, especially as it was the day after Mr. Aglionby's funeral. These small places you see——"

"Have their *lex non scripta*, which is very stringent. Yes, I know. I ought to have gone. I would have gone, if I had thought of it."

"Are you a dissenter?" asked Judith; "because there is a chapel—Methodist, I think—at Yoresett, and a Quakers' meeting-house at Bainbeck."

"I am not what you would call a dissenter, I suppose, but a free-thinker: what it is now fashionable to call an Agnostic—a modish name for a very old thing."

"Agnostic—that means a person who does not know, doesn't it?"

"Yes. At least with me, it does. It means that I acknowledge and confess my utter and profound ignorance of all things outside experience, beyond the grave; beyond what science can tell me."

"But that is—surely that is atheism—rank materialism, isn't it?"

"Scarcely, I think, is it? Because I don't presume, or pretend to say, that those things which believers preach do not exist—all those things in the beyond, of which they so confidently affirm the existence—I do not deny it; I merely say that for me such things are veiled in a mystery which I cannot penetrate, and which I do not believe that any other man has the power to penetrate. My concern is with this life, and this life alone. I have a moral law quite outside those questions."

"Have you? Then you do affirm some things."

"One thing, very strongly," he answered, with a slight smile, "a thing which partly agrees, and partly disagrees with what you affirm—I am supposing you to be a Christian."

"And what is that?" asked Judith, neither affirming nor denying her Christianity.

"This: that to use the words of the Old Testament, 'The sins of the fathers

shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation,' ay, and a good deal beyond that; and that, in our system of belief or disbelief—which ever you like to call it—there exists *no* forgiveness of sins. That is all. It is not an elaborate creed, but I think anyone who really comprehends it and accepts it, will find that he must lead a life, to come up to its spirit, as stern and as pure as that which any system of theism can offer to him."

"No forgiveness of sins," faltered Judith, more struck, apparently, by his words than seemed reasonable. "That is surely a hard lesson. Not even by repentance?"

He shook his head. "I don't see how even repentance can bring forgiveness," he said. "'The soul that sinneth, it shall die,' and 'the wages of sin is death.' There is no getting out of it, is there? The man who leads a sinful life does not do it with impunity, I think. If he seems to escape pretty well himself, look at his children—his children's children. Look at the punishments that are transmitted from generation unto generation, 'of them that hate me and despise my commandments.'"

"That is God," said Judith.

"I know you call it so. To me it means the laws of science and nature: reason, morality, righteousness, clean hands and a pure heart."

"And you think that would be sufficient to deter people from doing wrong and wicked things?" she asked, still with an absorption of interest in the theme which surprised him, for after all it was a very old and hackneyed one—a subject which had been disputed thousands of times, and he had certainly not thrown any new light upon it by his words.

"I do not know," said he, "I am an Agnostic there, too. It is to be hoped that if it were not efficacious now—which it hardly would be, I daresay—it may become so in the course of time, as the world grows what I call wiser, what you denominate more sceptical, I suppose. At any rate the fact remains, which no theologian can deny, that the sins of the fathers *are* visited upon the children daily, hourly, inevitably; and that if a man wish his descendants to escape punishment—if he wish to escape it himself

—he must walk circumspectly: he can't be a drunkard or a profligate all his life, and by repenting on his death-bed wipe out all the consequences to himself and others; despite all that is preached about its being never too late to mend, and never too late to be forgiven, he cannot do it. He has sinned, and the effects are there. Surely you will own that?"

"It cannot be denied."

"Well, and a man or a woman cannot live a dishonest life—cannot go on with a lie in their right hands—without consequences ensuing. They may repent, sooner or later, in dust and ashes, and may swear, like Falstaff, to 'eschew sack and live cleanly,' but it takes two, at any rate, to tell a lie or to act one: the effects spread out in rings—none can know where or how they will end. It cannot be escaped. Some one must be punished."

"Then those who come after—is it of no use for them to try to expiate the sins of their fathers?" she asked, with the same anxious, eager intentness; "or, would it not be natural and right for them to say, 'Since my parents left me with this blight in my life, I'll even live recklessly. No repentance will cure it. There is no justice. I will get what pleasure I can out of my maimed existence, and the future may look after itself?'"

"I told you the creed was a hard one," he said. "We have no God of mercy to go on our knees to, for forgiveness. What we have sowed, we must reap, God or no God. It is open to us to do as you say—'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow thou shalt die.' Or, it is open to you to take your stand as firmly as may be, to *do without* the cakes and ale; to say 'Whatever I may suffer for my parents' sin, none shall have to suffer for mine,' and to live righteously."

"And the reward?" asked Judith, looking at him eagerly and intently, even anxiously.

"There is no reward, that I know of, except the one which Christianity says is not sufficient to keep a man straight—the conviction that you have done right and been honest, cost what it might, and that whatever you have suffered from others, no others shall suffer by you. That is all that I know of."



"Then do you recommend this creed to others?"

"I recommend it simply as I would recommend truth, or what appeared to me to be truth, before a lie—as I would recommend a man setting out on a journey to fill his wallet with dry bread, or even dry crusts, rather than with macaroons and cream-cakes."

She leaned her head on her hand, in silence, and at last said:

"It is a hard doctrine."

"Yes, I know. It is the only one that I ever found of any service to me in my life."

"It seems to me that it might be good for strong spirits, but that it would altogether crush weak ones."

"Then, Miss Conisbrough, it should be good for yours; it should be the very meat to sustain it," said Bernard involuntarily and eagerly.

Judith smiled, rather wanly.

"You imagine mine to be a strong spirit?" she asked.

"I am convinced of it."

"You never were more mistaken in your life. I am a faint-hearted coward." She rose, slowly, and paused near the fire. "I think, Mr. Aglionby, that there is a great deal of reason in your Agnosticism. I wish people—some people, I mean—had known of it and realized it a long time ago."

There was a dreary hopelessness in her tone, a blank sorrow in her expression, which went home to him. Like many a strong soul which has been scarred in battle, he shrank from seeing others exposed to the ordeal he had gone through. He thought she was going, all desolate as she was and looked. He could not endure the idea of sending her comfortless away, and he strove to detain her yet another moment.

"Do you mean," he hastily asked, and in a low voice—"do you mean about my grandfather? Because, you know, I try to live up to my convictions. He did wrong, I know—and those who come after him must suffer from it more or less; but I have elected to take the side of not letting others suffer by me, and—"

"I was not thinking of my great-uncle at all," was the unexpected reply. "You are harping on the way in which he has left his money. And you would

like to make it right. You cannot. I never realized until now, how utterly impossible it is. Yes, the sins of the fathers *shall* be visited upon the children. But you have committed no sin. Do not trouble yourself. If it were merely money—though I am nearly a pauper, I never felt to care so little for money as I do now. It seems to me to make so little difference. I think I shall try your creed, Mr. Aglionby; it seems to me to be a manly one." She held out her hand.

"But you want a womanly one," he urged eagerly, yet not too boldly.

"No; I want as strong, as masculine, as virile a creed as I can find. I want a stick to lean upon that will not fail me, and I believe you have extended it to me this night, though I will not deny that it has a rough and horny feeling to the hand. Good night."

"I am greatly concerned," he began, and his face, his voice, and his eyes all showed that concern to be profound.

"Do not be concerned. I thank you for it," said Judith, smiling for the first time upon him. Aglionby hardly knew what the feeling was which seemed to strike like a blow upon his heart, as he met that smile, exquisitely sweet and attractive, like most smiles of grave faces. He could not speak a word, for the emotion was altogether new to him. Passively he allowed her to withdraw her hand, and to walk out of the room.

He sat with his elbow on his knee, his chin in his hand, gazing into the fire, and would have, sat there till the said fire had expired, had not Mrs. Aveson at last wonderingly looked in to ask if he had finished supper.

"Yes," he answered, abruptly, and the words of the song came tenderly into his mind.

"Noch eenmal lat uns spräken;  
Goden Abend, gode Nacht!  
De Maand schient up de Däken,  
Uns Herrgott hält de Wacht."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### DANESDALE GOES TO SCAR FOOT.

ABOUT noon the next day, Sir Gabriel Danesdale and his son, riding down the hill behind Scar Foot, left off a lively discussion on politics, which had hitherto engrossed them, and turned their

thoughts and their conversation toward the house which had just come in sight.

"I wonder how we shall like him," observed Sir Gabriel. "At the funeral, I took good notice of him—you were not there."

"No, I don't go to them, on principle."

"That is a mistake," said his father; "there is never any harm in occasionally confronting in another, what must sometime be one's own latter end. When I fairly realized that it was old John who was being laid under the ground there, my own contemporary, and the friend of my youth, I assure you that the things of this present, the roast and the boiled, the lands and the houses, seemed to shrink away into remarkably small compass. It puts things before one in another light."

Sir Gabriel spoke with a tempered cheerfulness, and Randulf replied, "I never thought of it in that way; I have no doubt you are right."

"You are young, it is no wonder you have never thought of it in that way. But, as I was saying, I took remarkably good notice of this young fellow, and it was strongly borne in upon my mind that if he and old John had been much together, the roof of Scar Foot must have flown off under the violence of their disputes. He is not one of us, Randulf; not one of my kind, though he may suit your new-fangled notions."

"Did he look like a gentleman?"

"Upon my word, I can hardly tell. Not a finished gentleman, though he had some of his grandfather's pride of bearing. But everything about him tells of the town, any one would have picked him out as belonging to a different world from ours."

"Are you obliged to call upon him?" asked the young man.

"No, I suppose not, but I choose to do so, though I am sorry for Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughters. If I find the fellow is amenable to influence, I shall let him see that the whole place would approve of his sharing his inheritance with them."

"I hope you won't burn your fingers," said his son sceptically. "For my part I am very glad not to have made the acquaintance of this redoubtable 'old John,' for, from all I can hear, he seems

to have been a most odious character, and to have behaved disgracefully to these ladies."

"Well, I am afraid there is not much to be said for him, in that respect, but after all, a son is a son, Randulf, and I can pardon a man almost anything when it is done for a son, or a son's son."

Randulf made no answer. He had been glancing aside, occupied in looking for the spot where he had found Judith Conisbrough, weeping. He had seen and recognized it, and with the sight of it came the remembrance of her face. Unknown "sons and son's sons" appeared to him insignificant in comparison with a woman whose sorrow he had beheld, and whose individuality had profoundly impressed him.

They rode into the courtyard, at the back of the house.

"I hope he won't be away," said Sir Gabriel, with an earnestness which amused his son. "It has been an effort to me to come, and I don't want to have made it for nothing."

He pulled a bell, and while they waited for a man to come, Judith Conisbrough walked into the courtyard, having come from the front part of the house. Neither Sir Gabriel nor his son knew of the presence at Scar Foot of Mrs. Conisbrough and her daughter, and were therefore proportionately surprised to see her there. She was going past them, with a bow, but Sir Gabriel, quickly dismounting, shook hands with her, and wished her good-day. She gravely returned his greeting.

"Are you—are you staying here?" he asked, at a loss to account for her presence.

"I am, at present, with my mother, who was unfortunately taken ill here, on Saturday."

"Dear, dear! I'm sorry to hear that. Then I fear we shall not find Mr. Aglionby at home?"

"He is at Scar Foot—Mr. Bernard Aglionby. Whether he is now in the house, or not, I have not the least idea," replied Judith composedly.

"Ah! I hope Mrs. Conisbrough is not seriously ill," pursued Sir Gabriel, uncomfortably conscious that the young lady looked careworn and sad, and with a sudden sense that there might be more circumstances in the whole case than

they knew of, complications which they had not heard of.

"No, thank you. I hope she will be well enough to be moved in a day or two. She is subject to such attacks. As you are going to see Mr. Aglionby, I will not detain you any longer."

She bowed to both father and son, and was moving on. Randulf's horse had been taken. He returned Miss Conisbrough's bow, and made a step after his father, in the direction of the house. Then, suddenly turning on his heel, he overtook Judith, raised his hat, and held out his hand.

"You looked so stern, Miss Conisbrough, that at first I thought I had better go after my papa, and not say anything to you, but—see, allow me to open this gate for you, if you are going this way—are you?"

"Yes," replied Judith, repressing a smile, "but if you are going to call upon Mr. Aglionby, do you not think you had better follow Sir Gabriel?"

"Directly—no hurry; I never expected I should have the good-fortune to meet you, or I should have ridden here more cheerfully. My father was wondering how we should get on with this man here. You know, he has the kindest heart in the world, has my father; he thinks Mrs. Conisbrough has been treated badly. There!" as Judith's face flushed painfully. "I have said the thing I ought not to have said, and offended you."

"No, you have not, but I think we had better not talk about it."

"Well, we won't," said Randulf, deliberately pursuing the subject. "But everybody knows that the aged r—raascal who lived here—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Danesdale!"

"I beg your pardon—he behaved scandalously to Mrs. Conisbrough. Have you had speech with this new man? What is he like? Is he horrible?"

"Oh, no! He—I like him."

Randulf was scrutinizing her from under his sleepy eyelids. After this answer, he did not pursue the subject further. Judith asked him to open the gate, and let her go for her walk. He did so, and added, with a slower drawl than usual, "and, Miss Conisbrough, how is your s—sister?"

"Which sister?" asked Judith, sur-

veying him straitly from her large and candid eyes.

"Your sister Delphine," answered Randulf, leaning on the gate, in a leisurely manner, as if he never meant to lift himself off it again.

"I have not seen her since Saturday. I had a note from her this morning, though—I want her to meet me. I won't have her come here, and that reminds me," she added, "that I want to find Toby, the farm boy, to take me a message—"

"I am going home that way. Couldn't you intrust the message to me?"

"I am afraid it would be a bore," said Judith, who perhaps saw as clearly out of her open eyes, as did Randulf from his half-closed ones.

"I never offer to do things that are a bore," he assured her.

"Well, if you really don't object, I should be very glad if you would call and tell her that if it is fine this afternoon, she must set off at half-past two, and I will do the same, and we shall meet at Counterside, just halfway. I want very much to speak to her, but you can understand that I don't care to ask any one into this house, unless I am obliged, nor to send Mr. Aglionby's servants on my errands."

"So you employ your own most devoted retainer instead," said Randulf composedly, but unable to repress a smile of gratification, "I will deliver the message faithfully. Now the gate stands open. Good morning."

Judith passed out at the gate, and Randulf hastened after Sir Gabriel, the smile still hovering about his lips, and inwardly saying, "I'm glad I turned back. It was a good stroke of business, after I'd racked my brains for an excuse to call there, without being able to find one."

Mrs. Aveson received him with a smile and words of welcome, and ushered him into the state parlor, where already his father and Aglionby were together.

Certainly three more strongly contrasted characters could hardly have been found, than the three then assembled in the parlor at Scar Foot. Each, too, was fully conscious of his unlikeness to the other. There was a necessary constraint over the interview. Sir Gabriel spoke in high terms of the late

squire. The late squire's successor listened in courteous, cool silence, bowing his head now and then, and smiling slightly in a manner which the candid Sir Gabriel could not be expected to understand. Aglionby did not protest, when this incense was burnt at the shrine of his grandfather, neither did he for one moment join in the ceremony. When, however, Sir Gabriel remarked that Mr. Aglionby had been hasty and inconsiderate sometimes, the newcomer rejoined, "I am quite sure of it," in a voice which carried conviction. Then Sir Gabriel remarked that he supposed Mr. Aglionby had not lived much in the country.

"My fame seems to have preceded me in that respect," replied Aglionby, laughing rather sarcastically. After which Sir Gabriel felt rather at a loss what to say to this dark-looking person, who knew nothing of the country and cared nothing for country-gentlemen's pursuits, who could not even converse sympathetically about the man from whom he had inherited his fortune. Mrs. Conisbrough was a tabooed subject to Sir Gabriel. And he had just begun to feel embarrassed, when Randolph came in, and afforded an opportunity for introducing a new topic, and a powerful auxiliary in the matter of keeping up the conversation, for which his father could not feel sufficiently thankful. He introduced the young men to each other, and Randolph apologized for his tardy appearance.

"I wanted to speak to Miss Conisbrough!" he said, "and stopped with her longer than I meant to. She had an errand for me, too, so I stayed to hear what it was."

"It seems to me that you and Miss Conisbrough get on very well together," observed his father good-naturedly.

Bernard sat silent during this colloquy. What could Judith Conisbrough or her friends possibly be to him? Had he not Lizzie at Irkford? His forever! Yet his face grew a little sombre as he listened.

"Do we, sir? Well, it is but a week to-day since I made her acquaintance, but I think that any man who didn't get on with her and her sisters—well, he wouldn't deserve to. Don't you?" he added, turning to Aglionby, and calmly

ignoring the possibility of any awkwardness in the topic.

"I know only Miss Conisbrough, and that very slightly," said Bernard, very gravely. "She seems to me a most—charming—"

"You are thinking that charming isn't the word, and it is not," said Randolph. "If one used such expressions about one's acquaintances in these days I should say she was a noble woman. That's my idea of her: exalted, you know, in character, and all that sort of thing."

"I should imagine it; but I know very little of her," said Aglionby, who, however, felt his heart respond to each one of these remarks.

Sir Gabriel found this style of conversation dull. He turned to Aglionby, and said, politely:

"I believe you have always lived at Irkford, have you not?"

"Yes," responded Bernard, with a look of humor in his eyes. "I was in a warehouse there. I sold gray cloth."

"Gray cloth," murmured Sir Gabriel, polite, but puzzled.

"Gray cloth—yes. It is not an exciting, nor yet a very profitable employment. It seems, however, that if my rich relation had not suddenly remembered me, I might have continued in it to the end of my days."

"Rich relation?" began Sir Gabriel; "I thought—"

"That I had others, perhaps?" suggested Bernard, while Randolph listened with half-closed eyes, and apparently without hearing what was said.

"Well I certainly have a vague impression—I may be quite wrong—I suppose I must be."

"It is an odd thing that Miss Conisbrough also accused me of having rich relations the other day," said Bernard, and then carelessly changed the subject. The guests sat a little longer. The conversation was almost entirely between Aglionby and Sir Gabriel, but secretly the young men also measured one another with considerable eagerness, and the conclusion left in the mind of each concerning the other was, "I don't dislike him—there is good stuff in him."

At last they rose to go, and with wishes on the Dancesdales' side to see more of Mr. Aglionby, and promises on



his part to return their visit, they departed.

Bernard looked at his watch, paused, considered, muttered to himself, "Of course it is all right," and ringing the bell, asked Mrs. Aveson if Miss Conisbrough were out, and if she had said whether she was coming in to dinner.

"She went out for a walk toward Dale Head, sir, and she didn't say when she would be back," responded Mrs. Aveson.

"Thank you," said Aglionby and with that he went out, and by a strange coincidence, his steps, too, turned in the direction of Dale Head.

But he was not successful in meeting Miss Conisbrough (if that were the intention with which he had set out). He saw no trace of her, though, as he passed along the beautiful road, catching occasional glimpses, here and there, of the lake, his lips parted involuntarily now and then, in the desire to utter to some companion-shadow what he thought of it all. But it is thin work, talking to shadows, as he felt. He returned home, found that Miss Conisbrough had come in, and was going to dine with him, and that a messenger who had been to Yoresett had brought him a letter from the post-office of that metropolis, addressed, in a sprawling hand, to Bernard Aglionby, Esq. Rapture! It was from Lizzie!

## CHAPTER XIX.

### LOOKING FORWARD.

AFTER she had said good-morning to Randulf, Judith walked along the rough, stony lane, with its gaps in the hedge, showing the rugged fells in the distance, and her gaze had lost some of its despondency. Indeed, she felt cheered by the little interview. She distinctly liked young Danesdale (though to her, old in care and sorrow, he seemed more like a very charming boy than a man grown, with a man's feelings), and she was conscious, with a keen thrill of sympathetic conviction, that he liked her, liked her sisters, liked everything about her. It was a delightful sensation, like the coming of a sudden, unexpected joy in a sad life. She dwelt upon his words, his manner, his gestures, from the moment in which, with the langour gone from his

eyes, he had overtaken her, to his last delighted expression about her sending her own devoted retainer on her messages, instead of Bernard Aglionby's servants. It was perhaps rather a cool thing to say—at least it might have savored of impertinence if some people had said it. From Randulf Danesdale, it came agreeably and naturally enough.

She would see Delphine that afternoon—an interview for which she longed greatly; she had gratified Randulf by allowing him to give her message about the meeting, and Delphine would be pleased to learn her sister's wishes from such a courier. Altogether, things looked brighter. She presently turned off to the right, into a little dell or gorge, and wandered along some paths she knew, half-woodland, half-rocky. She had come out for her health's sake, but remembering the walk in prospect in the afternoon, did not stay very long, and was utterly unconscious that at one moment, just as she was standing beneath a faded beech-tree, whose foliage was yellow and sere, and holding in her hand some variously-tinted autumn leaves which she had picked, the foot-steps which she heard in the road below, and not far distant, were those of Bernard Aglionby.

Returned to the house, she went to her mother's room, who still lay white and weak-looking, though free from pain and breathlessness, upon her bed.

"See, mamma, here are some lovely leaves, which I found in the clough this morning."

She put them in a little glass, and placed them near her mother.

"Thank you, Judith. . . . What were all those voices I heard below? I am sure I feel as if I ought to know them."

"Sir Gabriel and Mr. Danesdale come to call upon Mr. Aglionby."

"You do not mean it?" exclaimed Mrs. Conisbrough, with animation, and then, after a pause, "Really to call upon him? To welcome him?"

"I suppose so, mamma. I don't know why else they should have come."

"No doubt! 'The king is dead: long live the king!' It would have been the same if we had been in possession," said Mrs. Conisbrough, in an accent of indescribable bitterness.

Yet she had ceased to speak of Bernard with the passionate indignation and resentment which she had at first expressed. Perhaps reflection had convinced her that opposition would be folly. Perhaps—with women like Mrs. Conisbrough, many perhaps may have an influence.

"As you seem so much better, mother, I have asked Delphine to come to Counterside, and I shall go and meet her, so that we can have a chat this afternoon. Then I can tell her how you really are."

"As you like," responded Mrs. Conisbrough rather peevishly. "I am aware that you and Delphine cannot exist apart, or think you cannot, for more than a day, without repining. In my young days girls used to think less of themselves."

"If you do not wish me to leave you, I will send word to Delphine not to come."

"On no account stay in for me," was the logical and consistent reply. "The walk will do you good. Did you say you had seen Mr. Danesdale?"

"Yes. It is he who has promised to call at our house, and ask Delphine to meet me."

"Ah, I see!" said Mrs. Conisbrough in a tone so distinctly pleased and approving, that Judith could not but notice it. She turned to her mother with parted lips, then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, closed them again, and took up her sewing, at which she worked until Mrs. Aveson came to say that dinner was ready.

"Thank you. Is Mr. Aglionby going to dine now, do you know?"

"Yes, he is, Miss Judith. If you'd prefer me to bring yours up here—"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am not afraid of him," said Judith, with a slight smile.

"I should think not, Miss Judith. If there's any cause for fear, I should think it would be more likely on the other side."

"Why, I wonder?" speculated Judith within herself, and her mother's voice came from the bed as Mrs. Aveson withdrew:

"Just straighten your hair, Judith, and fasten your collar with my little gold brooch. It will make you look tidier."

"I'll straighten my hair, mamma, but as for the brooch, I really don't think it is necessary. If you could see the careless, and I might say shabby style in which Mr. Aglionby dresses, you would know that he did not think much about what people wear."

She had made her beautiful brown hair quite smooth, and without further elaboration of her toilette, she went downstairs.

Bernard was standing in the dining-room waiting for her.

"Mrs. Aveson told me I was to have the pleasure of your company at dinner," he said, with the graciousness and politeness which, when he was with her, seemed to spring more readily than other feelings within his breast.

"I am going out at half-past two," answered Judith.

"Are you? and I at a quarter to three. I am going to Yoresett to see Mr. Whaley."

"Indeed. I have a sort of message for you from mamma; she did not send it to you in so many words, but when I suggested it, she agreed with me, and that is, that after to-day I think we need not tax your kindness any further. My mother is so much better that I think she will be fit to go home."

"Oh, do you think so? She must not on any account move before she is quite able to do so without risk. I would not be in any hurry to remove her."

"You are very good to say so. But if you will kindly allow us to have the brougham to-morrow afternoon—"

"I am sure you had better say the day after to-morrow. From what Dr. Lowther said, I am convinced of it. I—I don't think I can spare the brougham to-morrow afternoon, though I really wasn't aware that there was such a carriage on the premises, or anything about it. But I shall be sure to want it to-morrow afternoon."

His dark eyes looked at her very pleasantly across the table, and there was a smile upon his lips, all playfulness and no malice. Judith met the glance, and thought, "How *could* I have thought him hard and stony-looking? And if only all these miserable complications had not come in the way, what a very nice relation he would have been!"

But she said aloud :

"You are very kind, and since you really wish it, I accept your offer gratefully. The day after to-morrow, then."

"That is a much more sensible arrangement, though I call even that too soon. But I like to have my own way, and I have really got so little of it hitherto, that I dare say there is some danger of my using the privilege recklessly. However, since I have prevailed so far, I will see that all is ready at the time you wish. And—Miss Conisbrough!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think Mrs. Conisbrough will strongly object to my seeing her?"

"You must not speak to her on any matters of money, or business," said Judith hastily.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, though I still hope that in time she will fall in with my views on the matter, and I hope, too, you have not forgotten your promise to help me in it."

Judith said nothing. Her eyes were cast down. Aglionby paused only for a moment, and then went on :

"What I meant was, that perhaps you would prefer—she might be very angry if I put in any appearance when she goes away. In plain words, do you think she still so strongly resents my presence here, that it would be unwise for me to pay my respects to her, and tell her how glad I am that she is better?"

"No," said Judith, her face burning, her eyes fixed upon her plate. "She has considered the matter while she has been ill. I think—I am sure you might speak to her, only please do not be offended if—"

"If she snubs me very severely," said he, with a gleam of amusement.

"No, indeed, I will not. Whatever Mrs. Conisbrough may say to me, I will receive submissively and meekly."

"Because you feel that the power is on your side," said Judith, rapidly, involuntarily, almost in a whisper, her face burning with a still deeper blush. "It must be easy to smile at a woman's petulance when you are a man, and feel that you have the game all in your own hands."

She had not meant to say so much. The words had broken from her almost

uncontrollably. Almost every hour since the moment in which she had seen her mother cower down before Bernard's direct gaze, her sense of his power and strength had been growing and intensifying. Hours of brooding and solitude, apart from her accustomed companions ; long and painful meditations upon the past and present, and thrills of dread when she contemplated the future ; these things, broken only by her two or three interviews with Bernard, and with him alone, had strengthened her feeling, until now, though she was neither dependent, clinging, nor servile by nature, the very sight of Aglionby's dark face, with its marked and powerful features, made her heart beat faster, and brought a crushing consciousness of his strength and her own weakness. Had he been overbearing or imperious in manner, all her soul would have rebelled ; she was one of those natures with whom justice and forbearance are almost a passion ; the moments would have seemed hours until she could break free from his roof and his presence ; but he was the very reverse of overbearing or imperious. The strength was kept in reserve ; the manner was gentle and deferential—only she knew that the power was there, and she would not have been a woman if she had not had a latent idolatry of power. The combination of strength and gentleness was new to her ; the proximity to a man who wielded these attributes was equally foreign to her, and all these things combined had begun to exercise over her spirit a fascination to which she was already beginning, half-unconsciously, to yield.

Aglionby's only answer at first to her remark was a look, slow and steady ; but he had looks which sank into the souls of those at whom they were levelled, and haunted them, and it was such a glance that he bestowed upon Judith Conisbrough now. Then he said :

"That remark shows me very plainly that 'petulance,' as you are pleased to call it, forms no part of *your* character ; but I guessed that some time ago. I am glad to have you on my side."

Judith wondered whether he was saying these things on purpose to try her to the utmost. She was glad that at that moment she perceived, on looking at the clock, that she had only a few minutes

in which to get ready, if she were to set off at the time she had appointed with Delphine. Making this an excuse, she rose.

"Are you walking?" he asked. "I am sure you ought not to walk so far."

"Oh, thank you, I have been accustomed to it all my life," said she, going out of the room, and slowly ascending the stairs.

"Child, you look quite flushed," cried her mother. "What have you been doing? Quarrelling with Mr. Aglionby?"

"No, mother. It would be hard to quarrel with Mr. Aglionby. No one could be more considerate . . . but I wish we were at home again. By the way, he will not hear of your going until the day after to-morrow."

"I shall be very glad of another day's rest. I feel dreadfully weak."

Judith made no reply, but put on her things and went out, just as the big clock on the stairs notified that it was half-past two—that is, it said half-past three, as is the habit of clocks in country places—a habit which had perfectly bewildered Bernard, who had tried to get Mrs. Aveson to put it back, but had been met by the solemn assurance that any such course would result in the complete *bouleversement* of all the existing domestic arrangements. Indeed, he saw that the proposition excited unbounded alarm and displeasure in Mrs. Aveson's mind, and he had to admit that in a Yorkshire dale one must do as the natives do.

It was a fine afternoon. Judith walked quickly along the well-known road, and in her mind she kept seeing Bernard's eyes directed to her face, after her own hurried remark about woman's petulance. She could not satisfy herself as to what that look meant, and sighed impatiently as she tried to banish it from her mind.

At last she came to the dip in the road which, with its shade of overhanging trees, its quaint, nestling old houses and cottages, and tiny whitewashed Friends' Meeting House, was known as Countersett or Counterside. Half way down the hill she saw something which banished egoistic reflections, and caused a smile to break out upon her face: a slim girl's figure, with the shabby old gown, which yet always looked graceful,

and the thick twists of golden hair rolling from beneath the ancient brown straw hat. That was no unusual sight, and her heart leaped with joy as she beheld it; but the figure with that figure—not Rhoda's slender height, not her audacious, Irish-gray eyes, and defiantly smiling young face—not a girl at all, but Randulf Danesdale. Surely there was nothing to laugh at, the meeting was a simple one enough; yet on the faces of all three as they met there was a broad irrepressible smile, which soon became a hearty laugh. Instead of saying anything, the three stood still in the wooded road, and laughed loud and clear—light-hearted laughs. The young people of the present day are generally too learned and careworn, too scientific or æsthetic, to laugh very heartily; but in some country districts there are still left a few rustics who can and do laugh loudly at nothing in particular.

It was Judith who first ceased to laugh, and said:

"Why are we behaving so absurdly? Surely there is nothing to laugh at!"

"Yes, there is," said Delphine, her golden-brown eyes dancing. "There is Mr. Danesdale to laugh at."

"Who is too happy to make himself useful in any way," he murmured.

"He hates walking. Coming up this hill he has been so exhausted, that I am glad Sir Gabriel could not see his degenerate son. He came, Judith—Mr. Danesdale presented himself at Yoresett House, and said you had desired him to give your love, and to say that he was to stay lunch, and see that I set off at half-past two, as you had no trust at all in my punctuality. I thought it rather odd, but allowed him to remain. And then he said that part of his commission had been to come with me until we met you, as you know my habit of loitering on the wayside. Rhoda said she didn't believe him, and it was an insult. What I want to know is, did he tell the truth?"

Here the sound of wheels just behind them caused them to turn. Coming down the hill was a dog-cart, which Bernard Aglionby was driving, his man sitting behind him. His piercing eyes glanced from one to the other of the group, till they rested upon Judith. Randulf and Judith returned his saluta-



tion. Then the dog-cart flashed past, and disappeared round a bend in the road.

"Who is that?" asked Delphine, in surprise.

"Our new cousin, Bernard Aglionby," responded Judith, in a sharp, dry tone. At this juncture Randolph remarked that he would not detain them any longer. He wished them good-afternoon, and took his way back to Yoresett. The girls were left alone.

Arm-in-arm they paced about the tiny square courtyard of the equally tiny Friends' Meeting House before alluded to.

"Well!" said Delphine, pressing her sister's arm, with a quick, excited movement, which the other at once remarked, "what is it? I suppose you would not ask me into that man's house, and quite right, too. He looks a stern, hard creature, with his dark face and frowning eyes. How has he treated you?"

"Most kindly. His appearance is a little against him, I think. But had he known that I wished to see you, he would have offered to send a carriage for you, I know. I think he has behaved admirably!"

"Really, Ju! You astonish me! How would you have had him behave? He has got all uncle Aglionby's money and property. The least he could do was to behave with courtesy toward those whom he had supplanted."

"Well, you know, when the will was read, mamma's behavior really was enough to try a saint, let alone a young man with a sharp temper, as he has."

"You seem to know all about his temper very quickly."

"I've had opportunities you see."

Judith then told her sister all about that most unpleasant scene, and her mother's behavior throughout, and how well, as she thought, Mr. Aglionby had behaved.

"You know I did feel inclined to hate him. One does long sometimes to be able to feel one's self an unqualified victim and martyr. And I did then. If I could have sat down, and on surveying my past life and future prospects, could have found that I had been wronged and ill-used all along, the victim of oppression and injustice, I should have been

positively glad, because then I could have railed at every one and every thing, and refused to be comforted. But you know, Del, it is a fatal fact that there are *almost always* two sides to a question."

"I don't see how there can be another view of this question. Surely, Judith, you will not try to make it out to be a just will. If he had never led us to expect—never cheated my mother into the belief—"

"True, my dear. All that is true on the outside. But there is another side to it, and a most miserable one, for us. If what I think is true, it is not we who have to complain. I can't tell you what I think until I am more certain on one or two points. Delphine, I have something to tell you that is not pleasant, I believe I am on the brink of a discovery: if I find myself right, I shall tell you of it, and no one else. Our life will then be still less smooth for us than it has been hitherto, but mamma will make no further opposition to our working, if we wish to do so."

"You are very mysterious, Judith."

"I know it must sound both odd and unreasonable. Well, if, as I expect, I find myself right (I don't know how I can speak so calmly of it all, I am sure), I shall then explain to you, and I am absolutely certain of your agreeing with me that it will be best, not only for you and me to go away and try to find some work, but for all of us to leave Yoresett—sell our house, go to a town and work—even if the work were plain sewing or lodging-house keeping."

"Judith!" exclaimed Delphine, and there was a tone of horror in her voice.

"You will own that I am not in the habit of saying things without good reason?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Then think about this, dear. It would be painful for many reasons to leave Yoresett."

"It would be awful—ghastly," said Delphine, with a shudder.

"Why, Del, that is a new view of the case, from you," said her sister, suddenly, looking keenly at her. "You always used to be more ardent than even I was about it."

"Of course I should be as willing as ever to go, if it were proved to be the

best thing. But we should miss so many things, the freedom, the country air, and—"

"Freedom and country air may be bought too dear," said Judith, with so sad and earnest a ring in her voice that Delphine was fain to acquiesce, with a prolonged sigh of reluctance.

"I will not tell you now what I think," said Judith; "I will give myself time to find out whether my conjecture is wrong, and if so, I will indeed repent toward the person whom I have wronged, though Mr. Aglionby holds strange views about repentance. But if I am right, you and I, Del, will be glad to hide our heads anywhere, so long as it is far enough away from Yoresett."

Delphine made no answer to this. There was a silence as they paced about under the trees, now thinned of their foliage, while the shrivelled, scattered leaves rustled beneath their feet. Scarce a bird chirped. The sun had disappeared; the sky was gray and sad. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Counterside appeared all to be either asleep or not at home. Up and down the little paved courtyard they paced, feeling vaguely that this quiet and peace in which they now stood was not to last forever, that the tiny square Friends' Meeting House, where the silence was disturbed, it might be once a week, perhaps not so often, by a discourse, or a text, or an impromptu prayer from some Friend whom the spirit moved to utterance of his thoughts, that this was not the kind of arena in which their life's battle was to be fought. This was a lull, a momentary pause. Delphine at last broke it by saying:

"You say Mr. Aglionby has strange notions about repentance—how do you mean?"

"Oh, it would take too long to explain. We were talking together on Sunday night—we had supper together—"

"You had! Then you are not at daggers drawn?"

"Dear Delphine, no! If you had been placed as I have been, you would understand how it was impossible for me to remain at daggers drawn with him, besides the disagreeableness of

such a state of things. We dined together to-day. He thinks his grandfather's will was very unjust and—"

"Mr. Danesdale said he was not half bad," said Delphine reflectively. "Then am I to like him, Ju?"

"How absurd!" cried Judith, in a tone of irritation most unusual with her. "As if you could like or dislike a man whom you did not know. He wishes to repair the injustice if he can; to get mamma's consent to some arrangement by which she should receive an allowance, or an income from a charge on the property—or whatever they call it; I don't know whether it will do, I am sure."

"I don't see how it can be prevented if mamma chooses to enter into such an arrangement, Judith."

"Oh, I do, though. I should prevent it, if I thought it wrong."

"You, Judith!"

"Yes, I, Delphine. I think I shall have to prevent it."

"You speak somehow quite differently," said Delphine. "I do not understand you, Judith. I feel as if something had happened, and you look as if you had the world on your shoulders."

Judith looked at her, strangely moved; Delphine was the dearest thing she had in the world—her most precious possession. To-day's interview marked a change in their relations to one another, an epoch. For until now they had always met on terms of equality; but this afternoon Judith knew that she was holding something back from her sister, knew that she stayed her hand from inflicting a blow upon her—which blow she yet felt would have to be dealt.

"I feel as if I had a great deal on my shoulders," she answered, trying to speak carelessly. "And now I must go, Delphine, or mamma will grow uneasy, and darkness will overtake me. And you must run home too."

"Then, the day after to-morrow, in the afternoon, Judith?"

"Yes. Mr. Aglionby has promised that we shall have the brougham. Give my love to Rhoda, and good-night."

The two figures exchanged a parting kiss in the twilight, and went their several ways.—*Temple Bar.*

## "BOYCOTTED."

## SOME EXPERIENCES IN IRELAND DURING LAST WINTER.

BY W. BENCE JONES.

IN order to make the outrage committed on us last winter in Ireland intelligible, it is needful to state shortly why we lived in Ireland, and what we had done there.

I have actually lived in Ireland for thirty-eight years since 1843. For the last twenty years, since our children were of age to require better teaching than could be had in Ireland, I have had a house in London, and came here for three to five months every year.

For the first thirty years of my life my home was in Suffolk, on the very edge of Norfolk, and except for the absences that a public school and university and the bar required, I lived there, as most of the sons of country gentlemen live, and with the same tastes and habits.

When I married in 1843, I settled in Ireland, wholly as a duty. It was very distasteful to me, and still more to my wife. But in those days there was no doubt that it was right to do so.

It was before the great famine of 1846. There was an immense population and great poverty. The estate had been wholly neglected, except for a little I had done on it myself during the previous five or six years. There were not only many poor tenants, but a still larger number of poorer laborers, often unemployed, and whose ordinary wages, when they were employed, were only 6d. per day, or 3s. per week, and even that they were grateful to get. I paid 4s. and was thought liberal.

It was the most hapless and hopeless sea of misery that it is possible to conceive. As to thinking any impression for good could be made on it by the utmost one could do, it was plainly impossible. To try to bale out the sea would have been as likely to succeed; but it was the plain duty of those to whom God had given property in the country, to do what we could, and with that object alone my wife and I went over and settled there three or four months after our marriage.

My Suffolk taste for farming made

living in Ireland less unpleasant to me personally. I had no agent, but managed the estate wholly myself, with a Scotch bailiff for the small farm I then held, whose business it was to go among the tenants and teach them how to grow clover and turnips, of which before they knew nothing at all.

It was in the very height of O'Connell's agitation for Repeal of the Union, and the country was much disturbed.

That I could make a residence in Ireland profitable, by farming myself, and improving land, never crossed my mind; it would have seemed unpractical folly to expect such a result. To rescue the estate from further decline was the most that I thought could be done. In Norfolk, where most of my knowledge of farming was got, it was thought that a gentleman could not make farming pay. The general opinion was, that whatever a gentleman could honestly make out of a farm in his own hands, a responsible tenant could afford to pay him for it as rent, and make a living out of it besides.

For some years before I settled in Ireland I had managed the estate, going over twice a year for the purpose.

Besides being very much out of order, it was much in arrear of rent. The first step was to wipe off nearly all the arrears, telling the tenants that, in future, whatever rent any one had promised, he would have to pay regularly. That no one would be turned out, except for non-payment of rent, or very gross misconduct, and no one's rent be raised during his life. So every one held as if he had a lease for his life.

The rent days were fixed, July 6th and December 6th, as the most convenient periods for the tenants.

The result very soon was great regularity of payment. For years I sat down to receive rents at 11 A.M., and by 3 P.M. half a year's rent was lodged in the bank. There was no pressing, and not a rough word was used. Only good-will and friendliness appeared

on both sides. There were, of course, occasional defaulters, but only from indolence and drink. These were forgiven all the rent they owed, and allowed to take away whatever stock and goods they had, and given a few pounds besides. Their land was applied to enlarge the farms of those who remained and were thriving.

The improvement in the circumstances of the tenants, and the increase in the number and quality of their stock were wonderful. No stranger being brought in, but the land of all who were turned out being divided among those who remained, tenants being turned out became a pleasure to all except the poor fellows who had to leave.

Still the whole system rested on potato growing, and when the potatoes failed, in the great famine of 1846, a number of tenants collapsed. These nearly all emigrated, as did numbers of laborers; we have often since heard of them as doing well. Abatements of rent had to be freely given, till the effect of the famine had passed. Then the same system of order and regularity was resumed. Such order is very much disliked in Ireland, but I attribute great importance to it; it has gone on ever since, and the tenants, with very few exceptions, have steadily prospered. They are much better off than on most other estates near. Some are wealthy men, and a great many are comfortable. My rent has always been easily and regularly paid, and disputes or differences between them and me have been simply unknown.

Of the land given up to me during the famine, much remained in my own hands. I found I could not let it again at the old rent; so, at first, I farmed it myself, with the intention of re-letting it when times mended. But when I found it was paying I kept it in my own hands. The old rents were 17s. per acre on an average. For many years I have cleared a profit of 20s. an acre beyond the 17s.—viz. 37s. Some years I have cleared a total of over 40s. per acre as rent and interest on capital. Of course, improvements of all sorts have been carried on. All wet land throughout the whole estate has been drained, except one bog, from which there is no outfall. Old fences have been levelled, and new ones made. Many cottages for laborers

built, twenty-two good ones of two stories, and great employment given in every kind of improvement. All tenants turned out were offered work, if they chose to do it.

A year ago I had between 30 and 40 men regularly at work, paying £25 per week as wages—£1,300 per annum. We gave 3s. a week higher wages than any one else near. Our farm was flourishing, and so we could afford it, and it seemed a means of raising the condition of our people; 13s. per week included the value of cottage, garden, and potato ground in the field (as much as each had manure for), which together I valued at 2s. per week. These were the wages of ploughmen and all our best men; 10s. a week was the lowest the inferior men got.

In many cases more than one member of a family was employed. One family drew, in cash, for two or three years, 39s. per week. In sickness half wages were allowed, besides other help. A penny club provided blankets and flannel and other clothes at small cost. I have been assured, by one who had good means of knowing, that before we went there no laborer had a blanket, and very few farmers. Now they abound, and even coverlets and sheets. One woman is believed to have taken a blanket every Christmas for over 30 years past. No one can guess what she did with them. Any signs of poverty or want have long been unknown among them. When, now and then, a new family happened to come as laborers, the change in their appearance after a few weeks was striking.

With the laborers, as with the tenants, anything like quarrels or disputes were unknown. A jog now and then, to keep them up to their work, was the most. Every sort of relation between us and them, their wives and children, and my wife and children, were as friendly as can be conceived, and in any troubles and sickness they always came first to us.

The former house on the property had been stolen by a tenant in old times, who used the doors, windows, staircases, chimney-pieces, etc. in a house for himself on land which he had near. I had, therefore, to build a new house on a different site, where I made a



charming place ; and there we lived, in, as far as could be seen, thorough friendliness and good-will with all classes around us, in complete quiet and peace, without a thought of any outrage being committed upon us.

There was not one shilling of arrear due by any tenant. The Lady-day and Spring rents of 1880 had all been paid. The harvest of 1880 was by far the best we had had for 30 years. Every one had planted Champion potatoes, and the crops of them were astonishing. Nothing nearly so good had been known since the famine in 1846. The oats of 1879 had also been good, though barley had suffered. Even then, many had grown Champion potatoes and had very profitable crops. The price of butter had been low, so that 1879 was not a good year for farmers, though much better than 1878.

1878 had no doubt been a bad year, but by no means ruinous. The balance-sheets of my own farm, which was scattered among the farms of the tenants, enabled me to judge accurately what the loss to any was.

Everything went on as usual until the month of November. Our district is usually a very quiet one, and the people of a good sort. We saw accounts of the doings of the Land League in other parts of the country, and we knew a few men, of no weight or character, made a talk on the subject in the towns near, and held some meetings, but they and the meetings were alike contemptible. In November reports began that our tenants would not pay their rents as usual on December 7 ; that only the Poor-Law or Griffith's valuation would be paid. Knowing the men's circumstances, I did not believe the reports ; and their characters made me certain that, however they might be led into it by others, who might make them believe they would gain by refusing to pay, a spontaneous movement of the sort was very unlikely. I therefore took no notice of the reports, and went about among them as freely as usual. None of them said one word to me on the subject, or said they were ill off, or asked for any reduction, or even for time to make up their rent.

About a week before December 7 every tenant received a threatening letter

by post with a halfpenny stamp on it, open at the end, warning him on no account to pay more than Griffith's valuation. Similar threatening notices were posted in the town of Clonakilty and the neighborhood. One night a hole was dug in the grass near my hall door to represent a grave, and a threatening notice was stuck on the door. The hole was about six inches deep ; and as the notice said it was to hold both my son and myself, who are both more than six feet high (he is 6ft. 6 in.) and not slight, it did not appear to be a very practical threat ; so the gardener filled up the hole, and we laughed at it.

The rent day, December 7, was on a Tuesday, and on Monday there was a large fair at Clonakilty, where threats were again freely used. A most respectable old tenant, who was known to be especially friendly with us, and who is rich, and had no trouble in paying his rent, was going home from the fair in a car in the dusk, when three men rushed at him and threw a glass of water in his face, to prove how easily they could have thrown vitriol.

By the side of the road along which most of the tenants came to my house, there were the ruins of an old cabin. In these some men hid themselves on the morning of the rent day ; and, as they saw a tenant coming up, they ran out and thrust before his face a sort of placard on a stick, threatening him if he paid.

It is necessary to know the people and the country to realize the amount of fears such threats caused. Many were threatened four times, a frequency that could not have been necessary had they been known to partake in earnest in the views of the Land Leaguers. It was known that an ill-conditioned inferior shopkeeper, who holds some town fields near Clonakilty from me, was active in the League, and two or three country tenants had also taken more or less part in it. But most of the tenants had nothing to do with it, though no doubt they would have no objection to profit by it, if it was possible without burning their own fingers. That would have been too great a height of virtue for such men to attain.

With very few exceptions, and these caused wholly by drink, they were all

more than able to pay their rent easily. The year, as I have said, had been very favorable in our district, both in produce and prices of all kinds.

At the usual hour for paying they assembled at our gate, and a kind of informal meeting was held, from which, however, some kept aloof. The rents of a few happened to be less than Griffith's valuation. These came in and paid as usual. Altogether I received about £100 instead of £1300.

A deputation of four of the largest tenants then came in, and asked me to take Griffith's valuation. I wholly refused, telling them they had done well at their present rents for many years when times were good, and though times had been less good for two or three years, they had not been bad to such an extent as to make a reduction of rent right; and 1880 had been a capital year in all respects.

Nothing could be more civil than they were, nor did I use a hard word to them. Their chief anxiety seemed to be to entreat that I would not blame them for not paying, and to assure me that it was only the threats that had stopped them. I had had a message from one of these very men a day or two before to say I need not be afraid. He had the rent ready, and would pay soon. Another very old man lingered behind to tell me he had the rent in his pocket, and would pay it if I told him to do so; but he hoped I should not tell him.

Of course I did not tell him to pay, but told him to go home, and leave me the rent in his will, in which way the Land League could not hurt him. At which he laughed heartily.

They went away at last without paying. I told them finally that they could do as they pleased, and I should do as I pleased.

From the window of the room where I sat I could see in the direction of the hall door, near which the rest of the tenants were; but it was plain they were very anxious to keep out of sight of the window. I could see them dodging round corners and getting quickly out of sight in a way that made me laugh. In fact I only got to know from others who were, or were not there.

The whole thing was the most sheepish piece of foolishness ever seen.

I was told when they again got outside the gate, before they separated, a second kind of a meeting was held. One suggested that all should pay Griffith's valuation into the hands of two or three, who should lodge it in the bank; but they were far too wise for that kind of dodge.

Some paid their money into the bank in their own names, and when lately they paid me, sent me word it had been there safely all the time.

During the following days rumors went about that our laborers would all be taken away, because we refused to obey the Land League. As I farm about 1000 acres, and have on them nearly 1000 head of stock, the prospect of having these left suddenly with nobody to feed them was not pleasant. They thought this would surely upset me. A flock of sheep were eating turnips on a hill facing our house, and we used to look the first thing in the morning to see whether the two men whose business it was to cut turnips—put them into troughs, and shift the fold, were still at work.

At last, at the end of the week, threatening notices were sent to all our laborers, including coachmen and gamekeeper, mason and carpenter; and on Monday morning all ceased to work except one who had lately come out of hospital after rheumatic fever. During his illness we had helped his wife and children. My land steward talked to the men during the previous week, and they promised fairly, that come what would, they would not leave our stock to starve. But all went away, nevertheless.

They all stopped word, as I said, except one laborer and two dairymaids. The coachman came for a few days early in the morning, and after dark to feed and do up the horses. The carpenter now and then went to the farm to do small jobs; one of the dairymaids soon gave up work.

So we were left to our own resources. The garrison consisted of myself, my daughter, and son. My wife and another daughter had been obliged to leave home a week before to take care of a younger boy who had scarlatina at Rugby. We had our household servants, all English but one. The gardener, also English, and the one garden laborer.

At the farm were Mr. D. Law, the Scotch land steward, and his two sons, one sixteen and the other fourteen, his daughter and the one dairy-maid. After a time a capital man came, William Brown, whom I had brought over twenty-five years before from Wraxhall, Somerset, as gardener, and his son and daughter, neither very strong. He had been in business for some time on his own account, and was doing a job of building for me in Cork, which was just about to stop for the winter.

Two policemen were sent to our house to protect us; and a large house at the village, a mile off and half-way to the farm, was used as a temporary barracks for four more police. There was room in this house also for four or six laborers, to whom the police were a convenient protection. A drunken tenant had been turned out of the farm a few months before. He would, no doubt, have been reinstated by the mob, as happened to a neighbor in a like case, had it not been for the police in the house. Thus we killed two birds with one stone.

After a fortnight the police authorities added four more men, making eight in all, besides our own two. These kept up a patrol all night about the farm. Our own two men also patrolled near our house.

There were dragoons at Bandon, ten miles off, and once they patrolled out to us, stayed an hour and returned home. They did good, as showing that help could be had if wanted. The talk afterward was that "the country was red with them." After a week or two a company of marines was sent to Clonakilty, three miles off, and they too now and then patrolled in our direction.

I was very anxious to have as little protection as possible, so that if we succeeded in fighting through successfully, it might not be from the weight of protection given us.

It was needful to steer between running any unwise risk of outrage, and being over protected. In the case of the outrage upon Captain Boycott in Connaught, such an army was sent to protect him and his helpers, as made it clear to all that similar protection could be given to very few; the resources of the British Army would have been insufficient for the purpose.

It soon came to our knowledge that at the Roman Catholic chapel of the parish in which my farm lies, after mass on Sunday morning, my laborers were all called into the vestry (or sacristy, as they name it), where was the priest, and a publican from Clonakilty, connected with the Land League there. As is usual in such cases, the priest professed to be ignorant of what they came for, and asked them what they wanted? To this they gave no answer, but the matter soon was opened all the same. The men asked, "Who will pay us our wages?" It was answered, "How much do you get?" To which they seem to have replied truly. The publican then came forward and said they should be paid by the League at Clonakilty, and the priest confirmed him, undertaking to see them paid. One of themselves said, "There must be no black sheep."

Nothing was said as to how long their wages should be paid. This is all that came out. If proof could have been got of it, no doubt it was enough, with what happened afterward, to justify an indictment against the priest and publican for having helped to Boycott us. The government tried to get evidence, but none could be had, as is always the case under such circumstances in Ireland.

Twice in the following week a number of our former laborers were seen loitering about the village. They were joined by the Roman Catholic priest, and some informal meetings were held. No evidence could be got of what passed at them.

I had about 60 head of cattle tied up in stalls fattening. There was a score of very fine half-bred shorthorn bullocks among them, not yet two years old, only half fat, but which, having had cake and corn on the grass all summer, were in beautiful condition, as stores—thriving, growthy beasts that were sure to pay well. There were also between 200 and 300 sheep, fattening on turnips. There were, besides, near 100 cows, 200 ewes, and as many younger sheep (stores), and the balance was young cattle of different sorts and ages.

The Christmas market at Bristol was on the Thursday following; so, for fear of what might come, we ascertained that there was room for them on the

Bristol steamer, and on Monday night sent a lot off to Cork for the Tuesday steamer. We sent all the fat beasts and the score of shorthorn bullocks, 30 in all, so as to lessen by half the number and work of feeding those fattening, and also 40 fat sheep. The half-fat bullocks were to try Bristol market; and if they did not sell well, to go on by train to Sir Thomas Acland, at Killerton, to whom we often send store stock, who was willing to keep what he wanted himself, and his man would sell the rest to advantage. They were so good that my Scotchman said he could have cried, when he saw them turned out of the stalls, that he had not to finish them for the butcher. Getting clear of them of course relieved us much.

In the previous week, having sent three cart-loads of oats in ordinary course to Bandon market for sale, they were followed about the town by a howling mob who would let no one buy them. And they were not sold.

As our stock had to take the rail at Bandon, we feared they would be stopped there by the mob. They started early in the night, the police escorting them, and the Bandon police meeting them there. I suppose they were not expected, as they were trucked and sent off without trouble. The police at Cork were also ready for them at the train. They were driven quietly across the town to the steamer, and put in the pens for shipment. The inspector visited them, and branded them as healthy for export. It only remained to put them on board ship. A mob suddenly gathered. The police arrangements were capital. My Scotchman, on looking round as the row began, could hardly see a policeman; looking again a minute after, a line of them, well-armed, were drawn up in front of the pens. They had been kept out of sight, but near, and were ready when wanted. He then went to the office to pay the freight, there being plenty of room in the vessel near. A managing director was there. A few jobbers, who had stock on board, came in, and objected to our stock being shipped. The director took fright, though this company is the chief steamship company in Cork, connected with many of the chief merchants, and representing them. He refused to carry the

stock, and ordered them to be turned out of the pens.

There they were running about the street, hither and thither, among the mob. My men and the police had great difficulty in getting them together again. In the meantime one of my men bought a load of hay, and brought it to the quay, to be put on board for the voyage. The mob seized on it, and scattered it in all directions. My Scotchman then went to the Glasgow Steamship Company, and asked them to take the stock. Their manager also refused. He then went to the Great Southern and Western Railway, when, after telegraphing to Dublin, they honestly and straightforwardly admitted their liability as common carriers, to take the stock. At last they were driven to the railway yard, which luckily were inclosed with a gate, so that the mob, which still tried to give trouble, could be kept out, and they were trucked to Dublin. As the Scotchman came home a yelling mob followed him to the Bantry station, and had twice to be driven out. It was needful to telegraph to every station up the line where the train stopped, to have a guard of police at it to protect them. At Dublin they went through to the North Wall, where the Liverpool steamers lie, and they were put in the pens for shipment. Till they reached Dublin, more than twenty-four hours after starting from home, they had no food or water. Both were got for them there. But our troubles were by no means at an end.

Two companies run steamers between Dublin and Liverpool. Both hesitated to take them. The Glasgow Company was again applied to, to take them to Glasgow, and wholly refused. In Dublin Mr Goddard, of the Property Defence Association, who has since done so much good by making effective the judgment decrees of the courts of law and neutralizing mob violence, very kindly took the matter up. He went to Liverpool to arrange for selling the stock there; supposing, no doubt, they would be shipped and follow him. They were not, however. A friend—a very distinguished officer in the army, who chanced to be in Dublin—luckily heard of the trouble from me. He soon made out that the two companies running steamers to Liverpool feared that



the other should get the credit with the jobbers and drovers, who belonged to the Land League, of having refused to take the stock; so he caught the manager of one company, and took him in his car to the manager of the other company, and in three minutes got them to agree that each should carry half the stock, thus Boycotting the enemy. They were shipped, accordingly, to Liverpool. The salesmen who were asked to sell them in the market, being Irishmen connected with Dublin, refused to do so, for the same cowardly reason. An honest Scotch salesman was, however, found above such unworthy fear; and they were sold at the following Monday morning's market, having left home the previous Monday evening.

Of course, they had been much knocked about, and looked much the worse for that and bad feeding, especially the sheep, which were first-rate black-faced Shropshires, quite fat. They sold badly. I believe they were killed in Manchester; and I have since heard that in more than one part of London some butchers' shops had large placards stuck up with "Mr. Bence Jones' Boycotted Beef."

To end this part of my story. My solicitor in Cork waited on the steamship company soon after with a claim for £125 19s. for loss and expense in consequence of their neglect of duty as common carriers. By that time they had become ashamed of their conduct, and got to know the contempt they had earned through the kingdom. A check was accordingly sent me for the sum asked. I have heard that the Glasgow Company which refused to carry our stock has been well punished too. Many respectable graziers who were in the habit of sending fat stock from counties near Dublin to Glasgow withdrew their custom from this company, and are believed to have caused it a heavy loss. I have since had no difficulty in shipping my stock wherever I wished.

Though very much relieved by getting rid of the fat stock, we had still very hard work for some time to get food drawn and the rest of the stock properly fed. All stores were turned out in lots, in separate fields, no attempt being

made to house them at night whatever the weather, and it was terribly severe. Turnips and hay were drawn to them in the fields, and they were left to feed themselves, but in truth they were only half-fed; and, in consequence, as there was no one to mind them, they were always breaking out of the fields, and endless confusion and trouble followed. My son and the gardener undertook to manage the fold for the fattening sheep, shifting the hurdles every day; and they were left to eat the turnips off the ground, instead of having them pulled and cut for them. Some hay was drawn for them. But it was long before we could get corn and cake broken.

The cows in December had, of course, shortened in milk, and were drying fast. I had two large dairies. The dairymaid who remained with us managed one at the farm. The other, of forty cows, near our house, was undertaken by my daughter, with the help of the housemaid, who was able to milk, her father being a dairyman. All except twelve or fourteen cows were put dry, and those still milking were brought at night to a cowhouse near, where there was less trouble in milking them night and morning. It was hard work for my daughter, who luckily had learned to milk when a child. In time volunteer helpers appeared who could milk a little, and as all the cows but few were going off their milk, indifferent milkers less mattered. One of the police, whose duty it was to guard her with his rifle, being a farmer's son, and knowing how to milk, got ashamed of seeing her at work, put his gun behind the door and doubled himself up under the cow to milk, which he did capitally. It was a droll sight, two policemen with their guns protecting a young lady milking cows. The cook and other servants in the house undertook to make butter and scald the pans. The butler undertook to feed and water the horses, and take care of them.

Thus we got the concern fairly straight, except that some of the stock were not well fed. Still, none died of starvation, which was the main point. Curiously, from first to last, not a single animal not even a sheep, died, or was ill, though at this time we usually

lost some sheep on turnips upon frosty mornings.

Of course our first object was to get laborers from far or near to feed our stock. At the end of a fortnight we had got enough to do so pretty well. They were a very mixed lot, knowing little of farm work, but were willing. We gave up all ploughing and general farm work, and attended only to the stock.

A nephew came over from London to help us, duly armed with his revolver. We bought a lot more revolvers. The police were very helpful and willing.

We had one lot of laborers in the same house with the police, and another lot in an empty cottage we chanced to have near the farm. And we began to see good hope of winning through successfully. During the first part of the time there was much excitement among the Land Leaguers and in Clonakilty, and constant inquiries from all coming from our direction, whether we were not going to yield? and when we should do so? They were quite sure, with so heavy a stock, we could not get on after our men had left us. Unluckily for them, the only point our minds were quite made up on was that, whatever the loss, we would not give way a bit. This, of course, caused much disappointment. There were plenty of the sneaking suggestions that always abound in Ireland, that it would be better to make a settlement with them and concede something. But we held on our own way.

The moral effect of my daughter and son, whom they knew well, putting their own hands to the work, and persevering in it, was great; and encouraging rumors began to come back that we were going to win. Neighbors came to see us, full of thanks for the stand we had made, and for our not giving way; and telling us we had saved them from worse trouble and more loss. Some said my daughter and son had given them a lesson in working, which, when needful, they should not forget.

And, though there were many drawbacks, and ups and downs, and at times the pressure was hard to bear, still there could be no doubt but we were doing right and doing good.

Early in our trouble, sympathy from

England began to arrive in every sort of form. Letters from old friends and new friends. Old acquaintances, and many we hardly knew, or did not know at all, from all classes of men, offers to come over and help us, positively poured in day after day.

One friend, son of a great engineer, wrote that he had 400 of the best navvies in England at work, and would bring us over as many as we liked, adding, significantly, "They won't want any one to protect them."

The head of a college in Oxford sent me word twenty of his undergraduates were ready to start for us any day.

Two gentlemen whom I did not even know by name, wrote to ask who was my banker, one offering to place £1000 to my credit, and the other a large sum, which he did not specify. I was too thankful to be able to tell them I had no money troubles.

Such confidence and kindness I often thought no one ever had shown him before. It was hard to refuse such goodwill, but our only want was farm-laborers, and I fear I vexed some of our friends by saying we could not receive them and make them comfortable. Some wrote to say they did not want to be comfortable, but meant to rough it in every way, and were almost indignant at my idea of entertaining them.

When I wrote a letter to the *Times* describing what had happened, this brought us still more sympathy and goodwill, in newspapers and other ways. No doubt we never thought of giving way. Had such a thought been in our heads, no one above the condition of a cur could have yielded an inch after the encouragement we received. The knowledge that such numbers of Englishmen sympathized with us, and cared for us, was a support beyond words. One of the prettiest letters was a sort of round robin written on Christmas Eve from a whole family, seemingly of no high position, near London, saying little more than "God speed you, and bless you."

Thus we dropped into the routine of our struggle for six weeks. The orders the police had were to guard any of us whenever we left the house. This they did, with double-barrelled guns loaded with buckshot, a much more satisfactory weapon for the purpose than a rifle, be-

cause depending less on the policeman being a good shot. If we had been fired at, it was sure to have been close. They are not good enough shots to trust to long shots, and our guard with buck-shot at 50 yards was safe to hit his man.

I was so busy from 10 A.M. till 4.30 P.M., when the post left, answering the multitude of letters, that I seldom had time to go out. My son and daughter were much more out, and had to be guarded in the same way. We were not allowed to go to church even on Christmas morning, though there were the three of us, all carrying revolvers, without our two policemen and their guns.

I never, myself, believed there was much danger; the district is a very quiet one, and its people too, but, of course, where some were in correspondence with the League at a distance, and knowing, as we did, the character of many of its members, it was not possible to tell what outrage might be attempted by men of that sort.

For the first week or two my inclination was to laugh at the whole thing. The idea of such a barefaced outrage on all the laws and habits of a civilized community at the end of the nineteenth century was absurd and childish, and I found myself laughing at it ten times a day.

As the excitement went off the pressure of anxiety and care wore us, especially as minor troubles occurred. One could not sleep well at night. One went to bed in such a state of indignation with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Forster for having allowed law and order so to fall into abeyance, that the first thought on waking was to vent one's wrath on them, at least in words. Twenty times a day one exclaimed, "Surely the Government of England cannot allow its peaceable subjects to be thus outraged," and the vexation, as we realized that it was intended to allow it, was very painful. My daughter's patience at last gave way; and, without saying a word to any of us, she wrote a letter to Mr. Gladstone, telling him in a simple, true-hearted way how much he was causing us to go through; and begging him to consider what it must be to such as she was, to be unable to see her father or brother go out, without feeling uncertain whether they would not be

brought home wounded or dying. Of course, she got no answer, but a formal one from his secretary.

The Land League tried its usual device of cutting off our supplies of provisions. This caused us very little trouble, and we easily defeated it. It a little plagued some of our people, a few shops refusing to sell them what they wanted. But other shops in Clonakilty soon sent us word we could have whatever they had; and, as there was a railway station at Bandon, ten miles off, by writing a note to Cork for anything, it came out addressed to a friend at Bandon; and a second note to him, asking him to keep the goods till we could send for them, or to send them out to us himself, settled all. We had, thus, no trouble in these respects, except in getting beer for the servants, and we even got one cask of that sent to us.

We had to feed the laborers who came from a distance, as they had not wives with them to cook, and this caused much trouble and some expense. But they could not have bought food for themselves; so there was no choice.

Then there were other troubles. Scarlatina broke out in the Scotch land steward's family, brought from Cork by one of his daughters. His eldest boy was for some days between life and death, which caused us sad anxiety, and lessened our workers. Again, we had some very severe weather twice, which added much to the labor of feeding the stock in the fields. Two or three laborers knocked up with cold, and we were again very hard pressed for men.

I had to write to Dublin to Mr. Goddard, of the Property Defence Association, and get down four laborers from Co. Cavan to help us for three or four weeks. Though the opinion of all the laborers of the neighborhood was strongly with us—and they never ceased to express their contempt for the folly of our former men in leaving us when they were getting such good wages—yet very few were willing to face the Land League and join us. They came and talked and promised to come, but shirked at last, except a few. This is kept up to the present time: as often as the League hears of new men coming to us, though we have now in substance enough, and only engage specially good

men, the League tries to choke them off, and sometimes succeeds. It no longer really hurts us, but it shows their ill-will.

It is the same with tenants. Many have paid their rents, but the League still holds small meetings, and is not ashamed to get the tenants to whine for some small concession, after having treated me as they have done—even wealthy tenants, who I have reason to believe actually have their rent in the bank. I have therefore directed writs to be issued against three of the large tenants who are best off. Last July two of these three came to me and said they had no money and could pay no rent. A few weeks after, as soon as Mr. Forster's Compensation Bill had been thrown out by the House of Lords, when there had been no time to make money, one of these, whose half-year's rent was £49, came unexpectedly and paid in large notes: large notes being a sure sign that the money had been lying by. Two days after, the other, hearing his neighbor had paid, came in a hurry to pay. His half year's rent was £67, and he paid it with Cork butter dealers' checks, dated before the time when he declared he had no money to pay with, thus showing his statement was only a lie. This is what we have to deal with in Ireland, and in support of which the help of Parliament is asked through Messrs. Parnell and Co.

When the Land League began its outrages on us it made a collection of money in the neighborhood in support of it. Collectors in each parish were appointed, and all unwilling to subscribe were threatened. Some of those who were threatened came to consult me, if anything would happen them if they refused to pay? I told them I believed nothing would happen them, so they did refuse, and nothing happened them; and, when the list of those who paid was published in a local paper, I was very much thanked for having saved them the discredit of appearing in the list.

The Land League Collection is believed to have amounted only to £60.

I had stated publicly that I paid £25 per week wages, but one effect of the universal want of truth in Ireland is, that when anybody does tell the truth, he is sure not to be believed.

So they thought themselves strong with £60. But the first pay day cost them over £20; and, as I showed no sign of yielding within three weeks, it was plain how long the £60 would last.

My laborers were paid in a public-house in the town by a man from behind a screen, who was invisible; after the fashion of the man in the moon, who pays bribes at elections.

After one or two pay days they changed the manner of payment for fear of the police, knowing well they were breaking the law.

The usual result followed of paying wages near public-houses. Most of the men got drunk, even those we thought respectable and steady. It was painful to hear of such men staggering about the town and falling in the gutter, with their wives trying to persuade them to go home.

Some of those who had thus left us were old men, quite past their work, who had been with me thirty to thirty-five years. I had gone on paying them their full wages, the same as they had in their best days—viz., 13s. per week, though the real value of all they could do was not worth half that amount. I did so from mere kindness. There had never been a shade of anything but goodwill between us. Yet those men went away, leaving my cattle to starve, though they had no connection with the tenants or the League, except through the priest's influence.

The Roman Catholic curate of the parish of Clonakilty, son of a common farmer a few miles off, whom I had known for many years, was one of the chief movers in the Branch Land League. He went to Dublin to try and get money from the Central League there, to carry on the war with me. It is believed he got very little, but some small sums were got from branches of the League in other towns in the county. In this way payment to our men was kept up, more or less. Yet our men were always in fear and distrust as to what they would get, and for how long. It is believed some money was also got from America.

The payments went on more or less until March, and then ceased. What the unhappy laborers have done since I cannot think. They had been looking



miserable ever since they ceased to work. My Scotch land steward told me, though the men did no work and got their wages, you would think they were falling away to bags of bones.

They were living in my cottages rent free, so by the advice of the Land League they set up a claim to be cottier tenants, and that I could only turn them out by ejectment. The object was to hinder me from using the houses for new laborers. I had to summon them before the Petty Sessions, when it was soon decided that they were only permissive occupiers, and under an Act of Parliament they were obliged to leave. To most of them the loss must have been very serious, even if they found new employers.

We have thus got our cottages, and are gradually getting new and better laborers into them. And the ultimate result is likely to be a large saving in the cost of labor on the farm, by our only keeping really good laborers. This amounts, we think, to £60 per annum at least.

From the first outbreak we made up our minds to change our manner of farming, by leaving more of the land in grass, for which the climate is so favorable. The expense for labor on the farm would thus be much less, and the net profit larger. The new plan of giving cake to cattle in the summer on the grass, has been answering wonderfully with us for the last year or two. This we shall carry much further.

I have so far put much money into the land, especially and intentionally in employment. All will now be changed, and what will pay best be the only end aimed at. My own opinion and that of Mr. Law, my very experienced Scotch land steward, is that a much larger profit can be secured by keeping more land in grass. So I shall need shortly, much fewer laborers still.

When the outbreak occurred, our sixty acres for turnips this season, 1881, had all been ploughed and cleaned and laid up for the winter, ready to sow in spring. This is now being done. In ordinary course we should have ploughed up sixty more acres of grass last winter for ley oats. Instead, we only ploughed one field of twelve acres, that wanted it.

We shall thus soon have nearly all our

land in grass. It has been so well manured for years past, that in our climate, with the stock eating plenty of cake, it is likely to do well.

Early in our trouble we began to be tormented by newspaper correspondents seeking interviews. They came from far and near, London, New York—everywhere. Some were worthy, intelligent men, others snobs. We had nothing to conceal, so I was inclined to be quite open with them, and tell them all we knew. This answered well with those who were worthy, but with those of the wrong sort, from inaccuracy and by embellishing into untruth what they were told, and by giving names that had been told them in confidence, they caused me much annoyance. Quite the best of these, and thoroughly worthy, was Mr. Becker of the *Daily News*; and the most offensive was the correspondent of the *Standard*. It will show the sort of man. He came on Sunday, and having seen the lady's-maid going in by the back door from church, he mistook her for her mistress, and entertained the readers of the *Standard* with a description accordingly. For some cause he took offence, and his account of us and our doings was as hostile as he could make it. I did not chance to see the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, as I was busy when he called. But my son saw him and answered all his questions. He was a gentleman, with a secretary to write for him. After leaving us he went to the young Roman Catholic priest at Clonakilty, whom I mentioned before. We have a few tenants who are not thriving, almost without exception in consequence of drink, which is one main curse in Ireland. In the small town of Clonakilty, with rather more than 3000 inhabitants, there are more than 40 public-houses. Since I first lived near it I have striven heartily to lessen this number, and I have reduced them from 47 or 48 to about 40. That is all the effect of a life's work on that point. In the autumn of 1879 I had only five tenants who had any difficulty in paying their rents. Every one of these drank. One was a mere rake, who lived at the next public-house. I have more than once seen his corn standing in the field unreaped at Christmas. It was too bad to

be worth paying laborers to cut, and he was too lazy to cut it himself. Once his wife got so much ashamed of it that she took a scythe and cut it. Husband and wife are young able people with one child, a boy. Another was a publican in Clonakilty, and held 20 acres outside the town. He came to me before harvest to say that his son and daughter-in-law were so drunken, that shortly before she had got him down on the floor in the house, and seized a kettle of boiling water to pour over him. If he reaped the corn they would give him none of the proceeds, so if I would give him his potatoes, and those he had let in Con-acre to the townspeople, and half the corn after I had reaped it, he would give the land up to me, to which I agreed. The other three bad tenants who drink are still on the estate. The priest took the correspondent of the *New York Herald* to some of the worst tenants, who, of course, had many complaints to make; also to the holders of some town parks who pay good rents for accommodation-land, and the complaints and high rents of these people were all taken down as grievances, though many of the tenants are wealthy men.

The Roman Catholic priest wrote letters to some of the London papers, not only containing these complaints, but representing them as the ordinary state of my tenants; and adding a number of mere inventions not having a shadow of truth about them, but worded in such a way as might give me annoyance, whether they were contradicted or not. His letter only appeared in the *Times*. Other editors destroyed it.

I took care to contradict his statements in such a way as gave him the reverse of satisfaction, so that a very able man here said to a friend, after reading my answer, "Well, there is nothing now left for them to do but to shoot him."

In due time, since I got to London, I have seen the *New York Herald* with a full page of a report about us. The facts follow in the same order as in the priest's letter, so as to leave no doubt they had a common origin. But all is exaggerated and embellished, and a large number of additional untruths are added. There are very few good things I ever did, which it is not declared I did not do. And as many things I

never did, because it would have been wrong to do, I am stoutly asserted to have done habitually; while my son and daughter, too, are abused in the grossest way, accused of untruth, and much else. Anything so vulgar and unworthy as the whole report could not be conceived. This report was then copied into the Cork Land League and Roman Catholic papers; it is easy to guess from what influence.

But the end was gained. The report appeared in America about the middle of January. It was known that money to pay our laborers was then running short, but more soon came over from America, it is believed, and they were able to go on paying the men for some weeks longer, until March.

Long before this time, the certainty that we had won made it easy to bear any abuse. We had men enough to work the farm, though they were not the right sort. For example, we had two stout lads from an industrial school in Cork; they were set to help with the sheep. One of them, in carrying some hurdles on his back to shift the fold, managed to fall down, with his arms and legs stretched out, like a spread eagle, and the hurdles on the top of him, fairly imprisoning him as if in a cage, and there he had to stay till somebody else came, who lifted the hurdles off him. The land steward declares that having sent a horse and cart one day on some job with two men, they managed to upset it into a puddle and the horse only just escaped drowning. He often expresses a low opinion of the patience of Job, asking whether Job was ever Boycotted, and had to carry on a large farm with such men as he could pick up. Another day the other lad managed to fall on his face in a heap of stiff mud, and emerged leaving his likeness in it, to the great amusement of those who saw it.

We let the Cavan men go home. The land steward's sons recovered from scarlatina. The courage of all who had stood by us or helped us grew confident. And after several weeks we were able to thank God that the trouble in substance was over.

For ourselves we never lost heart. Much the worst part, all through, was the anxiety whether more outrages might not be committed, that would

practically defeat us, hold out as we might. Outrage was the only chance the Land League ever had of success, joined to the contemptible fear of each other, which is so remarkable and curious a fault in Irishmen. There is positively nothing of which they do not believe their own countrymen and neighbors to be capable.

No doubt our resistance prevented many others from being attacked, and defeated and exposed the ignorant vanity and want of sense of the people, who thought themselves to be irresistible. If we had yielded they would have fallen with tenfold violence on our neighbors. I was told afterward by one who had means of knowing, "If they wanted to Boycott you again, they would think ten times before they tried it." The only other they tried it with, in the County Cork, in earnest (except on the border of Tipperary), was Mr. Hagarty, a large and most improving tenant-farmer at Millstreet.

A very intelligent and able land-agent, who thoroughly knew the country, said to me lately, "You are the most improving landlord in Munster, and Hegarty the most improving tenant, so they chose you two out to Boycott you." I left home when the trouble was over, because there was no more good I could do there, and I hoped things might settle down better in my absence. But I or my son are ready to go back at any time if wanted. Knowing the tenants and their farms, almost every field, thoroughly, I can direct my solicitor what to do in enforcing rent and dealing with tenants.

The Land League, of course—as silly people of that sort always do—keeps up all the petty spitefulness it can. I could not take back the laborers who had left me, except a very few who were especially good and quiet; so they paid a lawyer to try and hinder me from getting the use of my own cottages for other laborers. They are also still trying to prevent my tenants from paying rent. A good number, however, have paid, and more drop in weekly. On the whole, I expect no serious present loss, and in future gain.

I lately sent four fat cattle to be sold at Bandon fair. In consequence of our precautions, three were sold before they

found out they belonged to me. They stopped the fourth: it had to be sent home.

William Brown—who, once our gardener, had stood by me—had a house just outside Bandon, and in front of it a very pretty garden where he could gather flowers every day in the year. His son-in-law and daughter live there since he came to me last winter. They came one night, pulled up the paling and hedge, his box edging, and all his flowers, and broke thirty-eight panes of glass in his house, only because he worked for me.

The kindness and sympathy we have received from every one in England, both during the time of our trouble and since, far exceed anything that could have been looked for, or was deserved by us. That a man, not far short of seventy, should have had such a chance at the end of his life of winning the good opinion of his countrymen, passes any reasonable expectation, and must be a cause of thankfulness as long as I live.

In Ireland it suits the purpose of the Land League to tell lies about me, for the very same reason that it suited the Roman Catholic priest to do so. They hope that some will believe them, and so their lies will neutralize some part of what I say, and the influence I might have. I am not myself afraid of much loss of usefulness in this way.

I have several times been met by men of position who know both countries well, and have said "I am so glad they attacked you. It was very lucky, and has done good many times greater than if they had attacked others of greater social position than yours, but who were less well-known in England. So many know you, or know about you here, that your wrongs have damaged them greatly." This is rather of the nature of having one's head broken by their precious balms, like King David, though one is forced to agree to the truth of what he said.

But I must come to a close. One moral I wish to draw. The outrage upon me was tried in order to force me to reduce my rents. The movement was wholly from outside, and not at all spontaneous from my tenants. It was, in substance, wholly the work of a few Roman Catholic priests, as has been the

case in so many other places where they were unchecked by their ecclesiastical superiors. What I should have lost would have gone into the pockets of my tenants, who were not poor, nearly all being well off before. After all, their outrage thus only put me to some inconvenience by postponing the payment of my rent. I shall get the most of it, except of a few tenants, who will beggar themselves by the delay, and have to give up their land.

Then they thought to injure me by taking away all my laborers. Again, they caused me some inconvenience and present loss, which will, as I have said, be more than repaid by more economical working in future. But they have injured the unhappy thirty laborers who left me greatly; very few can get as good places as they had with me. None can get better places; for I was always ready to raise their wages when times made it right, or any one showed exceptional industry. Thus the true loss of the whole disturbance has fallen on the laborers, and no one else. It has brought home to me more clearly than I saw before that none are really so much interested in law and order as the laboring classes. Though others may have more to lose by a disturbance, they do not, like the laborers, lose their daily bread.

I would further observe that this outrage has been suffered to go on in the end of the nineteenth century—in these wonderful days of education and inventions, of railway, and immediate communication by telegraphs, without one single offender being punished for it. I am not entering into party politics. I believe party politics are the cause of half our troubles. Men of both sides are thinking of their party, and the effect this or that will have on party interests; and forgetting the good old honest principle that the interests of England are those of truth and honesty, and are immensely above all party considerations, and that by keeping these principles alone the happiness of all classes can be promoted.

Any who endured such an outrage as we went through last winter in Ireland, cannot help feeling this to their heart's core.

Rely upon it the Irish trouble is not

caused by any real grievance, but is nothing else than the outcome of the low moral and social state of the people. Here in London there are few who do not know the condition of a great many Irish that live around us. Many have lived here from childhood, and have never even been in Ireland. Why do they differ from the English and Scotch among whom their lives are passed? Is it possible they can be improved by yielding to their bad habits and bringing down all around them to meet their low ways? That is just what we at least resisted in Ireland. We simply acted in Ireland as we should have done in my native county of Suffolk, or my wife's county of Somerset, except that we have made not a few sacrifices to do right by living there. Yet Mr. Gladstone can venture to say we should have done more good, if we had acted more according to the usages of the Irish. Can he know what Irish usages are? They are such as I have described in this paper.

The result has been, every effort has been made by many of those around us to destroy as much as possible the good we have done. And persecution and hatred, and the coarsest of ill-speaking and falsehood, have been used toward us personally, in hope that if they cannot upset what we have done, they may deter others from doing the same.

The one thing that is required of any Irish Government is, that it should punish crime. When coercion is denounced in Ireland, it only means the wish that crime should be unpunished.

There is no need to make hay new crimes—i.e., to make anything a crime that has not hitherto been a crime. There is no need of any extra punishments; all that is wanted of coercion is, that the same offences which a judge and common jury would punish as a matter of course here, should somehow be equally punished in Ireland.

By the scheming and ingenuity of the people, offences are not now punished in Ireland. As several judges stated at the late assizes, however clear the evidence, juries will not find verdicts against many criminals. Trial by jury is made only a means of insuring that culprits shall escape punishment.

Witnesses, too, are intimidated by threats of violence.



Can any sensible man doubt, when such things happen, that the law must be strengthened enough to insure the punishment of such offences, unless society is to be broken up and barbarism put in its place?

In Canada, in consequence of many Irish being there, and having the same faults as at home, when a jury willing to act honestly cannot be found, offenders are tried before three judges without a jury.

Intimidation of witnesses can only be met by the Habeas Corpus Act being suspended.

The true question is, whether honest, quiet men like myself are to be punished and injured with impunity in the manner I have described, or those who commit the outrages on them are to be made amenable to the law of the land, as all men are in England, and the same punishment to follow the same offences in Ireland, as would fall upon those who committed them here?

Let me say, in conclusion, prosperity

can only come in Ireland or anywhere else, by true and honest dealing. Industry and uprightness will rule the world.

With the habits of drinking, and debt, and untruth, and want of industry that now prevail there, no possible change can do them any real and permanent good. More employment and better wages, for which the undrained land of the country gives full scope, are the best way of helping, with industry and uprightness, to make the country prosperous.

I beg every one to think over the facts that I have stated, and to ask himself if people who could act in this way are the simple innocents in favor of whom all the sound principles of free dealing that have ruled among us for thirty years past are to be set aside, that they may be protected in doing to others, who may be less able to resist than I was, the same outrages they tried to inflict on me?—*Contemporary Review.*

#### A REVISER ON THE NEW REVISION.

BY THE REV. G. VANCE SMITH.

In the following remarks on the revised version of the New Testament it is scarcely necessary to say that I propose to speak only as one of the multitude of readers usually designated as "the public," to whose perusal and judgment the work is now at length committed. Although from the commencement a member of one of the Revision Companies,\* I have no right to speak as from any special knowledge which that position may have given me; for it was a rule acted upon throughout that the work done in the Jerusalem Chamber, as well as the opinions expressed by the members, with the results arrived at, and the grounds on which changes were either made or left unmade, should all be considered "private and confidential." This rule was understood to apply to all that took place, and it was carefully observed—except only as regarded such little details as were given each month in some of the newspapers, respecting

the days of meeting, the members present, and the passages gone over from time to time.

While this was the case, however, it is equally true that every individual member of the company is left now at liberty, in his private character, to judge and criticise the completed work of the whole body of revisers. The results arrived at were determined by vote, as the preface to the volume now published informs us; no alteration being finally made as against the Authorized Version except by a majority of two to one of the members present. The minority, however, although outvoted, were not supposed to be also silenced for all future time, or prohibited from expressing their dissent or the reasons for it; but, on the contrary, naturally retained their right to do so, on and after the publication of the volume. Of this privilege I propose simply to avail myself; but I shall endeavor of course to guard against any breach of the understanding

\* So called after the example of 1611.

indicated by the old and familiar words "private and confidential," printed upon all the different sections of the work, as they were successively issued for the use of the two companies during the progress of the revision. I have nothing therefore to tell respecting anything said by any one at the meetings, or the numbers of the votes given either for or against any alteration made, or anything of this kind. I have simply to take the work as it is now issued, and, so far as may be practicable within the limited space at my command, to express my own individual judgment on the new text, basing this simply upon such general knowledge of the subject as is familiar, or easily accessible, to every critical student of the New Testament.

The volume which gives occasion to these remarks is a handsome octavo of 594 pages, without counting the preface or the American suggestions, which will make up some forty to fifty pages more, according to the size of the edition in which they are printed. The work professes to be "the version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient authorities and revised A.D. 1881." This latter date might have been more fully given as A.D. 1870 to A.D. 1881, for the task has been close upon eleven years in hand, including the time occupied in printing, having been commenced on the 23d of June, 1870, and being now published on the 17th of May, 1881. Time enough certainly for its preparation, enough too for no small amount of elaborate over-correction, such as I greatly fear many readers will find in its pages.

The preface forms a very interesting and valuable introduction to the volume, and to this our attention must in the first instance be turned. After giving a brief account of the origin and character of the Authorized Version, the imperfections of which are fully acknowledged, it proceeds to speak of the formation of the two companies for its revision, and of the rules that were laid down for the execution of their undertaking. These were drawn up in May, 1870, by a committee of the Convocation of Canterbury,\* and were in substance

as follows: (1) To introduce as few alterations as possible . . . consistently with faithfulness; (2) Alterations to be expressed in the language of the authorized and earlier English versions; (3) To go twice over the work; (4) The text to be adopted to be that for which the evidence is decidedly preponderating; (5) To make or retain no change on the second or final revision, unless *two-thirds* of those present approved of the same, but on the first revision to decide by simple majorities; (6) Refers only to postponement of a decision in certain cases; (7) To revise the headings of chapters and pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation; (8) When considered desirable, to refer to others not in the company for their opinions. It does not appear from the preface that

berforce, the Prolocutor Dr. Bickersteth (now Dean of Lichfield), Deans Alford and Stanley, and Canon Blakesley (now Dean of Lincoln). This Committee had authority to invite the co-operation of others 'to whatever nation or religious body they might belong'—a wise and just provision considering the interest which all sects and parties have in the book to be revised. Accordingly, the following were invited to take part in the work:—Dr. Angus (Baptist), Archbishop Trench, Dr. Eadie (Scotch United Presbyterian), Rev. Dr. Hort (of Cambridge), Rev. W. G. Humphry, Professor Kennedy (of Cambridge), Archdeacon Lee, Dr. Lightfoot (now Bishop of Durham), Professor Milligan (Scotch Church), Professor Moulton (Wesleyan Methodist), Dr. J. H. Newman (now Cardinal), Professor Newth (Congregationalist), Dr. A. Roberts (Scotch Church), Dr. Vance Smith (Unitarian), Dean Scott (of Rochester), Dr. Scrivener, Dr. Tregelles (Congregationalist), Dr. C. J. Vaughan (now Dean of Llandaff), Professor Westcott. To these some additions were subsequently made, namely, Bishop Wordsworth (St. Andrews), Dr. D. Brown, (Scotch Free Church), Dean Merivale. The last named withdrew from the work before it had made much progress. Dean Alford, Bishop Wilberforce, Dr. Tregelles, and Dr. Eadie all died previous to 1876; and Dr. Newman declined the invitation. On the death of Bishop Wilberforce, his place was taken by Professor (now Archdeacon) Palmer. The number of members has throughout been about twenty-four, of whom the average attendance has been sixteen, during the ten and a half years of working time. The Company has met monthly, under the presidency of Bishop Ellicott, ten times each year, with one or two exceptions only, and has made a total working time of 412 days, of about seven hours each, to say nothing of the time necessarily spent in private study connected with the work. Clearly the revisers deserve a good name for application and industry.

\* The following members of Convocation constituted this committee for the New Testament:—Bishops Ellicott, Moberley, and Wil-

this last rule has ever been acted upon.

In these rules two features are very prominent: first, the extreme care for the Authorized, which was not to be altered except by a vote of two to one of the members present from time to time; secondly, the great care as to the style, that is to say, the words, in which alterations were to be made; for these were to be limited, as far as possible, "to the language of the Authorized and earlier English versions." These two rules should have been sufficient, if known, to allay the apprehensions of some notable opponents of the project of revision, one of whom spoke of the revising process as if it were the same as putting the Bible into a crucible and recasting it; or again, as laying it on the table of the anatomist and dissecting it. Archbishop Thomson was reported in the papers of the day to have expressed himself to this effect in his speech against revision in the York Convocation. He thus spoke much as if he were not aware that honest men who did not deliberately intend to misrepresent their original would be guided by the laws of the language from which they were translating; or as if he thought that a body of men appointed to the work, such as the Westminster revisers, were likely to corrupt or mutilate the English Bible under the pretence of removing its manifold and everywhere admitted imperfections. The Earl of Shaftesbury in a letter to the *Times* expressed himself with equal disfavor or hostility to the work. A revision of the Bible, he feared, would dilute and lower its style, would modernize and Frenchify it. Such anticipations were perhaps excusable on the part of a layman who may be supposed to be but slightly acquainted with the nature of the work to be executed. But they were not to be expected from a man professedly learned in the Scripture, although I am half inclined to confess that in several respects the results which have been arrived at in the volume as now published go some way, if not to justify, at least to illustrate the doubts and fears of those who were against revision. But yet it will be seen on consideration that the adverse anticipations alluded to could not, by the nature of the case, be largely fulfilled. The rules just cited

show at least that they ought not to have been fulfilled in any serious degree. Perhaps I ought to add that the two eminent opponents before named, if they had supported the project of revision instead of opposing it, might possibly have exercised a salutary influence upon the work and prevented some of the more objectionable changes, of which I shall have to speak in the course of this paper.

It is singular at all events, and worth noting, that gentlemen could be found, who, while professing to receive the Bible as the "inspired Word," the very "Word of God," could yet be satisfied to go on placing it before the world, in tens of thousands of copies annually, in an imperfect form, with all its well-known false readings and errors of translation. It would almost appear that they looked upon the English version, errors and all, as "given by inspiration of God," for on what other principle could they rationally object to its correction at the hands of earnest, religious, and competent men—and surely no others were likely to undertake such a task?

The fourth of the above rules was one of primary importance. "The text to be adopted," that is to say, the Greek text to be followed, was to be that for which there was "preponderating evidence." This meant, in effect, that the revisers were to form their own "text" as they went on, judging according to the evidence of the "readings" that offered themselves. This was the only rule that could be laid down in such a case. It would indeed have been easier at once to adopt a critical text, as that of Griesbach, Tischendorf, or Tregelles, and relying upon the judgment of the editor to have followed him implicitly, without further investigation. But to do this would have been to attribute to any text so adopted a degree of authority which it might not deserve. Even the best of editors—with all reverence be it said—is not infallible. Griesbach is, indeed, one to be most highly esteemed for breadth of knowledge and soundness of judgment, but he had not in his hands all the materials possessed by later scholars; and Griesbach's theory of recensions tended sometimes to lead him astray. A similar remark applies more or less, *mutatis mutandis*, to any other critical au-

thority that might be named and so it remained for the revisers to look at the various readings for themselves, to estimate their value in their own way, and to follow their own judgment. This it will no doubt be found that they have done carefully, and with sound results. But the task entailed labor, and would take much time; not so much perhaps as might be thought at first sight, at least by ordinary readers. For the materials for judging of the comparative value of readings have been wonderfully brought together, simplified, and systematized by the careful labors of the last hundred years in this department of learning. Almost every various reading of any importance in the Greek manuscripts, as well as in the ancient versions and the quotations so largely made by the church fathers, has been noted and set down at its proper place in the great editions, so as to enable a modern critic to judge for himself as to the originality of the text in any given case.

Such being the fact, the labors of the revisers in this part of their work were greatly lightened and simplified. Indeed, it will be found that alterations in the English translation rendered necessary by change of text in the original are comparatively few. Moreover, it must be said that, numerous as are the differences of readings found in the manuscripts as compared with each other, they are commonly of very small importance in point of meaning. In multitudes of cases they are so trivial as to be scarcely capable of exact expression in a simple English rendering, or they are scarcely worth expressing. And so it results that alterations in the English version of an important character, arising from difference of original reading, will not exceed a few dozen in number. The great mass of changes will be found to consist of corrected and closer renderings of the old Greek text—the Textus Receptus. Thus it further appears, that the terms in which critical works are apt to speak of different “texts,” and “readings,” and “types of text,” are a little misleading. Differences there are, no doubt; and there are manuscripts which run together in groups—some exemplifying one class of differences, while others agree in exemplifying another—the standard of comparison

being the Textus Receptus. But such differences after all are, as just said, but slight; insomuch that the reader who has only the old Greek text in his hands is in possession, through that, of every substantial statement and doctrine of the New Testament. This fact is too apt to be lost sight of; but it is worth remembering, although it by no means justifies the opposition to revision that was raised in certain influential quarters; nor indeed was this the *ground* on which opponents professed to stand in speaking as they did. They have to their credit, so far as appears, nothing but a blind impulse of opposition to change, through fear of changing for the worse, although all the probabilities of the case so plainly lay in the contrary direction.

It was no part of the duty of the revisers, however, to form a *new* Greek text, nor have they, as the preface is careful to note, attempted anything so considerable. But something very like this has been done, nevertheless, as the result or accompaniment of their labors. For it is announced by the University Presses that an edition of the Greek text is to be at once published, incorporating all the readings followed by the revisers, and giving the displaced readings at the foot of each page. This work is not, however, prepared by the revision company itself, but by one or two of their number at the request of and for the University Presses.\* It may be anticipated that this volume will in all important points be in substantial agreement with the text of Tischendorf, or perhaps even more nearly with that of Westcott and Hort. The work will, however, necessarily be inferior in value to that of Tischendorf, inasmuch as it will not furnish the manuscript and other evidence relating to the preferred readings.

The preface goes on, after stating the rules as above given, to speak of the way in which they have been carried out. “These rules it has been our endeavor faithfully and consistently to follow.” “Faithfulness” to the original,

\* A second work of a similar kind is to be the Greek text used in 1611, with the variations from it given at the foot of the page. This will be edited by Dr. Scrivener; the other by Archdeacon Palmer.



it will be remembered, was to be the great and dominating principle; but, consistently with this, the alterations were to be "as few as possible." I must frankly say at once, I do not think this fundamental rule has been observed so well as it might have been. The alterations, in my own humble judgment, are not "as few as possible," but rather the *contrary*; and in many cases, while minute and literally accurate, they seem to be so in such a way as even to run counter to the very principle of faithfulness to which they ought to have been subordinated. My meaning in this statement will become clear as we proceed.

The character and extent of the revision are indicated by the statement of the preface itself as to the nature of the alterations which have been made. These are enumerated under five heads: (1) alterations from change of reading; (2) where the rendering of the Authorized was incorrect; (3) from obscure or ambiguous meanings to others clear and express; (4) alterations for the sake of consistency of rendering, that is, to make words and passages harmonious or parallel in the English which are so in the Greek; (5) alterations by *consequence*, or arising out of changes already made, even though not in strictness required by the general rule of faithfulness. These various grounds, it will be admitted, are just and reasonable in themselves; yet when we come to the details of work in which they are exemplified, too much is found to which exception is to be taken, and probably will be taken, even by the most tolerant and sympathizing critic—if a critic, in such a case, can or ought to be tolerant and sympathizing.

It will be convenient in what follows, in the first place, to take the order of the preface in the illustrations which it gives of the mode of proceeding in the different classes of alteration just enumerated. Then having done this, we may proceed to notice a few of what may be termed the more special and salient features of the new text. The great mass of little changes will necessarily be passed over unnoticed. Most of these will, of course, be found to be rightly and carefully done, although a great proportion of them may be held at have been uncalled for. These will be considered

by most readers as mere intruders, breaking in upon the old familiar music of the Authorized, and doing so without any gain of sense by way of compensation—nay, sometimes even with a loss.

In exposition of the method of proceeding we are told, first, that where a word is found to occur in a book with characteristic frequency, care has been taken to render it uniformly, so as to exhibit the characteristic word in *one* way, as far as possible. This was obviously a just principle, too much overlooked by the translators of 1611. It has been duly carried out in some instances, as, for example, in the rendering "straightway," a favorite word of the second Gospel. It is much to be wished that the same principle had been equally well remembered in words of greater importance. But of this more shall be said by-and-by.

The rendering of the tenses, we are next informed, has been carefully attended to. The results are not always happy. The Greek aorist is too often represented very baldly, by a correspondent indefinite past—the old and fuller rendering by *have* (which is often quite as correct) being rejected. Thus, Matt. 10: 8, "Freely ye received," for "freely ye have received;" Luke. 19: 17, "thou wast found faithful" for "thou hast been found faithful;" John 17: 4, 6, "I glorified thee on the earth," "I manifested thy name." So it is many times through this chapter, and in numerous other cases. In all of them I venture to think the old renderings were mostly preferable, not only in sound, but in aptness to the context and to the general character of the passage. That the old renderings read better probably no one will dispute. The change to a greater formal accuracy is therefore dearly bought, and was in truth not worth the price paid for it. This kind of alteration will often strike the reader, and generally with an unpleasant effect, while yet it may be hoped that it will in time become familiar, and perhaps agreeable.

But more than this: it cannot be doubted that in the use of the tenses in New Testament Greek there is very much of the Hellenistic influence. Men whose native language was so closely akin to the ancient Hebrew, and to

whom Greek was only an acquired tongue, would not be likely, ought not to be expected, to have used the varied and copious tenses of the Greek verb with the freedom or accuracy of a Xenophon or a Thucydides. This is abundantly seen in the Septuagint, and also in the Apocrypha; and why should it not appear in the New Testament? The fact is that it is extremely visible and undeniable. The same general cause accounts for many instances of awkwardness of expression, not only in connection with verbal forms, but in the use of other words. It is much to be feared that our revisers have not made due allowance for all this. The consequence is that, with great literalness of rendering, they have not always well brought out the sense, and they have certainly often produced rough and jerky effects, which it would have been better to avoid. This is exemplified in such renderings as Matt. 5:22, "hell of fire" (of which more hereafter), with which compare Rom. 8:6, "mind of the flesh," "mind of the spirit," compared with "sinful flesh," (5:3); why not "flesh of sin" also? So Rom. 8:21, "liberty of the glory," and many similar cases. The clumsiness of such renderings as John 4:23, 24, will strike most readers. The fault, indeed, here is not from the needless rendering of any Hebraism, so much as from a quite gratuitous literalism, by which nothing in point of sense appears to be gained.

In reference to the rendering of the article similar remarks may be made. As the rule, it is too often expressed. This sometimes injures the idiom of the English, and in truth impairs or misrepresents the force of the original. What, for instance, is gained in Matt. 5:15, "Neither do men light a lamp and put it under the bushel, but on the stand." The article is used to generalize as well as to render definite; and it may be so here, as the words are closely connected with a general precept. If so, then *a* is better than *the*, and the change made in the Authorized is uncalled for. In Rom. 3:27, we have a contrary case, the article left out by Hebraism, but better retained in the English, though absent from the Greek, "a law of faith." Here the word exemplifies the common Hebrew usage of the

omitted article with a noun which is qualified and rendered definite by another noun, even without any article, as in the two first words of the first Gospel. The over-rendering of which I am now speaking often occurs; thus, Matt. 6:25, "Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment?" The sense would have been given by omitting the article rather than retaining it with *food* and *raiment*. So Matt. 7:24, 25, "the rock;" "a rock" is more suitable to English idiom; as in 2 Cor. 12:12, where the Greek is τὰ μὲν σημεῖα τοῦ ἀποστόλου, rendered "the signs of an apostle." Here the generalizing force of the article is recognized, and the rendering is correct. In this case, the form followed in Matt. 5:15 and elsewhere would not have been admissible, showing us that the change there was unneeded, and that the Authorized is right.

The worst case of this kind is perhaps in Matt. 8:12 and the parallel places, "There shall be the weeping and gnashing of teeth." The wonder is that, with the strange zeal for literalisms which appears to have animated the revisers, they have not given us here *all* the articles, "the weeping and the gnashing of the teeth." This would have been too much; but the rendering followed is almost as unjustifiable. Probably it was adopted because of the reference to the end of the world or age, which some think may be referred to in a previous verse (5:11). Granting this, still how is this shown by keeping the article before "weeping"? In truth, the addition only weakens the phrase. "Weeping and gnashing of teeth" is a terse and idiomatic expression, about the purport of which there can be no mistake, whether it be referred to the second coming of Christ and the last things, or whether it stand alone, without any such reference. "There shall be the weeping" is poor and feeble in comparison. There is, as observed before, too much of this literal accuracy, tending not to strength but to weakness, and, in too many cases, impairing the faithfulness of the English, regarded as the representative of the Greek. Matt. 7:6 is a bad case of this kind: "neither cast your pearls before the swine." Are we to suppose that the writer had some definite

animals in view, and was speaking, therefore, of *them*? Or is it not that in this precept he simply generalizes by means of the article, and so renders his precept in a sense universal in its spirit?

The preface goes on to speak of the rendering of pronouns. Particular care, it is stated, has been taken in their expression (or non-expression, if absent in the Greek), and in regard to "the place they occupy in the sentence." This refers to such cases as that in the example last given; "cast your pearls." The Authorized has: "cast ye your pearls." But the Greek is without the word "ye," and so the revisers have left it out! But then it is latent in the verb, and many readers will think that the English sounds better with it, while nothing is gained to the sense by leaving it out. In other cases no doubt the effect is happier, and the correction is rightly made, whether by the omission or the insertion of the pronoun.

The next paragraph relates to the particles, in which "uniformity of rendering" has been carefully observed. But so much as this can scarcely be said in regard to the point following. This is the rendering of the prepositions, of which the familiar *ἐν* may be more especially instanced. In the New Testament this word is constantly used after the manner of Hellenistic Greek, and can only be understood when attention is paid to the way in which the Hebrew Beth is expressed in the Septuagint. It is constantly used of the *instrument*, frequently of the *manner* or *accompaniment*, and also of the *cause*. The instrumental force of the word the revisers have sometimes recognized and sometimes not, and this quite arbitrarily, for anything that appears. Even where they have recognized it, they have done so apparently without confidence, and have actually given a margin, to inform the reader that the original was *in*, as if there was some mysterious virtue in this little word, which it was feared might be lost, unless it were duly noted that the original meant *in* and not *by*. An early example to this effect may be seen in Matt. 3:11: "I indeed baptize you *with* water, . . . but he that cometh after me . . . shall baptize you *with* the Holy Ghost." The original is *ἐν*, but, as here used, we have it

in its usual Hellenistic sense, denoting the instrument or means with which; and why, therefore, should it not have been so rendered without a comment which tends only to perplex? The rendering in the text is the true sense, here as so often elsewhere. So far as the English is concerned, the marginal "*in*" would have been simply wrong, and it was needless to say anything about it. I hope, however, that no Baptist friend will take offence at this view of the case!

In some places, however, the original *ἐν* has been retained—that is to say, its English equivalent has been used. The result may speak for itself; we have it, for example, in Heb. 1:1, "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of these days spoken unto us in *his* Son:" "*in* the prophets," "*in his* Son." The word here surely denotes simply the instrumental agency. It can mean nothing else according to the Hellenistic usage, of which the New Testament is so full. The change from the Authorized seems, therefore, to have been quite uncalled for, and the words as they stand tend only to puzzle a reader, imparting also an awkwardness to the passage, which does not appear either in the Greek or in the Authorized. This comes of too great literalness in translating, combined with too great readiness to forget the peculiar character of New Testament Greek. The same idiom occurs in Matt. 9:34: "By the prince of the devils casteth he out devils." Here the translation is correct, but it is carefully noted that the original of *by* is *in*. But, if it be so, what else can it *mean*? as, indeed, is seen in Luke 11:20: "If I by the finger of God cast out devils"—literally, "*in* the finger of God." Is it not inconsistent to omit the margin here, seeing that the use of *in* in this case would appear to be even more singular than in the other, and must there not, therefore, on the principle of literalness, have been some reason for using it? In truth, there is nothing remarkable in such cases. The word occurs quite normally as a usual way of expressing instrumentality, and it could not have been correctly Englished by any other word than *by*. This is re-

cognized in 1 Cor. 4 : 21, "with a rod;" but why is the marginal warning inconsistently omitted?

The new rendering of Heb. 1 : 1 has just been quoted. It will very probably be regarded as one of the least happy passages in the new text. It is extremely literal certainly; but in this lies its fault, while it gives no improvement upon the Authorized in point of sense, none at least that is worth speaking of. The phrase "divers portions" is the only one which conveys a little more of the original meaning than we had before, but the difference is so small that many readers will remain insensible of the gain arising from the disturbance of the old and familiar words. The new fact stated, or intended to be so, is that the communications made by the prophets in old times were not made all at once, but in separate and successive portions. This is little different from what was at least suggested by the "sundry times" now displaced. Again, the words "*his* Son" ought certainly to have been corrected into "a Son," as in the margin. Former revelations were by prophets, the latter by "a Son." The Logos in Christ was "a Son," one of many such according to the philosophical conceptions of the time, and according to the developed Logos doctrine familiar to Philo a century before the Epistle to the Hebrews was written. So that the Greek here is in harmony with these ideas, which its English representative is not. But modern theology takes a different view of this subject from that which would be familiar to the writer to the Hebrews, and therefore the superfluous *his* of the Authorized is retained. It is much to be wished that more of the passage in its fine old English form had also been retained; for example, not only the preposition *by* but the old rendering of the verbs, and the words displaced for "at the end of these days," which scarcely yield an intelligible sense. In this passage it is too clear that the English reader has lost much and gained little by the revision.

It is unnecessary to speak with equal detail of the particulars enumerated in the remainder of the preface. The revisers being directed to make their alterations, as far as possible, in the language of the authorized earlier English ver-

sions, have carefully done so, thus preserving uniformity of literary style and color. Archaisms have been removed, where they seemed to occasion misconception of the meaning; otherwise they have been left. Cases still appear, however, in which an uncouth archaism might better have been changed. The form "for to" before the infinitive is now only a vulgarism. The form "to us-ward" seems clumsy. The inversions of words sometimes give strength and variety to expression; in such cases they are rightly left; but there are instances in which they are objectionable in English, and would seem to have come in from the German of Luther, with which our earliest translators were familiar. Such forms as "then fell she down straightway," "neither went I up to Jerusalem," "then departed Barnabas for to seek Paul," are in accordance with a well-known German idiom, but hardly with good English usage in our day. Nor are they pleasant reading.

The marginal notes, we are informed, represent a large amount of careful and elaborate discussion. This will readily be believed. The remark will most probably be made that this part of the work is a little overdone. Marginal notes in particular giving alternative renderings, as well as those giving more exactly the force of the original, are too numerous. The fault is perhaps on the right side; but yet it tends to perplexity when renderings occur even in the margin which really convey little sense in themselves, or when they add nothing that assists the understanding of the text. What, for instance, is the use of the frequent margin "Or, *in*?" or of this, "Gr. *before the face of his entering in*" (Acts. 13 : 24), the full meaning of the Hebraism being already in the text; or of this, "Or, *until*," added to the right rendering "for a season?" Or of this, "Gr. *impress*" (Matt. 5 : 41); or of this, "Gr. *dig through*" (Matt. 6 : 19) or of this, "Gr. *take alive*" (Luke 5 : 10); in all these cases the true meaning, the apt and intelligible meaning, being given in the text. There are multitudes of marginal notes equally trivial and equally useless. On the other hand, there are cases in which a margin would have had great interest and some impor-



tance, but it has been omitted. For example, in 1 John 5 : 7, the spurious words, "the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," are, with the connected words, quietly dropped out of the text, no intimation of this being given to the reader. Of course he can find out the omission for himself, if he should compare the old with the revised version, or if he should remember that the words were there once. But it would seem to have been better work to have given notice that there was here so great a change. This has been done in Mark 9 : 44, 46 ; and it is duly indicated that the concluding verses of the second Gospel are of doubtful authenticity, as well as the section of John, from 7 : 53 to 8 : 11.

Several other matters of less moment are next referred to, and their treatment explained ; namely, the use of italics, the division into paragraphs (the old verse numerals being retained), the mode of printing quotations from the Old Testament, the punctuation, and lastly, the titles of the books. On these it need only be observed that the mode of giving the quotations from the Old Testament does not appear to be a very successful experiment. The printing in parallelisms spoils the uniformity of the page too much, and was not worth adopting, unless the parallelism was a good one. In many of the cases it is very imperfect ; and, indeed, passages that are purely prose have been broken up into parallelisms for no other reason apparently except that they are quotations from the Old Testament. It has been overlooked that large portions even of the prophetic books are as prosaic as prose can be.

As to the titles of the books, the revisers have "deemed it best" to leave them as they were. Perhaps, this was unavoidable ; but it is a pity nevertheless, for to the common reader a sanction will appear to have been given to statements which, to say the least, are in several cases extremely doubtful, and in some unquestionably wrong. "The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews" ought not to have been left ; for what manuscript authority has it ? And surely a majority of the revisers themselves would not have voted it to be a justifiable addition to the sacred text.

The remainder of this paper may best be occupied with the consideration of a few renderings of special interest and importance in the new text, which may serve too to illustrate and to justify the preceding remarks.

We come at once, on the second page of the volume, to instances which cannot be passed over without critical comment and question. "Holy Ghost," Matt. 1 : 18. On this, the first occurrence of these words, we have a marginal note, "Or *Holy Spirit*," and so throughout this book. Such is the usual form of notice to the reader at the first place in each book where these words are found. But the question is inevitable, Why was not the word "Spirit" taken into the text and adopted as the rendering of the Greek *πνεῦμα* ? It is a good word, of rich and comprehensive import, and it corresponds to the original in a way which cannot be alleged of the term used. The Greek word is found in a multitude of cases standing *alone*, that is, without any connected adjective or equivalent word. In such cases, "Ghost" cannot be used. Hence the necessity, arising from the use of the latter, of having *two* words in the English version to represent the single word of the original. This consideration itself affords a strong reason against the introduction of the word "Ghost" at all. For why employ two terms when a single one is sufficient ? The one referred to is an impracticable kind of word, and may indeed be said, like many other things, to be growing obsolete, except only in ecclesiastical use.

It will be found, however, that in a few cases in the earlier books as here revised, the Authorized "Ghost" has been changed into "Spirit." On what principle this has been done does not appear ; but it would almost seem as if it had been intended to make the change in cases in which *power* or *influence* was supposed to be mainly denoted by *πνεῦμα*, and in others, to which a personal character was presumed to belong, to leave the Authorized as it was. If this were the case, the revisers would seem to have abandoned the task of discriminating between the two significations as beyond their power, or they may have turned from it shocked, perhaps, at the daring of their own hands in making

such an attempt. The Authorized, it may be noticed, has the rendering "Holy Spirit" only in some three instances, so that the translators of 1611 were at least fairly consistent in what they did, which is more than can be said for their successors of 1881. The present revision has kept these three instances, and added to them about half-a-dozen others (as Luke 2:25, 26; 4:1; Acts 2:4; 6:5). There may be a few more, but nothing is said in the preface as to why the change was made. Of the three places in which "Holy Spirit" occurs in the Authorized, and which our revisers have retained, one has been treated in a remarkable way. It is Ephesians 4:30: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye were sealed unto the day of redemption." I purposely quote the Authorized, that the proceeding of the revisers here may more clearly appear. It would of course have been intolerable to say "Holy Ghost" in this case; but yet, while rightly retaining the Authorized "Spirit," the revisers have so far departed from it as directly to suggest the personal meaning, by their treatment of the relative pronoun connected with it. They have rendered, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed." This of course, is in harmony with the mode of rendering the preposition *iv* followed in other cases, and so often given in the margin, as before pointed out. It is also in harmony with the established theology on the subject; but it is the exact opposite of the common usage of the revisers in their translation of the relative pronoun personal: "Our Father *which* art in heaven," and so in nearly all similar cases, the archaic "which" being persistently preferred to "who." Against this use of "which" the American revisers remonstrate, the seventh of their suggested corrections being that *who* (or *that*) should everywhere be substituted for it. The old word, however, is not unpleasant to the English ear, and there was no occasion to change, and nothing would be gained by the change, except a certain modernizing of the old and well-accepted word. But, if *which* might do for "Our Father," why should it not have served for "Holy Spirit?" why, except more distinctly to suggest what is not in the original,

namely that the word *πνεῦμα* has here a personal meaning. I am sorry to ask the question, but it is unavoidable, not only in this case but in others which are related to it. Moreover, as to the words "In whom ye were sealed," what do they mean? Have they any intelligible meaning? Can any intelligible meaning be assigned to the Greek, except the obvious instrumental sense so constantly met with? "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God by which ye were sealed"—by the reception of which, or the inspiration of which, ye were marked out, set apart, secured as disciples unto the expected day of the second coming. Such is clearly the sense of the verse, but it is missed altogether by the new version.

Returning, however, to the rendering "Holy Ghost," it may be observed that the English is perhaps the only existing version of importance in which the word *πνεῦμα* has received a twofold equivalent. It will indeed be said that the two renderings are identical in value. But this is surely not the case. "Ghost" has far more of the personal force in it than the other, and far more than the original *πνεῦμα*, which indeed is entirely without it, except sometimes in a certain figurative sense. At any rate the words are so different that there are multitudes of instances where *Ghost* cannot be used at all and *Spirit* can. The former can only be written with one particular adjective, and in one single phrase, whereas the word *πνεῦμα*, for which it stands, is used with various adjectives and in all sorts of connections. We can say the Spirit of God, but not the Ghost of God; the Spirit of Christ, but not the Ghost of Christ; the Divine Spirit, the eternal Spirit, the almighty Spirit, but we could not substitute *Ghost* in any such cases, without a shock to the reverent feeling of a reader. It is vain therefore to say that the two words are of identical force and meaning; and it is much to be anticipated that the judgment of the public on this crucial point will fail to recognize in the revisers that judicial freedom from theological bias which was certainly to be expected from them.

The personal turn so gratuitously given to the pronouns in connection with the word "Spirit" is visible in other instances besides the one just mentioned.

Thus in Rom. 8 : 16, the Authorized has "the Spirit itself beareth witness." This has been changed into "the Spirit himself," although the Greek for the last word is, of course, the neuter pronoun αὐτό. In such cases, and there are several of them, the true faithfulness would have been, not only to render by *Spirit* everywhere, but to have kept (or introduced) the neuter pronouns, *it*, *itself*, *which*. I do not indeed deny that a quasi-personality is occasionally attributed to πνεῦμα. It is so in Rom. 8 : 16, for to bear witness is the act of a personal agent. But the same kind of personality is attributed to charity (love) in 1 Cor. 13 : 4, 5 : "Charity suffereth long, and is kind, . . . doth not behave unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not provoked" But *here* the revisers have not thought it necessary to keep up the personal idea in the pronouns. They have actually changed the Authorized personal pronouns feminine into the corresponding neuters; they have even given us "seeketh not its own," instead of a correct rendering of the Greek, "seeketh not *her* own." This, we might be ready to believe, has arisen from oversight or accident. But the same kind of change—a change, that is to say, in a certain direction and with a certain visible tendency—occurs in other instances, and it is much to be regretted that this should be the case.

Another example of the same perverse method of proceeding occurs in Matt. 1 : 21, in the force given to the pronoun αὐτός. This word is sometimes used in the New Testament Greek without any special emphasis. Often indeed it means "himself," or carries with it some equivalent meaning; but it is used also for "he" simply, and with no greater force. This is recognized by the revisers in Matt. 12 : 50; 16 : 20; Luke 5 : 17; 19 : 2, and in other instances. Has the pronoun any greater or more special force in Matt. 1 : 21? The Authorized has "he shall save his people from their sons;" the revised reads, "it is he that shall save his people," giving a very special emphasis to the pronoun which was quite adequately expressed by the word "he." It must be admitted, however, that the best authorities have taken opposite sides on the question whether αὐτός ever occurs in

the New Testament with the simpler meaning. This may be so, though it would seem to be strange enough to have a doubt on the point. It is clear, at all events, that the revisers were ready to throw the benefit of the doubt in a particular direction, small as its value is, and in truth hardly worth reckoning—not worth reckoning at all, so as to jeopardize the credit of the revision for the strictest "faithfulness."

Passing on to the next page we come to the rendering of Matt. 2 : 1, "behold wise men from the east came to Jerusalem." So in 2 : 7. In this case the revisers have preferred the alternative expressed by the words "as few as possible" to that of "faithfulness" (Rule 1). The original here does not mean "wise men" at all! It is the word μάγοι, magi or magians, as the margin informs us. But why not place a word of such distinct historical import and interest in the text? Was it not one of the main objects of the revision to make corrections of this kind? The Magians were a sacred order among the Persians and other ancient oriental peoples. They were priests, soothsayers, and interpreters of dreams, and to have their approval or recognition was important to the character or success of any undertaking. So these great personages come seeking "the child Jesus," and desire to "worship him," the greatest act of homage that they could offer him. To designate such men as merely "wise" is to rob them of all their distinctive value. They were "Magians" whose testimony to the new-born Christ would in the estimation of all beholders, at once establish his Messianic character. This is no doubt what the evangelist intends us to understand in introducing so particularly and carefully the fact of their visit to Bethlehem. But our revisers have strangely left all this out of sight. For some reason, best known to themselves, they have rubbed out the historic coloring of the passage, by putting the right word in the margin, where it will not be read, and the wrong one in the text, where it will.

Perhaps it will be thought that this may have been done out of consideration for ignorant readers who would only have been puzzled by so strange a word as Magians. But the admission of

a new word would have had an obvious advantage. It would have given occasion to such readers to inquire what it meant, and so probably to extend their knowledge. At any rate, it would seem to be as reasonable to substitute the right word for the wrong one here as to have changed the old familiar "deputy" in several cases into "proconsul," Acts 18 : 12, etc. It may be noted, too, that in Acts 13 : 6, 8, the word *μάγος* is rendered after the Authorized by "sorcerer;" so that the harmonizing spirit, which has led to important changes in several instances, has here been off its guard, and a word of a comparatively vague and colorless character has been allowed to represent one that is very definite and distinctive, as much so, perhaps, as the words "publican" or "pharisee."

We come next, passing over various minor points, to three instances in which the new rendering "the evil one" invites our attention. In Matt. 5 : 37, we read, "Let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil one." The margin runs, "Or evil: as in ver. 39; 6 : 39." This tells us that affirmations which are stronger than Yea, yea: Nay, nay, are the suggestion of Satan. Can this really have been the speaker's meaning? Such a saying looks too like the utterance of mere fanaticism, to have come from the lips of that calm and gracious Teacher to whom the words are ascribed. But then consistency of rendering would seem to have required the assimilation of the rendering here to that adopted in Matt. 6 : 13, "Deliver us from the evil one;" for, if this be correct, the same rendering could hardly be refused to the identical words\* in 5 : 37, although, strange to say, it is refused to them in 5 : 39, "Resist not the evil man." Why then is consistency sacrificed here? Something may be reasonably allowed for the context, and this may have determined for "man," rather than for "the evil one." But if so, why was not the same regard for the context allowed its weight in the Lord's Prayer? For, let it be observed, although the words *τοῦ πονηροῦ*

may be grammatically rendered "the evil man," "the evil one," or "the evil," i. e. "evil" in the abstract, yet the expressions immediately associated with the phrase in the Lord's Prayer require the last of these meanings and exclude the two others. There is no question that *ὁ πονηρὸς* is used for Satan, as in Matt. 13 : 19, comp. Mark 4 : 15: but this meaning of the words is here determined not only by their certainly masculine form, but also and still more by the immediate context. This clearly requires a personal agent to make the sense complete; and so it is in one or two other cases, where the personal meaning appears to be intended—as, perhaps (not certainly), in 1 John 5 : 19. But in the Lord's Prayer (to which John 17 : 15 is in this point parallel), there is no necessity of this kind to fix the personal meaning. On the contrary the associated words and ideas exclude it. "Forgive us our debts," "lead us not into temptation," and immediately afterward, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses:" debts, temptation, trespasses, are all words of a general or quasi abstract meaning, with no personal meaning at all. To these words "evil" is parallel, but "evil one" is not so. This would appear to be in itself a sufficient reason for leaving the Authorized alone, and putting "evil one" in the margin as no doubt a possible alternative. It was certainly a sufficient reason on the principle of the first rule, to make the changes "as few as possible."

But there is other and even stronger ground than this. The words *τὸ πονηρὸν* occur twice in the New Testament with the general or abstract meaning, as similar phrases often do in classical writers. The two places are Luke 6 : 45, "The evil man (*ὁ πονηρὸς*) . . . bringeth forth evil" (*τὸ πονηρὸν*); Rom. 12 : 9, "abhorring evil" (*τὸ πονηρὸν*). These cases are beyond question, and they would abundantly have justified the retention of "evil," as in the Authorized form of the prayer. But then Satan was a personage of supreme importance with the old Church Fathers, as indeed he still is with no small number of modern theologians. They saw him and his bad influence everywhere, as they are still seen by multitudes. Hence the incredibly superstitious notions which the same

\* The preposition in Matt. 5 : 37 and John 17 : 15 is *ἐκ*; in Matt. 6 : 13 it is *ἀπο*.



Fathers held respecting the actual present exercise of diabolical agency in their own day, and in some cases, as they believed, under their own eyes. Any one may see the evidence of this by referring to an easily accessible book, Conyers Middleton on the Miraculous Powers, in which it is shown, by the citation of their words, that the Fathers held the belief in Satan in the most gross and superstitious form. They make statements on the subject which are incredible, and could only proceed from ignorant and inconsiderate men. As a matter of course the Greek Fathers read the Lord's Prayer by the lurid light of such ideas.

Naturally, therefore, to such men the words under notice could mean nothing else but "the evil one;" and accordingly a long series of passages may be drawn from their writings, in which they appear to assent to and accept this interpretation of the words. Of course, as Greek was their native tongue, it must not be said that the words cannot mean what these writers tell us they mean. But they were not infallible. They were very much the contrary; and the probability is, when all the considerations bearing upon the subject are duly weighed, that the Fathers were wrong, and that they were simply misled to interpret the words as they did by the superstition of their times, the bondage of which weighed so heavily upon themselves. At the same time it is not to be questioned that the belief in Satan was held by the "Teacher" himself; but it is not necessary to hold that he embodied it in this passage of his teachings. It would then have been perfectly reasonable out of regard to the probabilities of the case, to put "the evil one" into the margin, in the usual way, for the use of such as prefer it; but it does seem to be unpardonable to lower the character of this otherwise beautiful and comprehensive prayer by introducing into it for modern use so gross and unspiritual an idea—to do this, too, without absolute *certainly* that it is correct. And that such certainty did not exist, even in the minds of the revisers themselves, is shown by the fact of the alternative rendering which they have placed in their margin.

Another passage in the same neighbor-

hood calls for a few remarks—remarks again not of approval but of disapproval and protest. Matt. 5: 22, "shall be in danger of the hell of fire"—and so in two other instances. In the Authorized Version, "hell" is the rendering of two different words, *Gehenna* and *Hades*. The latter of these is to be no longer so expressed. Being a proper name, it is left by the revisers untranslated; and so the revised text will be enriched by a new word—new at least to the English Bible—the word *Hades*, which will be found to occur eleven times. This treatment of the word, in as much as it is a proper name, is correct; but then *Gehenna* is a proper name also! Why, therefore, has not this been retained, but rendered by the ugly word "hell?" And "hell of fire" seems especially objectionable, for two reasons: first, only one kind of hell is known to the New Testament, while this phrase suggests other hells of a different nature, thus indirectly and quite needlessly importing into the Christian books the conception, of certain Pagan mythologies, as to hells of a variety of kinds;—secondly, the added words "of fire" (or "of the fire"), are they more than a simple Hebraism? If not, the meaning of the expression "*Gehenna of fire*," is most probably "the burning *Gehenna*," and no more. The reader may see a similar form in Luke 18: 6, "judge of unrighteousness," properly Englished by "unrighteous judge."

The probability of this interpretation arises from the nature of the case. *Gehenna* was the name of a valley near Jerusalem. The word by its Hebrew etymology means "valley of Hinnom," an ancient name found in the Old Testament (2 Kings 23: 10; 2 Chron. 28: 3). In former times it had been the scene of idolatrous rites and of human sacrifices to the god Moloch. Hence to the later Jews it was a place of abomination, and to mark its character it was defiled by the various refuse of the city there thrown and kept burning that it might be consumed. A veritable place of fire, deserving of its name and reputation! where amidst corrupting matters worms too might live, until the all-consuming element swallowed them up. Thus there was here literally a *πῦρ αἰώνιον*, an age-enduring fire, an

"unquenchable fire"—a place "where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." (Mark 9:43, 48).

It is easy to understand that, Gehenna being such a place as this, it would become the representative, in popular speech, of the place of punishment reserved for the wicked and the unbelieving, who were doomed to destruction at the final judgment on the coming of the Messiah. The ungodly should be cast into the burning Gehenna and consumed: it does not appear that they were to be *kept alive*, burning for ever, this being a later addition to the ancient conception. The ideas associated with the mediæval hell—such as may be seen painted on the wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa—are unknown to the Gospels, and have only been added to the original name in its modern form by the lively imaginations of speculative theologians. In other words, the representation of "Gehenna" by "hell" is clearly unjustifiable, because this terrible word now suggests ideas of horror and misery which have no foundation in New Testament usage, when due regard is paid to the origin and history of the word Gehenna. It might have been expected that a body of revisers such as the Westminster Company would have been able to raise themselves above the popular conceptions of our day, and would have given us a rendering of the words in question which was fairly based not upon the long-descended notions of the darkest ages of mediæval

superstition, but upon the just historical considerations which are applicable to the subject. Those who expected so much as this, it is a pity to think, will be disappointed; and so it is reserved for a future revision, if ever such a thing shall come to pass, to do justice to words and thoughts which, in connection with this subject, have been so long misrepresented—to the sore discredit, with many thoughtful minds, of the Christian Gospel.

But here, leaving many interesting passages, changed or unchanged, without comment, I must bring this paper to a close. Whatever the imperfections of the revised version may be, still, it must be admitted, the revision is a good work accomplished. It will at least awaken thought and stimulate inquiry, in quarters in which these have been too apt to slumber. It breaks the spell which the old Authorized had thrown over the religious world, or at least the English Protestant part of it. People will no longer look upon the English Bible, chapter headings and italics included, as if it had been dropped from heaven just as it is; and perhaps it will be more easy than it was to get a truth of modern science into the heads of ordinary religious people, even in the face of apparent difficulty arising on the side of the Bible. This will be a gain to the cause of truth and reason which all truthful and reasonable men will be glad to see.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

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#### AMONG THE DICTIONARIES.

TIME was, in literature, when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment, for the short interpretation that should make passages in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear; and there was no need for more. By the lip, could be solved the mystery coming from the lip; for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near.

It ended, this. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts,

had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools whence scholarly help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped round him to be taught; and each, at some word, at some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant cornerstone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling-block, hindering him. The treasured MS. was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee, perhaps, a scroll laid open upon a desk, leaved, and la-

boriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering him sadly, he had to turn its words from the Greek, from the Hebrew, from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect, familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it: there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pore over his MS. afresh. It might be Missal, it might be Commentary, Treatise, Diatribe, Epic Poem, Homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning of the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the pains-taking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this *gloss*, above each word, each phrasing, that had given him trouble; and then, thenceforth, and for ever, such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been made, magically, to disappear. Good. The goodness must be manifest at once. Only there is a fact remaining, requiring acute indication. At the very first word the very first of these conscientious old-world scholars thus glossed or explained, the seed was sown of the new-world dictionaries; and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading, in this very to-day.

Perhaps this may seem remote? Short work will be enough to show how it was done. Pupils, or call them young or less-instructed associates, of a master, had again, and after a lapse of time in greater numbers, to be dispersed. After the lapse of time, also, MSS. were ordered to be executed for royal and other wealthy readers, too much engrossed by state and duties to be able to keep to the set places and hours of a class. As for the young associates, they would have read from their master's glossed MSS. during their pupilage, had they had to take their duties while they were absent,

while they were ill. As for the newly-finished MSS., it would have been destruction to their cherished neatness, to their skilled beauty, to have defaced them with glosses here and there, as glosses were, in patches, and generally, for greater conspicuousness, written in red letters. Glossed words were written in a list apart, then; becoming, in this way, companion to the students, enlightenment to the MS., and enlightenment almost as handy as if it had been delivered from the tongue. Particular exposition of a particular master came to be especially demanded, too; from veneration, for comparison, to settle a dispute, for the mere admiration and interest of seeing what another man had done. Such exposition was, perforce, on a separate list. Such expositions, moreover—coming as they did, one perhaps from a scholar at Rhegium, one from Nysa, one from Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople, Rhodes—could be readily perceived to possess color from the temperament, from the circumstances, of the writer; and it followed, as a simple consequence, that two or more should be set out, methodically, side by side. Here, then, was the form of a dictionary; the germ of it, its manner. Here a word stood, with a series of interpretations to it; the whole to be read at one consulting, and giving employment to the critical faculty of rejection or approval. For, this duplication, this triplication, this multiplication, as it grew to be, had its own excellent relish, and the very relish suggested something more. There would have been the word *exilis*, put it. One teacher would recommend it to be rendered *thin* (of course, the equivalent to these shades of thought, according to the tongue being used and elucidated); another teacher, of wider thought, would expound it *mean*; another, living amid bleak rocks, perhaps, and these helping his asceticism, would set down *barren*; another, applying the thinness and tenuity to some musical sounds remaining in his memory, would write it *shrill*, *treble*. To say this, is but to say how language itself accumulated, and had expansion. Yet it suggests the mode. It points out how, when each word had such various glosses put to it, richness could not fail to arise; and diversity, and discrimination, with

greater or less delicacy of expression ; and how glosses being born—or, christen them with that longer name of glossaries—were never likely to be let to die.

There has to be recollection, however, that, as these glossaries were limited to gleanings from one ms., or to gleanings from various copies of that same one ms., according to what, of fresh interpretation, each separate owner had glossed, so they were limited to explaining one author ; or to explaining such limited portion of one author as one ms. contained. Thus one glossary would elucidate a Gospel ; one, a set of Epistles ; one, a Prophet ; one, Virgil, Horace, Homer, Euripides. The Epinal Gloss is an existing example, luckily for the literary world, of such an accumulation. In ms. still, it is still, by the religious treasuring it has had at Epinal, precisely as it was at its compilation 1200 years ago (in the course now, however, of being printed here, lent by the French Government for that purpose) ; and it is testimony, teeming with interest, of how far dictionary-life, in its day, had advanced. Progressing still, there was the Latin "Glossary" of Varo, dedicated to his contemporary Cicero. There was the "Lexicon" of Apollonius the Sophist, in the first century, elucidating the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." There was the "Onomasticon" of Pollux ; Pollux, instructor to the Emperor Commodus, having produced this, a Greek Vocabulary, expressly for his imperial pupil's use. There was the "Lexicon" of Harpocration, in the fourth century, relating only to the Ten Orators of Greece. There was the valuable work of Hesychius of Alexandria. There was the "Glossary" of Photius, written in the ninth century : all of these having been printed at Venice and kindred places, after centuries of chrysalis life in ms., almost as soon as printing was available ; and this particular Photian "Glossary" having been re-edited here by Porson, and even called for, after Porson's death, later still, viz. in 1822. There was the "Lexicon" of Suidas, collected by him in the tenth century, and printed at Milan in 1499 ; remarkable for the plan, first used in it, of giving extracts from the poets and historians it explained to explain them better, and for thus widening con-

siderably the already widening field of the lexicographical art. There was the dictionary, in the thirteenth century, of John Balbus, called John of Genoa ; a Latin work extending to 700 pages folio, that has further notability from having been the first in type, Gutenberg himself having printed it at Mayence, in 1460. There was the dictionary, printed at Vicenza in 1483, of Johannes Crestonus, in Greek and Latin ; both, also, a development. There was the Latin dictionary of Calepino, first printed at Reggio in 1502, and enjoying, like the Greek dictionary of Photius, continued re-editing down to the present century. But the expansion of the gloss-seed, as shown in all these instances, having reached the point at which there was recognition of the fact that the search for words was a distinct branch of letters, worthy of a special hand possessing special scholarly attainments, the period of English dictionaries has been touched, and the subject must have treatment assuming different proportions.

It will have been understood—up to this point, of course—that the aim of all the early word-works that have been enumerated was merely to give explanations of rare words, difficult words ; words known, shortly, as "hard." This continued. English lexicographers at this outset of their career, and for centuries, did not go beyond. They grew very pleasant, they were quaint, they were concentrated, they were rambling, delightful, either way ; and, they shall be their own exemplification.

The "Promptorium Parvulorum" heads the list ; the "Little Expeditior," or the "Little Discloser," as it might (very freely) be translated. Alas, that it should be so small ! That "hard" words were so scant then, it has such few pages that they can be run through in a moderate reading. Its style is to go from A to Z alphabetically, but to have its nouns in one list, its verbs in another ; to give nothing but these nouns and verbs ; and, being written in English first to help English students to Latin, it has no complementary half for those who, having a Latin word, want to turn it into English. "Gredynesne of mete," it says, "Aviditas. Gredynesne in askynge, Procacitas. Fadyr and modyr



yn one worde, Parens. False and deceyvable and yvel menyng, Versutis, Versipellis. Golet or Throte, Guttar, Gluma, Gola. Clepyn or Callyn, Voco." Its date is 1440, about; it was written by a Norfolk man (as the preface tells); Richard Francis, think some; Galfridus Grammaticus, as is conjectured by others; it was first printed in 1499, appeared three or four times again when 1500 was just turned, and has had a careful reprint recently by the Camden Society, under the capable editing of Mr. Albert Way. Immediately succeeded, this, by the "Catholicon Anglicum," dated 1483, but never in print till the Early English Text Society was granted the privilege of publishing it a very few years ago; by the "Medulla Grammaticæ;" by the "Ortus Vocabulorum" based upon it and printed in 1500 (these being Latin); by Palsgrave's "Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse," printed in 1530; by Wyllyam Salesbury's Dictionary in English and Welshe, printed in 1547; there came the English Dictionary proper of Richard Huloet, that first went to the press in 1552. The edition of this by John Higgins, printed a few years later, is a volume that is beautiful even by the standard of to-day. It is folio; generously thick; perfect in its neatness; its double columns are regularly arranged, with the headings B ante A, B ante E (the fair forerunner of the present mode BAB, BAC, etc.) and, intended to give English and Latin and French, it puts the English in black letter, the Latin in Roman, the French in italics; unless, indeed, the French is evidently not in Richard Huloet's knowledge, when Huloet calmly omits it altogether. Here is his manner:

Apple, called Apple John, or Saint John's Apple, or a sweting, or an apple of paradise. Malum, musteum, Melinelum, quod minimum durat celeriter-que mitescit. Pomme de paradis.

Here again:

Pickers, or thieves that go by into chambers, making as though they sought something. Diætarii, Ulpian. Larrons qui montent jusques aux chambres, faisant semblant de chercher quelque chose.

"For the better attayning of the knowledge of words," says this good Richard Huloet, "I went not to the common

dictionaries only, but also to the authors themselves. . . . and finally, I wrate not in the whole booke one quyre without perusing and conference of many authors. . . . Wherefore, gentle reader, accept my paynes as thou wouldst others should (in like case) accept thine."

The "Manipulus Vocabulorum," written by Peter Levens in 1570, printed then, by Henrie Bynneman, in seventy-seven leaves quarto, and reprinted, a few years since, under the careful supervision of Mr. H. B. Wheatley, appeals quite as prettily to have its claims considered. "Some will say," writes Peter Levens, "that is a superfluous and unnecessary labour to set forth this Dictionarie, for so much as Maister Huloet hath sette forth the so worthie a worke of the same kinde already. But . . . his is great and costly, this is little and of light price; his for greter students and them that are richable to have it, this for beginners and them that are pooreable to have no better; his is ful of phrases and sentences fit for them that use oration and oratorie, this is onely stuffed full of words." And there the words are: in English first, in Latin after; in double columns; and the English to rhyme, "for Scholers as use to write in English Méetre," thus: Bande, Brande, Hande, Lande, Sande, Strande, etc., with the Latin for each at the side. Over the errata at the end Peter Levens writes, "Gentle Reader, amende these fautes escaped;" and the only wish to the modern reader is that there was more matter to read, even if it enforced the amendment of fautes indeed.

Contemporary with this, was a "Shorte Dictionarie in Latin and English verie profitable for yong Beginners," by J. Withals. It is a charming-looking little book, octavo, only half an inch thick, light and supple as a pocket-book, with its matter in double columns, the English first, and the "catch words" of this still in black letter. Wynkyn de Worde printed it in its early editions, and it was printed again and again by others, down to 1599. "A Little Dictionarie for Children," says J. Withals, as a running title all along the pages of it; but he gives the puzzled little Elizabethan children no alphabet to

guide them, and only divides his articles into what appears to him to be subjects. "The Times," he says, as a promising heading to one of these; then under it he puts such odd times as "A meete tyme, To sit a sunning, A field beginning to spring, A field beginning to wax greene," and so forth. In "Certaine Phrases for Children to use in familiar speeche," J. Withals is as quaint to the very end. "Away and be hanged!" he puts ready for his little Tudor schoolboys, rendering it "Abi hinc in malam rem." And, "I am scarcely mine owne man," "Vix sum apud me." "Evans. What is fair, William?" *Will.* Pulcher. *Evans.* What is *lapis*, William? *Will.* A stone. *Evans.* That is good, William." So it is; and in J. Withals may be seen the very manner of the acquisition of it.

John Baret, in 1573, most fitly joins and ornaments this group. The title of his dictionary is "An Alvearie" (a beehive); and he, in a manner, sets out the development of the gloss, even from the area of his own experience. "About eyghtene years agone," he writes, "having pupils at Cambridge studious of the Latin tongue," they "perceyving what great trouble it was to come running to mee for every word they missed

I appoynted them . . . every day to write English before ye Latin, and likewise to gather a number of fine phrases out of Cicero, Terence, Cæsar, Livie, etc., and to set them under severall tytles, for the more ready finding them againe at their neede . . . when as "within a yeare or two they had gathered together a great volume," he called then his diligent bees, and their great volume an alvearie. It is curious, this, as being plain, though not unexpected, witness. So also, does John Baret throw other curious light, and mark some progress. "A Goast" shows his method. Thus:

A Goast, an image in man's imaginatio<sup>n</sup>. Spectrum, tri, n.g., Cic. Phantasme, vision. La semblence des choses que nostre pensee ha conceue;

in the Latin part of which there will be noted the first appearance of a declension and an authority. This attractive work began by being a triple dictionary—English, Latin, French; and in later editions grew to a quadruple dictionary,

with Greek added. The French, however, as with Richard Huloet, is omitted again and again; and "as for Greeke," says John Baret himself, "I coulde not ioine it with every Latin word, for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure to provide the same!" And it is a confession far too pretty not to have this small resuscitation.

By these examples, French, Latin, Greek are proved to have been imperative to the home-life of (educated) mediævals; and "neat Italy"—for all that Rome, the heart of it, was somewhat out of favor—was not to be unrepresented by the dictionary-makers under Elizabeth. John Florio, who was English except by extraction, who was teacher of French and Italian at Oxford, and, on the accession of James the First, appointed tutor to the poor Prince Henry, his son, published an Italian and English dictionary in 1598. Italian first, he put, and put no more; but within ten years, Giovanni Torriano, a fellow-teacher and an Italian, in London, seeing (it may be supposed) the value of Baret's Latin and French and Greek lists—cumbrous and inefficient as they were—provided Florio's book with a second and better half, viz. English words first and Italian after, in the present full manner; thus bringing bilingual dictionaries up to a standard from which, to be complete, there could be no departing any more.

"Lettere di scatola," says John Florio; letting him speak for himself, "or Lettere di spetiale, great letters, text characters, such as in apothecaries shops are written on their boxes that every man may read them afar off, and know what they contain: Used by Metaphor for To speak plainly, without fear." Also, John Florio gives column after column of Italian proverbs, of which here are two, both touching his craft:

Le parole non s'infilzano—Words do not thriddle themselves.

I fatti son maschi, le parole son femine—Deeds are masculine, words are women.

A splendid volume by Cotgrave, a French and English dictionary folio, clean, exact, of most accurate printing, advanced to the three index-letters at the head of each column, in the perfect form of to-day, was published in 1611.

"A Bundle of Words," Cotgrave calls it, in a fatherly, fondling way, when asking Lord Burleigh, in his preface, to look upon it with favor. And he puts his errata at the very beginning, before ever he opens his bundle, because "I (who am no God, or Angel) have caused such overslips as have yet occurred to mine eye or understanding, to be placed neere the forehead of this Verball Creature." The novelty in this "Verball Creature," or the stride made by it, is the Grammar appended, with the French verbs conjugated in the manner still used to-day. *Aller*, says Cotgrave, in a mode bald enough; but his English explanation of the word is a glory. It says, "To goe, walke, wend, march, pace, tread, proceed, journey, travell, depart," with forty or fifty picturesque illustrations, such as "*Aller à S. Bezet*, To rest in no place, continually to trot, gad, wander up and down;" such as "*Tout le monde s'en va à la moustarde*—'Tis common vulgar, Divulged all the world over (said of a booke), Wast paper is made of it, Mustard pots are stoppled with it (so much the world esteems it)." This is a small sample, but it shows, amply, that the "Verball Creature" it is pulled from is a "Bundle of Words" that would bear much more unpacking and much more close overhauling.

Another genuine English dictionary must be taken from the shelf now. It could scarcely present itself in more enticing guise. It is smaller even than Withals' Latin and English dictionary was; it is thinner, narrower, more supple, more suited still to be one number of a Portable Library, and the one never likely to be left behind. Being English explaining English, this diminutive size seems curious—until there is consideration. It is that "hard" English words, even in this day of John Bullokar, the author, were still few; that John Bullokar's columns and pages were consequently few, to match. "I open the significations of such words to the capacite of the ignorant," he writes, writing from "my house at Chichester in Sussex, this 17 day of October, 1616." "It is familiar among best writers to usurp strange words" now; yet "I suppose withall their desire is that they should also be understoode, which I . . . have endeavoured by this

booke, though not exquisitely, . . . to perform." Yet it is exquisitely performed. "A Girl," says the performer—in proof of his exquisiteness—"a Roe Bucke of two yeares"—for he is far too earnest in his desire for consistency to put any explanation to Girl except that which is very "hard" indeed. "Have a care," he says, too, warningly (and warningly, without a suspicion of it), "to search every word according to the true Orthography thereof; as for Phoenix in the letter P, not F; for Hypostaticall in Hy, not in Hi." And he gives a note of natural history (amid some scores) that must be turned to before his pages are closed and he is laid aside. A Crocodile, he says (after a column and a half of description of it) "will weepe over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then wil eate up the head two. . . . I saw once one of these beasts in London, brought thither dead, but in perfect forme, of about 2 yards long;" in which detail of personal experience he shows what was tolerated, and even expected, in a dictionary in his time; and he gives what is, in this time, a very enriching flavor.

John Minsheu, first publishing in 1599, but appearing in his better known form in 1617, only one year after Bullokar, must here have his greeting. "Some have affirmed," he says captivately, at the very onset, "that a dictionarie in a yeere might be gathered compleat enough. I answer that in conceit it may be;" and conceit being far away enough from his own composition, his answer carries with it every satisfaction. So does his dictionary. It was, again, like Cotgrave's, and Florio's, and Baret's and "Master Huloet's," an immense work; folio. It marked more progress, too. It was the first book ever published in England that appended a list of subscribers; and in matters appertaining solely (as the foregoing does not) to dictionary-growth, it was the first that tried to fix the derivations of words; that aimed at regulating their sounds by putting accents; that gave some chapters of connected familiar conversations, or scenes, hoping them to be "profitable to the learned and not unpleasant to any other reader."

His dictionary was mainly, to teach Spanish; the edition of 1599 has Span-

ish first (for there had been reasons, for a good many years in that 16th century, why Spanish should want compassing by the English; and there were reasons, under James the First, when Minsheu went to the press again, that Spanish should be still well in courtly memory); so Minsheu says: "I accent every word in the whole dictionary to cause the learner to pronounce it right, otherwise when he speaketh he shall not be understoode of the naturall Spaniard." "Lunch, or great piece," is his arrangement in his latter half, where he has English first, "vide Zouja." "A mer-Maide, vide Serena." "A Taunting Verse, vide Satyra." "A Tippling Gossip, vide Bevedora." This *vide* occurring at every one of the thousands of English words, without the art of book-making having advanced sufficiently for it to be seen that a note at the beginning of the division would have made such trouble and cost unnecessary.

A vastly different dictionary was published by Henry Cockeram, in 1623. He thought that "Ladies and Gentlewomen, young schollers, clarkes, merchants, as also strangers of any nation," desirous of "a refined and elegant speech," would like an "Alphabeticall and English Expositor" of "vulgar words," "mocke words," "fustian termes," "ridiculously used in our language," so that they might look into such an Expositor "to receive the exact and ample word to expresse" what they required. Accordingly, he tells them that Rude is vulgar, and Agresticall the choice word they ought to use for it, or Rusticall, Immorigerous, Rurall; also, that To Weede is vulgar, and the choice word To Sarculate, To Diruncinate, To Averuncate; further, that to speak of To knocke one's legs in going, is vulgar; it should be called choicely To Interfeere. He puts down a "Glosse, a short exposition of any darke speech;" he makes his Glosse, in the shape his period had worked it into, an exposition of very dark speech indeed. His natural history is quite on a level with what he had seen in dictionaries before. "The Barble," he says, as a specimen, "a Fish that will not meddle with the baite untill with her taile shee have unhooked it from the hooke."

But Thomas Blount, of the Inner Temple, barrister, in another little octavo published in 1656, elbows this Henry Cockeram aside, and has good reason for clamoring for attention. He wrote his dictionary, he said ("Glossographia" in the title), "for all such as desire to understand what they read," and to save others from being, what he was, "often gravell'd." He had "gained a reasonable knowledge in the Latin and French," he declares, "and had a smattering of Greek and other Tongues;" uselessly, evidently; for these are some of the words he says are those that "gravell'd" him: Basha, Seraglio, Turbant, the Salique Law, Daulphin, Escurial, Infanta, Sanbenito, Consul, Tribune, Obelisk, Vatican, Dictator. "Nay," he breaks out, "to that pass we are now arrived, that in London many of the tradesmen have new dialects: the vintner will furnish you with Alicant, Tent, Sherbet, Coffee, Chocallate; the Tayler is ready to make you a Capouch, Rochet, or a Cloke of Drap de Berry; the Barber will modifie your Beard into A la Manchini; the Haberdasher is ready to furnish you with a Cassok; the Semptress with a Crabbat and a Toylet." England had no Protectorate in respect of its English words, then, clearly—however carefully Cromwell might have been guarding English rights; and Puritanism found itself without a moment to spare to set a purist at the head of language.

Thomas Blount, however, has another claim in dictionary history, for distinct mention. When his "Glossographia" was only two years old; namely in 1658, he received deep offence. Edward Phillips, the son of Anne Milton, Milton's sister, publishing a folio dictionary, the "New World of Words," made Blount bring up his guns to try and shiver it to pieces, thereby ushering warfare into lexicography; and, giving such life to it, it has broken out, on one score or another, at the publication of almost every dictionary since. Phillips copied out of Blount's little octavo wholesale; copying blunders and all, even to blunders of type, so that he stood there (in sheets, but not penitent) convicted. Many errors he made without copying, too; and simply for want of understanding; and for these, as well as the others



Blount pounces down upon him vigorously—Blount with all his quills high. He says, quoting Phillips, "Gallon (Spanish), a measure containing two quarts. Our author had better omitted this word, since every alewife can contradict him." He says, quoting Phillips still, "Quaver, a measure of time in musick, being the half of a crotchet, as a crotchet the half of a quaver, a semiquaver, etc. What fustian is here! Just so, two is the half of four, and four the half of two; and semiquaver is explicated by a dumb etc.!" This suffices; anger not being a pleasing spectacle, nor inefficiency either. Besides, Phillips acquired wisdom enough to correct his errors—about forty years after he had made them, and when poor Blount was dead! and, as he did do this, it is but mercy now to—shut him up, and put him by.

Echoing about still, however, are adverse criticisms of this unpleasing Roundhead, as another volume is taken down. "Phillips had neither skill, tools, nor materials," said the anonymous author of the "*Glossographia Anglicana Nova*," publishing it in 1707. It is not his book, however, on which the fingers fall. Space is getting miserably short; there are nearly two centuries of dictionaries yet to be accounted for; in the throng, many a folio, a quarto, an octavo must be passed untouched, and even unnamed, by; and this is one of them. Here is the bulky folio, though, the valuable folio, of Dr. Stephen Skinner; published in 1671, before Phillips had put on his sackcloth, and when Skinner, too, was indorsing the verdict that he ought to wear it. This must be handled for a moment, and have a little open spreading. It is a laborious Etymological dictionary; large as full, full as large; it contains elaborate explanations of English words in Latin; it contains the etymologies of these words from the Latin, Greek, French, Anglo Saxon, Italian, Spanish, Teutonic; with Minshew's derivations, and Spelman's derivations (as far as they existed), to compare; and it forms a whole that is a wonder, especially when it is considered that the author was in full practice in London as a physician, and died at the early age of forty-four. His manner was this:

Platter: A Fr. Plat; Hisp. Plato; It. Piatto, Piatta; Teut. Platte; A Lat. Patina; Gr....

omitted here, say, "for lacke of fit Greeke letters, the printer not having leasure," etc.; and omitting, likewise, a long definition of what a plate is in Latin—the real language of the book. It was quite concise; quite unornamented and undescanted upon; just brief and sheer, straight up to the point; and it was precisely because it was this, that it had such value. Especial literary interest, moreover, will never fade away from it. It was with Johnson in that lodging in Holborn, in that "handsome house in Gough Square, Fleet Street," in that "upper room fitted up like a counting-house" where he and his six copyists spent those nine years engaged upon his dictionary; and nothing, up to that date, was in existence so suited to the purpose. In company with the "*Etymologicon Anglicanum*" of Junius, it gave Johnson his etymologies ready to his hand, and saved him several years of unpalatable labor.

Nathan Bailey, appearing in 1721, was a fit auxiliary to Skinner, and has claims to notice yet more pressing. Reaching him (and skipping Coles, and Cocker, and Kersey, to do it—the which skipping is done ruefully, because of the rich provender they almost beg to be cropped away from them)—there can be a glance at once at Bailey's title. The "*Universal Etymological English Dictionary*," it is; and in that word "Universal" is the sign that distinguishes it. Nathan Bailey had the genius to see that an art is no art that does not take in all sides of it; that in his art there ought to be a representation of all words—easy, as well as "hard"; "fustian," as well as euphuistic; current, as well as those out of date; and, being the first lexicographer who saw this, he was the first lexicographer to try and carry it out. His success was immense, and immediate. There were five editions of him; there were ten editions of him; there were fifteen; there were twenty; there were twenty-four. There were varieties of him, and many editions of each. At first he was octavo (but as broad in the back as he ought to be), with woodcuts—in which idea, also, he was an innovator—to show

matter, such as heraldic coats, difficult to explain; then he was without the cuts, at the lowered price of 6s.; then he was in folio, in which commodious size he was the best help Johnson had of any. Having a folio copy interleaved, Johnson's notes were made on the blank sheets; and it stood, a secure and acknowledged foundation. The manner of Bailey, as shown in his work, overruns with character. "A cat may look at a king," he says, in black letter: proverbs being a part of his scheme, and his heart full in it: "This is a saucy proverb, generally made use of by pragmatical persons, who must needs be censuring their superiors, take things by the worst handle, and carry them beyond their bounds: for tho' peasants may look at and honor great men, patriots, and potentates, yet they are not to spit in their faces." "Sea-Unicorn, Unicorn-Whale," he says, in delightful continuation of his predecessors' natural history; he being a thriving schoolmaster, and teaching only 150 years ago, let it be hinted: "A Fish eighteen foot long, having a head like a horse, and scales as big as a crown-piece, six large fins like the end of a galley-oar, and a horn issuing out of the forehead nine feet long, so sharp as to pierce the hardest bodies." Can it not be seen how ignorance at home ought not to be surprising, and how, when the schoolmaster went abroad, there was plenty for him to put down in his note-book?

And now, is there to be anything of Johnson? What has been said, has been said with little skill, if there is not clear understanding by now that he was, glaringly, wanted. Bailey was the standard, there must be firm recollection, and remained the standard for thirty years. There was Dyche trying to run level paces with him, and a B. N. Defoe, and Sparrow, and Martin, and two or three known only by the name of their publishers—to have nothing here but this short enumeration—there was even John Wesley. John Wesley's ideas of a dictionary were such that he had the modesty to place himself only in duodecimo; only in a hundred pages; only with one column to a page; with which circumstances, John Wesley's modesty ended. "The author assures you," he brags, "he thinks this the best English

dictionary in the world;" and the sleek conceit of him (lexicographically) would almost show cause why he should not have place in serious business at all. "Many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have yet seen," he adds, "whereas I can truly say I know of none in this;" and as he has thus pointed his finger at "mistakes"—at ignorance, his pointing is his passport even if there were nothing more in it than the delicious manner in which it is done. But there is far more in it. For science was awakening, when Wesley was preaching—and writing a dictionary. Cook was circumnavigating the globe; Banks was laboring at his botany; Solander was with them; philosophy, on every hand, was drawing her robes around her, and taking philosophic shaping. With specimens, human and brute, being brought home from voyages triumphantly achieved, with drawings and measurements to show other objects not so conveniently preserved, it would no longer do to have dictionaries, or, say, Verball Creatures, stuffed full of fins like galley-oars, of crocodiles' tears. Ignorant men, consulting these, became more ignorant; scientific men, consulting them, could only turn from the columns and give—according to their temper—a laugh or a sneer. So Johnson had to be set to work. He was a scholar; he was an academic: he was a man of letters. His pen could run—circuitously, it is true, with overmuch of pomp; but the bound of it had vigor; its stateliness had caught the public eye. And a little knot of publishers, acutely seeing the commercial side of this, had interviews with him, negotiated with him, let him know that he was the man. Poor Johnson! He had, he says in his preface, "the dreams of a poet; he was "doomed at last to wake a lexicographer!" He wrote having "little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow." Yes. His "Tetty" died during the nine years his dictionary occupied him; he was not able during the nine years to remain in one home. He had to leave that lodg-

ing in Holborn, where he and his six copyists sat in an upper chamber fitted up like a counting-house; he had to get another lodging in Gough Square. Worse than all, he "soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student; thus to the weariness of copying I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging;" and "I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations;" and he had to collect materials by "fortuitous and unguided excursions into books," out of "the boundless chaos of living speech;" and he knew that "among unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries, the slave of science, doomed only to remove rubbish," and that, though "every other author may aspire to praise, the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach!" Yes. And let the sigh come out again, Poor Johnson! "Lexicographer," he writes, when he has worked up to that word in his two giant volumes—that are half a yard high, that are nearly a foot wide, that are nearly a finger thick, that weigh pounds and pounds—"Lexicographer;" and he puts to it the celebrated definition, "A writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the significance of words." And can it cause wonder? Leaving that, however, which was personal to Johnson, let notice be taken solely to Johnson's work. Attention must be called to that spelling "dictionaries." It is an error crept in. It is an earnest of a thousand errors—and weaknesses, and omissions, and false notions, and unnecessary verbiage, and failure to hit—that also crept in, in spite of all the learning of Johnson, and all his research, and all his exhausting care. Able as he was, concentrated as he could make himself, he could only go as far as the knowledge of his day had gone; he could only see as far as his human eyes would let him see. So he omits predilection, respectable, bulky, mimetic, isolated, mimical, decompose, etc., of accident; he shall not put in, he says of purpose, such words as Socinian, Calvinist, Mahometan; as greenish, and the family of ish; as vileness, or any ending in ness; as dully, or any ending in ly; such are not wanted. John Ash, a

close successor of his, and a very blundering copyer, as Phillips was of Blount, is received as a lexicographical joke always, because, while writing such things as "Bihovac, rather an incorrect spelling for biovac," and for not giving the right word, Bivouac, at all, he puts down "Esoteric (adj.), an incorrect spelling for exoteric, which see." But Johnson had not esoteric or exoteric either. Science had not advanced sufficiently to make those words required for her vocabulary; or else he forgot them. Johnson thought, also, it was philology to write down "Exciseman, from excise and man;" and "Feather-bed, from feather and bed;" and "Looking-glass, from look and glass," and so forth. It seemed expedient to him, too, as an example, to say of network (after philologizing it very helpfully, from net and work), "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." It never occurred to him that reticulate and decussate, and interstice and intersection, would each one require as much searching for as network, and, being four words for one, would give four times the trouble. Then there was that class of definitions he would never consent to have expunged, of which excise is a well-known illustration. "Excise," he wrote, "a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." After remaking which, Johnson's immense work, laden to the margins with its glorious quotations, has also to be hoisted up on to the shelves—taking a heavy lurch to do it, and Johnson's work has, very reluctantly, to be let go.

He had successors of all sorts, in shoals. They have counted 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, and more. There was Buchanan—to touch one or two of the most notable, here and there. There was Johnston, particular in his pronunciation, and getting (for one) Sirrah pronounced Serra, while his contemporaries insisted it should be Sarra. There was Kenrick, the originator of the *London Review*, and the libeller of Garrick. There was Entick. There was Perry. There was Nares. There was Sheridan, telling his public to say Wen'z-da, and Skee-i, and Skee-i-lark, and Ghee-arden,

and Ghee-ide, and so on : he being sure of his position because he had read three or four hours a day to Swift, had heard Chesterfield and the Duke of Dorset speak, and knew pronunciation had been uniform in the time of Queen Anne, and had only been defaced by "the advent of a foreign family," viz., of course, the Hanoverian line. There was Walker, saying (on Sheridan's report), how Swift used to jeer the people who called the wind winn'd, by "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd," and how he was met by the retort, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold." There was Scott. There was George Mason, raving about Johnson's "uniform monotony of bombast;" his "ridiculous blunders" exceeding 4300; his "numberless literary transgressions;" his "culpable omissions;" with his own splendid renunciation, on his own part, of the wish to "plunder poor Johnson of his multifarious literary infamy;" with his ugly little phrase that "the 'Rambler' is an article I should be most ashamed to own the penning of." There was Jodrell. There was Richardson, proclaiming Johnson's "Dictionary" "a failure, his first conceptions not commensurate to his task, and his subsequent performance not even approaching the measure of his original design;" proclaiming himself—no!—saying, "he may be arraigned for a vainglorious estimate of himself," while it is quite clear he thinks too-glorious an estimate every way impossible.

There was Todd. There were Webster and Worcester; American, both; remarkable, in their early days, for so much quarelling, that a hillock of pamphlets carried on the strife for months, setting down testimonials, anti-testimonials, advertisements, amounts of sales, narratives, etc.; and giving opportunity to Dr. Worcester to say of some of Dr. Webster's words, "it has been my intention scrupulously to avoid them. . . . You coined them, or stamped them anew, to enrich or embellish the language. . . . They are Ammony, Bridegroom, Canail, Leland, Naivty, Nightmar, Prosopopy" (and more). . . . "I am willing that you should for ever have the entire and exclusive possession of them."

This is enough. There is conception by now, perhaps, of the mass of dictionaries there is for the student to roam among; and the giddy bewilderment likely to come from the consultation of column after column of them, of page after page, of author after author pressing into notice by the lively score. It shall be concluded that this is so. What, then, will be the giddiness of bewilderment when there is the announcement, now, by way of conclusion, that there is no dictionary of the English language in existence as yet at all? It will sound prodigious; it will sound stupendous; it will sound of the sort that will entail a reference to a dictionary at once (any one will do; that one nearest at hand) to try and select a word that shall fitly express absurdity or the wildest intrepidity. Yet this will only be—until there is consideration. What—as a beginning of such consideration—have all these dictionaries, into which this has been a peep, amounted to? There has been ignorance, in many, when they are touched on the score of utility (their *raison d'être*), not charm of reading; there has been superfluousness; there has been folly; there have been errors and omissions, and plagiarisms, and personal warpings, and irrelevant detail, that make up as curious a chapter in literary history as is anywhere to be found. And what, on the other hand—to consider more—is it clear by now that a dictionary ought to be? The Philological Society, at the instigation of Archbishop (then Dean) Trench, so long ago as 1857, essayed to answer this question. Its members decided to sound, and dig, to lay deep and sure foundations, for a dictionary that should include all English words, in all centuries, in all meanings, with a quotation to support each of these in each and every stage—a quotation, moreover, with book, chapter, and verse appended, that it might, for all time, be open to verification. They called upon all lovers of the English language to aid them in collecting these quotations from all English books. They appealed to all who were competent, and who felt the impulse to be more than mere collectors, to aid them in arranging these countless quotations; in combining them into word groups, and special sense groups, and



chronological series, ready for an editor's manipulation. Then they saw that an editor, like a master-architect, could build upon this broad and enduring foundation; could combine, and harmonize, and complete, all these conspiring efforts; could rear aloft upon them at length the fair fabric of the dictionary that ought to be. It was a proud scheme. It would result in a complete history of each word, it was seen—and intended. The birth would be shown, the growth, the death—where death had come. Clearly, up to the date of the publication of such a dictionary, the English language, without bias, would have representation through and through; also, after the date of such a publication, the further additions of further centuries to the English language would only need interpolation, in edition after edition, to let the complete representation evermore go on. But adverse circumstances arose: the first-nominated editor—enthusiastic, brilliant, loveable—Herbert Coleridge, dead. The shock to the nascent dictionary was sharp and severe; and though Mr. Furnivall, zealous in forming the Early English Text Society, the Chaucer and other societies—founding them chiefly that the welfare of the dictionary might be promoted—did all that was in his power to keep the work heartily in hand, there came a chill to the warm spread of it, and it almost burnt down. Happily this depression is past. It was only momentary to lead to better energy and better consolidation; it

was only till there had been sufficient recovery to look at the undertaking anew; and now that the Philological Society has secured the acceptance of its plan by the University of Oxford—has secured its execution at the cost and with the typographical resources of the university press—now that, in its late president, Dr. Murray, it possesses once more a master-builder especially competent to the mighty task, and willing to give his life to its completion, there can be no possible fear felt as to the result. At his call, 800 volunteers have united their efforts to complete the gleaning and garnering in of quotations; at his call, twenty scholars are lending their aid to rough-hew these into preparatory form, twenty more have placed their special knowledge at his service, in case of special need. The right spirit is in this method of attacking the subject, clearly. As a result, as much as two-thirds of the preliminary labor is announced as done. Further, twelve months hence Dr. Murray is in full hope that he will be able to present the first-fruits of work the seed of which, as has been seen, was sown a quarter of a century ago. And though all this, possibly, is too well known in literary circles, is attracting too much literary interest, to have made any reference necessary to it here, yet, while among the dictionaries, it would have been *gauche*—it would have been even ungrateful—to have left it out.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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LOVE AND PAIN.

I.

LOVE held to me a chalice of red wine  
 Filled to the very brim;  
 About the slender stem the clinging vine  
 Was closely twined and round the jewelled rim;  
 Love held to me a cup of blood-red wine,  
 And made me drink to him.

Around, the desert of my life lay bare,  
 A waste of reeds and sand,  
 Love stood with all the sunlight in his hair,  
 And yellow crocus blossoms in his hand;  
 And all around the cruel scorching glare,  
 The waste and thirsty land.

To his white feet the loose gray raiment hung,  
His flushed lips smiled on me,  
Across his pale young brow the bright curls clung.  
I would have fled, but lo! I might not flee,  
While through the heavy air thy clear voice rung,  
And bade me drink to thee.

I took the graven cup, my lips I set  
Close to the jewelled rim,  
And to Love's eyes there stole a faint regret,  
Then a bright mist made all the old world dim;  
And in the golden cloud our blind lips met,  
And I drank deep to him.

## II.

O Love, among the orchard trees I lay,  
Spring grasses at my feet,  
The flickering shadows fell upon the way,  
The pale narcissus made the fresh air sweet;  
Among the blossoming orchard trees I lay,  
Waiting my Lord to greet.

Through the green woods the birds sang shrill and gay,  
And then a sudden sound  
Of coming feet, a glimpse of raiment gray,  
And shaken blossoms falling to the ground;  
Sweet was my dream of Love and Life and May,  
And blossoms scattered round.

And swift toward me his light footsteps came:  
O Love, I woke to see  
Strange eyes upon me, dark with some spent flame,  
So like to thine, O Love, and yet not thee:  
Thine was his raiment, and he bore the name  
Known but to Love and me.

The yellow crocus blossoms in his hand  
Were crushed, and wan, and dead;  
Lo, as a wanderer on an unknown strand  
He stood beside me with discrowned head:  
"Love comes not twice," he cried, "to any land,  
But I am in his stead!"

He held to me a chalice of red wine  
Filled to the very brim;  
The twisted snakes about the tall stem twine  
And closely coil around the jewelled rim;  
He held to me a cup of blood-red wine,  
And bade me drink to him.

"Love came, but never will he come again,  
Drink thou to me;  
Love did forsake, but I, his brother, Pain,  
Will now for evermore abide with thee;  
The dark earth-mist has gathered round us twain,  
Drink thou to me!"

*Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE VISIONS OF SANE PERSONS.

BY FRANCIS GALTON.

IN the course of some recent inquiries into visual memory, I was greatly struck by the frequency of the replies in which my informants described themselves as subject to "visions." Those of whom I speak were sane and healthy, but were subject notwithstanding to visual presentations, for which they could not often account, and which in a few cases reached the level of hallucinations. This unexpected prevalence of a visionary tendency among persons who form a part of ordinary society seems to me suggestive and worthy of being put on record. In a previous article\* I spoke of the faculty of summoning scenes at will, with more or less distinctness, before the visual memory; in this I shall speak of the tendency among sane and healthy persons to see images flash unaccountably into existence.

Many of my facts are derived from personal friends of whose accuracy I have no doubt. Another group comes from correspondents who have written at length with much painstaking, and whose letters appear to me to bear internal marks of scrupulous truthfulness. A third part has been collected for me by many kind friends in many countries, each of whom has made himself or herself an independent centre of inquiry; and the last, and much the most numerous portion, consists of brief replies by strangers to a series of questions contained in a circular that I drew up. I have gone over all this matter with great care and have cross-tested it in many ways while it was accumulating, just as any conscientious statistician would, before I began to form conclusions. I was soon convinced of its substantial trustworthiness, and that conviction has in no way been shaken by subsequent experience. In short, the evidence of the four groups I have just mentioned is quite as consistent as could have been reasonably desired.

The lowest order of phenomena that admit of being classed as visions, are

the "Number forms" to which I have drawn attention on more than one occasion, but to which I must again very briefly allude. They are an abiding mental peculiarity in a certain proportion of persons (say 5 per cent), who are unable as adults, and who have been ever unable as far back as they can recollect, to think of any number without referring it to its own particular habitat in their mental field of view. It there lies latent, but is instantly evoked by the thought or mention of it, or by any mental operation in which it is concerned. The thought of a series of consecutive numbers is therefore attended by a vision of them arranged in a perfectly defined and constant position, and this I have called a "Number form." Its origin can rarely be referred to any nursery diagram, to the clock-face, or to any incident of childhood. Nay, the form is frequently unlike anything the child could possibly have seen, reaching in long vistas and perspectives, and in curves of double curvature. I have even had to get wire models made by some of my informants in explanation of what they wished to convey. The only feature that all the forms have in common is their dependence in some way or other upon the method of verbal counting, as shown by their angles and other divisions occurring at such points as those where the 'teens begin, at the twenty's, thirty's, and so on. The forms are in each case absolutely unchangeable except through a gradual development in complexity. Their diversity is endless, and the number forms of different men are mutually unintelligible.

These strange "visions," which are extremely vivid in some cases, are almost incredible to the vast majority of mankind, who would set them down as fantastic nonsense, but they are familiar parts of the mental furniture of the rest, where they have grown naturally and where they remain unmodified and unmodifiable by teaching. I have received many touching accounts of their childish experiences from persons who see the number forms, and the other curious

\* See a previous article on "Mental Imagery."

visions of which I shall speak. As is the case with the color blind, so with these seers. They imagined at first that everybody else had the same way of regarding things as themselves. Then they betrayed their peculiarities by some chance remark which called forth a stare of surprise, followed by ridicule and a sharp scolding for their silliness, so that the poor little things shrunk back into themselves, and never ventured again to allude to their inner world. I will quote just one of many similar letters as a sample. I received this, together with much interesting information, immediately after a lecture I gave last autumn to the British Association at Swansea\* in which I had occasion to speak of the number forms. The writer says—

"I had no idea for many years, that every one did not imagine numbers in the same positions as those in which they appear to me. One unfortunate day I spoke of it, and was sharply rebuked for my absurdity. Being a very sensitive child I felt this acutely, but nothing ever shook my belief that, absurd or not, I always saw numbers in this particular way. I began to be ashamed of what I considered a peculiarity, and to imagine myself, from this and various other mental beliefs and states, as somewhat isolated and peculiar. At your lecture the other night, though I am now over twenty-nine, the memory of my childish misery at the dread of being peculiar came over me so strongly, that I felt I must thank you for proving that, in this particular at any rate, my case is most common."

The next form of vision of which I will speak is the instant association of color with sound, which characterizes a small percentage of adults, but appears to be rather common, though in an ill-developed degree, among children. I can here appeal not only to my own collection of facts, but to those of others, for the subject has latterly excited some interest in Germany. The first widely known case was that of the brothers Nussbaumer, published in 1873 by Professor Bruhl, of Vienna, of which the English reader will find an account in the last volume of Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind" (p. 280). Since then many occasional notices of similar associations have appeared, but I was not aware that it had been inquired into on a large scale by any one but myself. However, I was gratified by meeting with a pamphlet a few weeks ago, just

published in Leipsic by two Swiss investigators, Messrs. Bleuler and Lehmann. Their collection of cases is fully as large as my own, and their results in the more important matters are similar to mine. One of the two authors had the faculty very strongly, and the other had not; so they worked conjointly with advantage. As my present object is to subordinate details to the general impression that I wish to convey of the visionary tendency of certain minds, I will simply remark, first, that the persistence of the color association with sounds is fully as remarkable as that of the number form with numbers. Secondly, that the vowel sounds chiefly evoke them. Thirdly, that the seers are invariably most minute in their description of the precise tint and hue of the color. They are never satisfied, for instance, with saying "blue," but will take a great deal of trouble to express or to match the particular blue they mean. Lastly, no two people agree, or hardly ever do so, as to the color they associate with the same sound. I have one of the most extraordinary diagrams of these color associations that has, I suppose, ever been produced. It has been drawn by Mr. J. Key, of Graham's Town, South Africa. He sent me in the first instance a communication on the subject, which led to further correspondence, and eventually to the production of this diagram of colors in connection with letters and words. I have no reason to doubt its trustworthiness, and am bound to say that, strange as it looks, and elaborate as it is, I have other written accounts that almost match it.

A third curious and abiding fantasy of certain persons is invariably to connect visualized pictures with words, the same picture to the same word. I have collected many cases of this, and am much indebted to the authoress, Mrs. Haweis, who sees these pictures, for her kindness in sketching some of them for me, and her permission to use her name in guarantee of their genuineness. She says:

"Printed words have always had faces to me; they had definite expressions, and certain faces made me think of certain words. The words had no connection with these except sometimes by accident. The instances I give are few and ridiculous. When I think of the word *Beast*, it has a face something like

\* See "Fortnightly Review," September, 1880.



a gargoyle. The word Green has also a gargoyle face, with the addition of big teeth. The word Blue blinks and looks silly, and turns to the right. The word Attention has the eyes greatly turned to the left. It is difficult to draw them properly because, like 'Alice's' 'Cheshire cat,' which at times became a grin without a cat, these faces have expression without features. The expression of course" [note the *naïve* phrase "of course." —F. G.] "depends greatly on those of the letters, which have likewise their faces and figures. All the little a's turn their eyes to the left, this determines the eyes of Attention. Ant, however, looks a little down. Of course these faces are endless as words are, and it makes my head ache to retain them long enough to draw."

Some of the figures are very quaint. Thus the interrogation "what?" always excites the idea of a fat man cracking a long whip. They are not the capricious creations of the fancy of the moment, but are the regular concomitants of the words, and have been so as far back as the memory is able to recall.

When in perfect darkness, if the field of view be carefully watched, many persons will find a perpetual series of changes to be going on automatically and wastefully in it. I have much evidence of this. I will give my own experience the first, which is striking to me, because I am very unimpressible in these matters. I visualize with effort; I am peculiarly inapt to see "after-images," "phosphenes," "light dust," and other phenomena due to weak sight or sensitiveness; and, again, before I thought of carefully trying, I should have emphatically declared that my field of view in the dark was essentially of a uniform black, subject to an occasional light-purple cloudiness and other small variations. Now, however, after habituating myself to examine it with the same sort of strain that one tries to decipher a sign-post in the dark, I have found out that this is by no means the case, but that a kaleidoscopic change of patterns and forms is continually going on, but they are too fugitive and elaborate for me to draw with any approach to truth. My deficiencies, however, are well supplied by other drawings in my possession. They are by the Rev. George Henslow, whose visions are far more vivid than mine. His experiences are not unlike those of Goethe, who said, in an often-quoted passage, that whenever he bent his head and closed

his eyes and thought of a rose, a sort of rosette made its appearance, which would not keep its shape steady for a moment, but unfolded from within, throwing out a succession of petals, mostly red but sometimes green, and that it continued to do so without change in brightness and without causing him any fatigue so long as he cared to watch it. Mr. Henslow, when he shuts his eyes and waits, is sure in a short time to see before him the clear image of some object or other, but usually not quite natural in its shape. It then begins to change from one object to another, in his case also for as long a time as he cares to watch it. Mr. Henslow has zealously made repeated experiments on himself, and has drawn what he sees. He has also tried how far he is able to mould the visions according to his will. In one case, after much effort, he contrived to bring the imagery back to its starting point, and thereby to form what he terms a "visual cycle." The following account is extracted and condensed from his very interesting letter.

The first image that spontaneously presented itself was a cross-bow; this was immediately provided with an arrow; remarkable for its pronounced barb and superabundance of feathering. Some person, but too indistinct to recognize much more of him than the hands, appeared to shoot the arrow from the bow. The single arrow was then accompanied by a flight of arrows from right to left, which completely occupied the field of vision. These changed into falling stars, then into flakes of a heavy snow-storm; the ground gradually appeared as a sheet of snow where previously there had been vacant space. Then a well-known rectory, fishponds, walls, etc., all covered with snow, came into view most vividly and clearly defined. This somehow suggested another view, impressed on his mind in childhood, of a spring morning, brilliant sun, and a bed of red tulips; the tulips gradually vanished except one, which appeared now to be isolated and to stand in the usual point of sight. It was a single tulip, but became double. The petals then fell off rapidly in a continuous series until there was nothing left but the pistil, but (as is almost invariably the case with his objects) that part was greatly exaggerated. The stigmas then changed into three branching brown horns; then into a knob while the stalk changed into a stick. A slight bend in it seems to have suggested a centre-bit; this passed into a sort of pin passing through a metal plate; this again into a lock, and afterwards into a nondescript shape, distantly suggestive of the original cross-bow. Here Mr. Henslow endeavored

to force his will upon the visions, and to reproduce the cross-bow, but the first attempt was an utter failure. The figure changed into a leather strap with loops, but while he still endeavored to change it into a bow the strap broke, the two ends were separated, but it happened that an imaginary string connected them. This was the first concession of his automatic chain of thoughts to his will. By a continued effort the bow came, and then no difficulty was felt in converting it into the cross-bow and thus returning to the starting point.

I have a sufficient variety of cases to prove the continuity between all the forms of visualization, beginning with an almost total absence of it, and ending with a complete hallucination. The continuity is, however, not simply that of varying degrees of intensity, but of variations in the character of the process itself, so that it is by no means uncommon to find two very different forms of it concurrent in the same person. There are some who visualize well and who also are seers of visions, who declare that the vision is not a vivid visualization, but altogether a different phenomenon. In short, if we please to call all sensations due to external impressions "*direct*," and all others "*induced*," then there are many channels through which the induction may take place, and the channel of ordinary visualization in the persons just mentioned is very different from that through which their visions arise.

The following is a good instance of this condition. A friend writes :

"These visions often appear with startling vividness, and so far from depending on any voluntary effort of the mind, they remain when I often wish them very much to depart, and no effort of the imagination can call them up. I lately saw a framed portrait of a face which seemed more lovely than any painting I have ever seen, and again I often see fine landscapes which bear no resemblance to any scenery I have ever looked upon. I find it difficult to define the difference between a waking vision and a mental image, although the difference is very apparent to myself. I think I can do it best in this way. If you go into a theatre and look at a scene, say of a forest by moonlight, at the back part of the stage, you see every object distinctly and sufficiently illuminated (being thus unlike a mere act of memory), but it is nevertheless vague and shadowy, and you might have difficulty in telling afterwards all the objects you have seen. This resembles a mental image in point of clearness. The waking vision is like what one sees in the open street in broad daylight, when every

object is distinctly impressed on the memory. The two kinds of imagery differ also as regards voluntariness, the image being entirely subservient to the will, the visions entirely independent of it. They differ also in point of suddenness, the images being formed comparatively slowly as memory recalls each detail, and fading slowly as the mental effort to retain them is relaxed; the visions appearing and vanishing in an instant. The waking visions seem quite close, filling as it were the whole head, while the mental image seems further away in some far off recess of the mind."

The number of persons who see visions no less distinctly than this correspondent is much greater than I had any idea of when I began this inquiry. I have in my possession the sketch of one, prefaced by a description of it by Mrs. Haweis. She says :

"All my life long I have had one very constantly recurring vision, a sight which came whenever it was dark or darkish, in bed or otherwise. It is a flight of pink roses floating in a mass from left to right, and this cloud or mass of roses is presently effaced by a flight of 'sparks' or gold speckles across them. The sparks totter or vibrate from left to right, but they fly distinctly upwards: they are like tiny blocks, half gold, half black, rather symmetrically placed behind each other, and they are always in a hurry to efface the roses: sometimes they have come at my call, sometimes by surprise, but they are always equally pleasing. What interests me most is that when a child under nine the flight of roses was light, slow, soft, close to my eyes, roses so large and brilliant and palpable that I tried to touch them: the scent was overpowering, the petals perfect, with leaves peeping here and there, texture and motion all natural. They would stay a long time before the sparks came, and they occupied a large area in black space. Then the sparks came slowly flying, and generally, not always, effaced the roses at once, and every effort to retain the roses failed. Since an early age the flight of roses has annually grown smaller, swifter, and farther off, till by the time I was grown up my vision had become a speck, so instantaneous that I had hardly time to realize that it was there before the fading sparks showed that it was past. This is how they still come. The pleasure of them is past, and it always depresses me to speak of them, though I do not now, as I did when a child, connect the vision with any elevated spiritual state. But when I read Tennyson's 'Holy Grail,' I wondered whether anybody else had had my vision—'Rose-red, with beatings in it.' I may add I was a London child who never was in the country but once, and I connect no particular flowers with that visit. I may almost say that I had never seen a rose, certainly not a quantity of them together."

A common form of vision is a phan-

tasmagoria, or the appearance of a crowd of phantoms, perhaps hurrying past like men in a street. It is occasionally seen in broad daylight, much more often in the dark; it may be at the instant of putting out the candle, but it generally comes on when the person is in bed, preparing to sleep, but is by no means yet asleep. I know no less than three men, eminent in the scientific world, who have these phantasmagoria in one form or another. A near relative of my own had them in a marked degree. She was eminently sane, and of such good constitution that her faculties were hardly impaired until near her death at ninety. She frequently described them to me. It gave her amusement during an idle hour to watch these faces, for their expression was always pleasing, though never strikingly so. No two faces were ever alike, and they never resembled that of any acquaintance. When she was not well the faces usually came nearer to her, sometimes almost suffocatingly close. She never mistook them for reality, although they were very distinct. This is quite a typical case, similar in most respects to many others that I have.

A notable proportion of sane persons have had not only visions, but actual hallucinations of sight, sound, or other sense, at one or more periods of their lives. I have a considerable packet of instances contributed by my personal friends, besides a large number communicated to me by other correspondents. One lady, a distinguished authoress, who was at the time a little fidgeted, but in no way overwrought or ill, said that she saw the principal character of one of her novels glide through the door straight up to her. It was about the size of a large doll, and it disappeared as suddenly as it came. Another lady, the daughter of an eminent musician, often imagines she hears her father playing. The day she told me of it the incident had again occurred. She was sitting in a room with her maid, and she asked the maid to open the door that she might hear the music better. The moment the maid got up the hallucination disappeared. Again, another lady, apparently in vigorous health, and belonging to a vigorous family, told me that during some past months she had

been plagued by voices. The words were at first simple nonsense; then the word "pray" was frequently repeated; this was followed by some more or less coherent sentences of little import, and finally the voices left her. In short, the familiar hallucinations of the insane are to be met with far more frequently than is commonly supposed, among people moving in society and in normal health.

I have now nearly done with my summary of facts; it remains to make a few comments on them.

The weirdness of visions lies in their sudden appearance, in their vividness while present, and in their sudden departure. An incident in the Zoological Gardens struck me as a helpful simile. I happened to walk to the seal-pond at a moment when a sheen rested on the unbroken surface of the water. After waiting a while I became suddenly aware of the head of a seal, black, conspicuous, and motionless, just as though it had always been there, at a spot on which my eye had rested a moment previously and seen nothing. Again, after awhile my eye wandered, and on its returning to the spot, the seal was gone. The water had closed in silence over its head without leaving a ripple, and the sheen on the surface of the pond was as unbroken as when I first reached it. Where did the seal come from, and whither did it go? This could easily have been answered if the glare had not obstructed the view of the movements of the animal under water. As it was, a solitary link in a continuous chain of actions stood isolated from all the rest. So it is with the visions; a single stage in a series of mental processes emerges into the domain of consciousness. All that precedes and follows lies outside of it, and its character can only be inferred. We see in a general way, that a condition of the presentation of visions lies in the over-sensitiveness of certain tracks or domains of brain action, and the under-sensitiveness of others; certain stages in a mental process being vividly represented in consciousness while the other stages are unfelt. It is also well known that a condition of partial hyperæsthesia and partial anæsthesia is a frequent functional disorder, markedly so among the hysterical and hypnotic, and an organic disorder among the in-

sane. The abundant facts that I have collected show that it may also coexist with all the appearances of good health and sober judgment.

A convenient distinction is made between hallucinations and illusions. Hallucinations are defined as appearances wholly due to fancy; illusions, as misrepresentations of objects actually seen. There is, however, a hybrid case which deserves to be specifically classed, and arising in this way. Vision, or any other sensation, may, as already stated, be a "direct" sensation excited in the ordinary way through the sense organs, or it may be an "induced" sensation excited from within. We have, therefore, direct vision and induced vision, and either of these may be the ground of an illusion. So we have three cases to consider, and not two. There is simple hallucination, which depends on induced vision justly observed; there is simple illusion, which depends on direct vision fancifully observed; and there is the hybrid case of which I spoke, which depends on induced vision fancifully observed. The problems we have to consider are, on the one hand, those connected with induced vision, and, on the other hand, those connected with the interpretation of vision, whether the vision be direct or induced.

It is probable that much of what passes for hallucination proper belongs in reality to the hybrid case, being an illusive interpretation of some induced visual cloud or blur. I spoke of the ever-varying patterns in the field of view; these, under some slight functional change, might easily become more consciously present, and be interpreted into fantasmal appearances. Many cases, if space allowed, could be adduced to support this view.

I will begin, then, with illusions. What is the process by which they are established? There is no simpler way of understanding it than by trying, as children often do, to see "faces in the fire," and to carefully watch the way in which they are first caught. Let us call to mind at the same time the experience of past illnesses, when the listless gaze wandered over the patterns on the wall-paper and the shadows of the bed curtains, and slowly evoked faces and figures that were not easily laid again.

The process of making the faces is so rapid in health that it is difficult to analyze it without the recollection of what took place more slowly when we were weakened by illness. The first essential element in their construction is, I believe, the smallness of the area upon which the attention is directed at any instant, so that the eye has to move much before it has travelled over every part of the object toward which it is directed. It is as with a plough, that must travel many miles before the whole of a small field can be tilled, but with this important difference—the plough travels methodically up and down in parallel furrows, the eye wanders in devious curves, with abrupt bends, and the direction of its course at any instant depends on four causes: on the most convenient muscular motion in a general sense, on idiosyncrasy, on the mood, and on the associations current at the moment. The effect of idiosyncrasy is excellently illustrated by the "Number forms," where we saw that a very special sharply defined track of mental vision was preferred by each individual who sees them. The influence of the mood of the moment is shown in the curves that characterize the various emotions, as the lank drooping lines of grief, which make the weeping willow so fit an emblem of it. In constructing fire-faces it seems to me that the eye in its wanderings follows a favorite course, and notices the points in the pictures at large that coincide with its course. It feels its way, easily diverted by associations based on what has just been noticed, and so by the unconscious practice of a system of "trial and error," at last finds a track that will suit—one that is easy to follow and that also makes a complete picture. The process is essentially the same as that of getting a clear idea from out of a confused multitude of facts. The fancy picture is dwelt upon, all that is incongruous with it becomes disregarded, while all deficiencies in it are supplied by the fantasy. These latest stages are easily represented after the fashion of a diorama. Three lanterns are made to converge on the same screen. The first throws an image of what the imagination will discard, the second of that which it will retain, the third of that which it will supply. Turn



on the first and second, and the picture on the screen will be identical with that which fell on the retina. Shut off the first and turn on the third, and the picture will be identical with the illusion.

Visions, like dreams, are often mere patchworks built up of bits of recollections. The following is one of these :

"When passing a shop in Tottenham Court Road, I went in to order a Dutch cheese, and the proprietor (a bullet-headed man whom I had never seen before) rolled a cheese on the marble slab of his counter, asking me if that one would do. I answered 'yes,' left the shop and thought no more of the incident. The following evening, on closing my eyes, I saw a head detached from the body rolling about slightly on a white surface. I recognized the face but could not remember where I had seen it, and it was only after thinking about it for some that I identified it as that of the cheesemonger who had sold me the cheese on the previous day. I may mention that I have often seen the man since, and that I found the vision I saw was exactly like him, although if I had been asked to describe the man before I saw the vision I should have been unable to do so."

Recollections need not be joined like mosaic-work ; they may be blended, on the principle I described two years ago, of making composite portraits. I showed that if two lanterns were converged upon the same screen, and the portrait of one person was put into one and that of another person into the other, the portraits being taken under similar aspects and states of light and shade, then on adjusting the two images eye to eye and mouth to mouth, and so superposing them as exactly as the conditions admitted, a new face will spring into existence. It will have a striking appearance of individuality, and will bear a family likeness to each of its constituents. I also showed that these composite portraits admitted of being made photographically\* from a large number of components. I suspect that the phantasmagoria may be due to blended memories ; the number of possible combinations would be practically endless, and each combination would give a new face. There would thus be no limit to the dies in the coinage of the brain.

I have tried a modification of this process with but small success, which will at least illustrate a cause of the ten-

dency in many cases to visualize grotesque forms. My object was to efface from a portrait that which was common among persons of the same race, and therefore too familiar to attract attention, and to leave whatever was peculiar in it. I proceeded on the following principle : We all know that the photographic negative is the converse (or nearly so) of the photographic positive, the one showing whites where the other shows blacks, and *vice versa*. Hence the superposition of a negative upon a positive transparency of the same portrait tends to create a uniform smudge. By superposing a negative transparency of a composite portrait on a positive of any one of the individual faces from which it was composed, all that is common to the group ought to be smudged out, and all that is personal and peculiar to that face ought to remain.

I have found that the peculiarities of visualization, such as the tendency to see number-forms, and the still rarer tendency to associate color with sound, is strongly hereditary, and I should infer, what facts seem to confirm, that the tendency to be a seer of visions is equally so. Under these circumstances we should expect that it would be unequally developed in different races, and that a large natural gift of the visionary faculty might become characteristic not only of certain families, as among the second-sight seers of Scotland, but of certain races, as that of the gipsies.

It happens that the mere acts of fasting, of want of sleep, and of solitary musing, are severally conducive to visions. I have myself been told of cases in which persons accidentally long deprived of food became subject to them. One was of a pleasure-party driven out to sea, and not being able to reach the coast till nightfall, at a place where they got shelter but nothing to eat. They were mentally at ease and conscious of safety, but they were all troubled with visions, half dreams and half hallucinations. The cases of visions following protracted wakefulness are well known, and I also have collected a few. As regards the effect of solitariness, it may be sufficient to allude to the recognized advantages of social amusements in the treatment of the insane. It follows that the spiritual discipline undergone

\* I have latterly much improved the process, and hope shortly to describe it elsewhere.

for purposes of self-control and self-mortification have also the incidental effect of producing visions. It is to be expected that these should often bear a close relation to the prevalent subjects of thought, and although they may be really no more than the products of one portion of the brain, which another portion of the same brain is engaged in contemplating, they often, through error, receive a religious sanction. This is notably the case among half-civilized races.

The number of great men who have been once, twice, or more frequently subject to hallucinations is considerable. A list, to which it would be easy to make large additions, is given by Brierre de Boismont ("Hallucinations," etc., 1862), from whom I translate the following account of the star of the first Napoleon, which he heard, second-hand, from General Rapp :

"In 1806 General Rapp, on his return from the siege of Dantzic, having occasion to speak to the Emperor, entered his study without being announced. He found him so absorbed that his entry was unperceived. The General seeing the Emperor continue motionless, thought he might be ill and purposely made a noise. Napoleon immediately roused himself, and without any preamble, seizing Rapp by the arm, said to him, pointing to the sky, 'Look there, up there.' The General remained silent, but on being asked a second time, he answered that he perceived nothing. 'What!' replied the Emperor, 'you do not see it? It is my star, it is before you, brilliant;' then animating by degrees, he cried out, 'it has never abandoned me, I see it on all great occasions, it commands me to go forward, and it is a constant sign of good fortune to me.'"

It appears that stars of this kind, so frequently spoken of in history, and so well known as a metaphor in language, are a common hallucination of the insane. Brierre de Boismont has a chapter on the stars of great men. I cannot doubt that fantasies of this description were in some cases the basis of that firm belief in astrology, which not a few persons of eminence formerly entertained.

The hallucinations of great men may be accounted for in part by their sharing a tendency which we have seen to be not uncommon in the human race, and which, if it happens to be natural to them, is liable to be developed in their over-wrought brains by the isolation of

their lives. A man in the position of the first Napoleon could have no intimate associates; a great philosopher who explores ways of thought far ahead of his contemporaries must have an inner world in which he passes long and solitary hours. Great men are also apt to have touches of madness; the ideas by which they are haunted, and to whose pursuit they devote themselves, and by which they rise to eminence, has much in common with the monomania of insanity. Striking instances of great visionaries may be mentioned, who had almost beyond doubt those very nervous seizures with which the tendency to hallucinations is intimately connected. To take a single instance, Socrates, whose *daimon* was an audible not a visual appearance, was subject to what admits of hardly any other interpretation than cataleptic seizure, standing all night through in a rigid attitude.

It is remarkable how largely the visionary temperament has manifested itself in certain periods of history and epochs of national life. My interpretation of the matter, to a certain extent, is this—That the visionary tendency is much more common among sane people than is generally suspected. In early life, it seems to be a hard lesson to an imaginative child to distinguish between the real and visionary world. If the fantasies are habitually laughed at the power of distinguishing them becomes at length learnt; any incongruity or non-conformity is noted, the vision is found out and discredited, and is no further attended to. In this way the tendency to see them is blunted by repression. Therefore, when popular opinion is of a matter-of-fact kind, the seers of visions keep quiet; they do not like to be thought fanciful or mad, and they hide their experiences, which only come to light through inquiries such as these that I have been making. But let the tide of opinion change and grow favorable to supernaturalism, then the seers of visions come to the front. It is not that a faculty previously non-existent has been suddenly evoked, but one that had been long smothered is suddenly allowed expression and to develop, without safeguards, under the free exercise of it.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## ON SOME NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY.

BY DR. KARL HILLEBRAND.

THE word "Society" is employed in various senses. We use it in political science to designate the community of men united to a State; in the language of certain aristocratic circles in Paris and London it means a league between a limited number of *coteries*, whose chief care is to keep their doors closed, in order to follow the important pursuit of amusement among themselves. It is not our purpose here to treat either of Rousseau's or of fashionable 'society', but of the totality of those classes which everywhere represent national culture, and are, properly speaking, not only its chief producers but chief consumers, which preside over national activity, which take the lead in State and Church, commerce and manufactures, letters and science, in short, of the whole of that *stratum* of the nation which in Germany, characteristically enough, goes by the name of the "educated class" ("Die Gebildeten"). Now, the nature and *habitus* of this society has, in different nations, at different periods, assumed set forms under the determining influence here of this, there of that particular class, now of this now of that predominating interest. It is clearly not unimportant whether a national society took its definite form during the sixteenth or eighteenth century, whether the decisive part in its formation was played by a community of peaceful burghers or by a nobility of soldiers, whether the principle which prevailed in its constitution was that of art or religion, of science or the State. It may not be uninteresting to trace this progress of development in different nationalities, even should we keep strictly to the high road without tarrying by the way, much less allowing ourselves to be enticed into any of the many by ways lying invitingly on every side.

## I.

National Society was a thing unknown to the Middle Ages. The spirit by which they were animated was a spirit of universality; throughout the whole

of Europe there was but one religion, one science, one form of government, and even in literature the substance at least was common to all nationalities. On the other hand, each single nation was divided into strictly severed castes; the citizens and the clergy, the clergy and the knights, were sharply separated from each other without intermedium. In a similar way all intellectual intercourse between the provinces was impeded by differences of dialect, or could only be carried on by means of Latin—*i.e.*, of a universal instrument, which hardly permitted the spirit of a nation to find utterance. The development of a national society dates only from the renaissance, for it was not till then that the races of Europe began to form into individual nations, that each of these proceeded to develop a political and linguistic unity of its own, which enabled the cultured classes to approach each other, to indulge in the interchange of thought and feeling, to act and live together, and to feel the healthy glow of common interests.

In this point Italy preceded every other European nation; for although, at the close of the fifteenth century, it had not yet formed a national State like the united kingdoms of Spain, England, and France, it had begun since the last German invasion to feel itself an independent nation, like the Greeks of old as opposed to the barbarians. A generation earlier, the written language of Italy had already been recognized as such from the Alps to the Passaro. Above all, the barriers of caste between the educated had well-nigh completely disappeared by the time the revival of classical antiquity gave all of them a common interest. Here, however, it was neither the army nor the clergy, it was the citizen class—*i popolani grassi*—especially the commercial portion of it, toward which the rest gravitated, which absorbed the others, or at least infused its spirit into them. At the time of the Renaissance Italian society was essentially a town society, nor has it ever ceased to be so. In political as well as

in intellectual life, the towns stood in the foreground: Milan and Genoa, Venice and Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Siena, Perugia. During the fifteenth, and even until the beginning of the sixteenth century, some of these cities were great European powers of about the same importance as the Netherlands in the seventeenth; and in the greater part of them the citizen-class of wholesale merchants had early overpowered the military nobility of Germanic origin and possessed themselves of the sovereignty. Who does not know, by Dante's example, that a noble was not allowed to take part in the government of Florence until he had renounced his title and had himself inscribed in a corporation? And the armies employed by each of these cities to fight its bloodless battles were no nursery-grounds for a fresh aristocracy. Held as they were in slight esteem, recruited from the lowest orders, of very little influence in the State, they always remained dependants of the lords of the cities. Even in towns, where toward the close of that period, the generals—mostly men of low extraction—succeeded in seizing the reins of government, as, for instance, the Sforzas in Milan, their officers did not form a military nobility that gave the tone to society. Nor was it otherwise with the clergy. Education having become diffused among the laity, their influence was very small, nor did they in any sense take the lead in society, neither had they any privileged position, nor did they enjoy any special reverence. The clergy intermingled with the rest of that citizen-class from which they mostly sprang, and when a prelate became the object of any special regard, this distinction came to him in virtue of his superior attainments, the weight of his individuality or his connection with powerful citizens, never in virtue of his clerical dignity alone. The men who rose to distinction in the State, in letters, in art, belonged almost exclusively to the citizen-class. Petrarch's father was a notary, Boccaccio's a merchant, Macchiavelli and Guicciardini were of middle-class parentage. Even long after certain families had grown into dynasties and certain groups of families into oligarchies, they still continued to trade as before, not always to the advantage of the

State which they ruled at the same time, while their relations toward those who in reality were their subjects remained in form those of fellow-citizens. The relation of Cosimo de Medici toward Donatello and Brunelleschi resembled far more that of a friend than of a patron, and the intercourse between his grandson Lorenzo and the Pulcis or Angelo Poliziano took place on a footing of familiar equality. The fact is, that these sovereigns were not foreign conquerors, such as ruled in other countries and in Italy also at an earlier period, neither had their ancestors led a separate, unapproachable life from times immemorial. Here rulers and ruled had grown up together, had transacted business with one another, and the fiction that the rulers were only allowed to govern by the consent of the entire community was still retained. Hence the tone of complete equality which prevailed in these circles. Nor was it predominant in Florence only; for even in Ferrara, the only northern State of Italy whose sovereigns belonged to a nobility established by foreign conquest, the same tone reigned, albeit with somewhat less freedom. The examples of the cities exercised in fact a decisive influence. Outwardly at least, this democratic equality has kept its ground in daily intercourse even to the present day. Nowhere are conventional forms less observed than in Italy, they are only brought forward on great State occasions; whereas in ordinary circumstances a familiar *laissez aller* is the order of the day, which among Italians, chastened as they are by centuries of civilization, seldom degenerates into vulgarity. Still this Italian Society, in spite of its ready wit, its *brio*, and its inborn gracefulness, had not at that time, nor has it now, the peculiar charm of French and Spanish Society, as it appears in the comedies and novels of the sixteenth century; that charm which consists in the art of moving freely within the limits of conventional forms, of making them bend to the will, of allowing the individuality free play in spite of them, of knowing how to speak of anything and everything without infringing them. Such social intercourse was in fact a game of skill, which, though not without its dangers as well as its fascinations, differs as widely



from vulgar familiarity as a sonnet does from doggerel. To be sure, doggerel, like the versification of "Faust" and of the "Wandering Jew," may be worth all Petrarch's sonnets put together; still even a Goethe hardly ventures to indulge in it always and everywhere, and readily returns to the sonnet, where circumstances require it, because he feels that it is precisely "when the spirit begins to move most powerfully," that we learn the value of restraint; and may this not be applied in the main to every branch of culture?

This social equality which acknowledged no superior, even while it submitted in fact to rulers, in the Italy of the fifteenth century was coupled with a rare unity of culture. Each specialty having developed on the soil of a common culture, mankind here were no longer divided into merchants, statesmen, men of learning, and artists. Who among us can say whether it was his wool trade, State affairs (at that time still in the hands of a circle of families nearly allied to him), his friend Donatello's works, or the new university he had undertaken to found at his own expense, which most absorbed the interest and attention of a Niccolò da Uzzano? Even the fair sex took a large part in this education and in this society. Convent education was still the exception. Patricians' daughters were taught Greek, Latin, and mathematics at home with their brothers. Thus the gulf which now yawns between the sexes was at that time nowhere perceptible, nor was there any opportunity for the modern blue-stocking to arise, since she is a product of the unnatural state of things by which women are debarred from the educational advantages of men, so that those who contrive to obtain them find themselves isolated among their own sex, and are in danger of appearing and indeed of becoming unwomanly. "In the hands of the women of the Renaissance," as a contemporary writer finely expresses it, "the education of their time only became an instrument with which to develop their feminine characteristics more brilliantly; not the result of an exterior, conventional education, but an interior harmony, arising from the co-operation of all the forces of

woman's nature." Well might Ariosto proudly sing:

"Ben mi par di veder ch'al secol nostro  
Tanta virtù fra belle donne emerge,  
Che quò dar opra a carte ed ad inchiostro  
Perchè nei futuri anni si disperga."

For, indeed, they were not a few, those highly-educated women of the fifteenth century, who shared largely the conversation, the intellectual pursuits, nay, even the business of the men; yet not one of them ceased to be a true woman. Let us but remember Lucrezia Tornabuoni, herself a poetess and a friend of poets, the mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who superintended the studies of her gifted son, who presided wisely and cleverly over a large establishment, the master of which, Piero, was almost constantly ill, and let us call to mind that charming letter, in which she describes the beauty of her future daughter-in-law, Clarice Orsini, with the eye of a female connoisseur. The way in which Sandro Botticelli has placed together the juvenile daughter of the Albizzis with Pico della Mirandola in his glorious frescoes at the Villa Lemmi near Florence, leaves no doubt, though this young lady is not mentioned in the chronicles and correspondences of the time which abound in allusions to so many of her contemporaries, that the handsome prodigy of his age, who "knew everything that could be known," must have been an intimate and playfellow of the graceful girl. And, setting aside Florence, did not Caterina Cornaro, who facilitated the first steps of a Bembo in his eventful career, continue to patronize art and science long after she had doffed her Cyprian crown and retired once more into private life at Venice. Did not Elisabetta da Urbino number a Castiglione, a Bernardo Accolti—an author whose "Virginia" is too little known—among her intimate friends? Were not Bojardo and Guarini, the humanist, guests at the table of the elder Leonora of Ferrara, just as, two generations afterwards, Tasso and Guarini, the poet, found favor and protection with the younger Leonora? And how learned was that graceful housewife Portia, the mother of Torquato! Who does not recollect Vittoria Colonna, Michael Angelo's beautiful muse? Above all, where can

we find a finer type of true womanhood than Isabella of Mantua, whose letters to her husband, to her sister-in-law of Urbino, to her artist friends, reveal a feminine soul of such finished grace through their somewhat constrained form. Now we find her receiving the most learned works of antiquity from Aldus Manutius; now it is Ariosto who submits to her the sketch of his "Orlando Furioso;" Bellini is unable to supply her fast enough to please here; she listens to Plautus' comedies, ay, even to Cardinal Bibbiena's "Calandra," a piece which men would nowadays hardly venture to read aloud to each other, and enjoys it merrily in company with the men belonging to her society; yet no one who had ever seen her found her a whit less womanly because she had read "Vitruvius," or dreamt of casting a doubt on her purity and chastity because she could laugh heartily at Macchiavelli's "Manragola." Girls under twenty were, of course, not admitted to social intercourse with their elders, any more than boys of the same age, and unmarried women above twenty were so extremely rare at that time that they scarcely come into account.

Women's influence in the State was, for the most part, quite indirect, although a few, like Caterina Sforza, took openly a leading share in politics. In general, the part played by women was confined to the truly feminine mission of receiving and returning ideas and aims; they seldom took the initiative either in thought or action; but they lent the lives of those indomitable men moderation, grace, and refinement, whenever a lull in the inexorable struggle for existence gave them an opportunity of doing so. And thus they were indeed the first to realize that artistic ideal which the whole age had in its mind's eye. For art—*i.e.*, the interpreting representation of nature—was the principle which pervaded the whole intellectual atmosphere of the age. During the memorable interview between Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. at Bologna, which was to seal the fate of Italy for many years to come, the wonderfully wrought clasp, designed by Benvenuto Cellini to fasten the pope's mantle, caused both sovereigns for fully a quarter of an hour to lose

sight of the purpose for which they had met. It was their desire to render not only their domestic surroundings, their dress, their dwellings, utensils, gardens, their banquets and entertainments, but even the State, and above all the individuality, works of art. And here it was that the Renaissance, which possessed no conventional compass, too soon struck upon the rocks which were destined to wreck the vessel of Italian society. It had been able to reach the highest possible pitch of art, because here liberty was restrained by law, and Ariosto has remained the most striking example of an apparently unrestrained, in reality strictly controlled freedom. Not so in daily life; for here people only too readily forgot that the Muses should accompany, but are incapable of guiding life. An age which could see no more guilt in a Cesar Borgia than in a tiger lurking for and pouncing upon its prey, could not long hold together. Art is indifferent to morals; society cannot subsist without moral convention. Art is inexorably true; society cannot dispense with a certain amount of hypocrisy. The absolute indifference with regard to social morality, and the undisguised love of truth which characterize this period—a love of truth, by the way, which was quite compatible with the use of direct falsehood or dissimulation in order to attain a given end—the worship of nature as infallible, and the contempt for any other authority, necessarily led this society to its dissolution, and had done so, in fact, long ere Spanish influences fettered the life of Italy.

Unrestrained political license had already resulted in petty despotism before an unlimited intellectual freedom resulted in narrow-minded bigotry. True art had not ceased to be cultivated; but it had become an exterior thing, and the artist degenerated with inconceivable rapidity into the *virtuoso*, the man of science into the pedant, poetry became academism, sociability a mere satisfaction of empty vanity and a coarse thirst for pleasure. Commerce declined, and with it a free, high-spirited class of citizens. Work began to be discredited; a man of quality lived on the inheritance of his forefathers—nay, even down to the present day, Italians give the name *Signori* only to those who have enough

to live upon without working. The ancient city-patriciate itself became a nobility, not of arms, but of court-offices. And what courts were those at which the descendants of the great merchants of the fourteenth century were now content to fawn for titles and dignities, even when, as at Florence, the new sovereigns descended from a race of traders! They were the courts of small vassals to great foreign potentates. The horizon had narrowed. Nowhere was there an open view to be had of the wide ocean of European politics. The noble freedom of intercourse which had prevailed during the previous century gave way to an oppressive etiquette, a formal, Spanish ceremonial replaced the preceding *laissez aller*. Outside the court, it is true, the old tone of friendly intimacy was still preserved in the intercourse between the cultured middle-class and the newly created nobles, who were so numerous that their titles were almost meaningless; but it had become purely a matter of form, and this merely external equality, which had been inherited from the age of the Renaissance, can only deceive the eye of the superficial observer. Then, as now, counts and marquises exchanged the familiar "thou" with lawyers and professors, but only with the certain knowledge, that the distance which separated them inwardly could not be overstepped, as Don Giovanni is able to joke with Leporello with impunity, because both inwardly feel how great a gulf is fixed between them. In fact, a relationship of client to patron had taken the place of the former equality. The decline of commerce and of manufacture, the wide extension of the court and of the service of the State besides, had for their consequence a steadily increasing poverty and servility of the middle class; the number and influence of parasites was continually augmenting. Contrary to the custom elsewhere, the church, justice, government offices became a refuge for these reduced classes, who no longer felt it a humiliation to be patronized by the wealthy. The dignity with which religion, jurisprudence, and the State are wont elsewhere to invest their servants, here had lost all its value; the priest was an affable bachelor to whom the smaller social functions were intrusted, nothing

more; the man of learning, the poet—generally also an *abbé*—was the panegyrist, at times even the buffoon of the noble house; the judge was hardly anything but a business agent; the State councillor was a steward to the *Signori*. The wives and daughters of such professional men—for commerce had almost entirely dwindled into a retail trade—led the life of maid-servants, in extreme poverty, seclusion, and obscurity, from which they only issued on high days and holidays. The women of higher rank, it is true, continued to be the centre of Society, in the aristocratic acceptation of the term; but they, too, passed at a bound from the convent into marriage; on them likewise the absence of all public life, acted depressingly, damping their energies; they also were shut out from the interests which animated the men; they also, like the men, allowed themselves to be absorbed by petty social and religious formalities and the jealousies of position and rank, or gave themselves up, behind closed doors, to every caprice of passion or indolence. The one thing which slightly relieved and enlivened the hopeless emptiness of female existences such as these, was recognized, tolerated Cicisbeism; while the inborn grace, the childlike simplicity, so nearly akin to nature, of Italian women, perhaps also the inheritance of the oldest of European civilizations, toned down and refined to a certain degree the inner poverty of such a life. The traces of this existence of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are not yet quite obliterated; but Italy is perhaps the country which has undergone the greatest social revolution during the last forty years, a revolution which is still proceeding. French domination at the beginning of this century, and the almost uninterrupted influence of French literature ever since; the levelling of all frontiers in the interior; the present rule of the Piedmontese, a race more nearly allied to the Swiss than to the Italians; above all, the rise of a new ruling class, and precisely of that very same middle class which for the two previous centuries had been so poor and so humbly dependent, and which to-day reigns supreme and is fully conscious of the advantages of its position—all this has contributed to bring about a trans-

formation, which is still far from being completed.

## II.

In France likewise the influence of Spain was powerfully felt after that of Italy; but in that country national life was so vigorous, that it soon completely subjected and absorbed the foreign element. From time immemorial the State had been led, the church governed, and the cultivation of literature and science appropriated to themselves, by the nobility of the sword and the robe. These two classes had at an early period entered into a league with the crown against the higher aristocracy. But the more independent the monarchy rendered itself of that aristocracy, the greater became the influence and importance of its allies. Finally, when Richelieu had overcome the higher nobility, they also entered into the service of the court, and that court soon became the centre of French life, first in Paris, then in Fontainebleau, St. Germain, Versailles. And, together with the importance of the court, that of the Parisian Parliament also increased, and it not only felt its own power as independent of the will of the king, but was occasionally inclined to make him feel it too; for France in the olden time knew no Jeffreys, the French judges always preserved their political and social independence, because their half-inherited, half-purchased seats could not be taken from them, and the wealth of their families was constantly renewed by marriages with the daughters of rich citizens. The "city" now began to group around the Parisian Parliament as the court around the king. Intellectual and political centralization thus kept pace with one another. "Court and city" henceforth become synonymous with representatives of culture. Montesquieu naively says: "*J'appelle génie d'une nation les mœurs et le caractère d'esprit des différents peuples dirigés par l'influence d'une même cour et d'une même capitale.*" It is evident that, in Montesquieu's eyes, Germany could not lay claim to a national culture. But "Court and city" meant the nobility of the sword and robe and all that belongs to it; and in fact the characteristic features of French culture were, down to the revo-

lution, nay, even in the National Assembly of 1789, but especially during the Restoration (1814-1830), which may be looked upon as a distinct revival of ancient France, derived from the courtier and the man of law. Even to the present day the habits and customs, the forms and views of these two classes give the tone, if not in the State, at all events in society. At the time when this national society, together with the national literature assumed its definite form, *i.e.*, in the second third of the seventeenth century, the former by throwing off the Spanish yoke and the latter by freely metamorphosing Spanish forms, it was these two closely connected classes which took the initiative in the changes that were then wrought. A Voltaire and a Balzac, a Corneille and a Malherbe, met together with a Condé and a Retz, in the Marquise de Rambouillet's drawing-room; all of them were more or less intimately connected with parliamentary families (*familles de robe*).

Pascal, like almost all Port-Royal, originally belonged to the nobility of the robe, as did Montaigne before, and Montesquieu after him. The great Gallican too, who impressed upon the French church and French pulpit eloquence their lasting stamp, Bossuet, was the son of a judge. But he, as well as Bourdaloue, Fléchier, Massillon, and many other distinguished prelates of ancient France who followed him, became one of the stars of Versailles, who contributed in no smaller degree to the literary wealth of their country than courtiers of the highest rank, such as La Rochefoucault and St. Simon. There were besides a number of professional writers living at Versailles; La Bruyère found his best known types at court, and Racine sang Louis XIV.'s connection with Mademoiselle de la Vallière in his "Bérénice," and wrote "Athalie" and "Esther" for Madame de Maintenon's "St. Cyr." And side by side with the dignitaries of the church and representatives of literature, State officials and military commanders assembled about the monarch's person, contracted friendships with these men, shared in their interests, profiting greatly by their intercourse, while they communicated to them in return their own wider and more liberal view of things. Every noble family



of high rank, however, was in itself a tiny Versailles, with its own *abbés* and men of letters who stood in no subordinate position toward its members, but rather associated with them as friends, giving them intellectual animation while they received a freer knowledge of the world in exchange; for the court, which was the prototype of this whole society concentrated around it, was no miniature court like that of Lucca or of Parma; it was the court of a great power, nay, of the great European power, κατ' ἐξοχήν; there was nothing to limit or intercept the view. The highest interests were treated and decided here; nothing was petty, not even court ceremonial, because it remained exclusively the form of life and never became at the same time its substance, as was the case in Italy. The disputes between Jansenist and Jesuit, between Protestant and Catholic, between the Gallican church and, the Roman Curia found their echo here. Here it was that the supremacy of the continent and the defence of the country were planned. Here Molière's latest comedies were discussed with the same warmth of interest as Pascal's letters against the Society of Jesus or Bossuet's funeral oration on the great Condé. And as the court, so the city; all the educated and wealthy, to whatever class they might belong, took a living interest in these questions, which at once grew into national ones—not least the women.

Even a century later, Sterne expressed his opinion, that "with the French people nothing was Salic, except the monarchy." It is, in fact, the female element which always has reigned, and still reigns supreme in France, especially in the capital. Even Bonaparte, who certainly cannot be accused of allowing too free play to the fair sex, was forced to admit when he came to Paris as a young man of twenty-six (1795) that "this was the only place where they deserved to take the helm. . . . The men thought of nothing else; lived only in and for them. A woman must have passed six months in Paris to know what was due to her, and how she might rule." It is easy to betray the secret. The French women of those times were content to fight with the weapons peculiar to their sex. A Madame de Sévigné, a Madame de Lafayette, were

women before they were anything else. With them authorship was quite a secondary matter, if indeed, such writing can be called authorship. True, France was not without its professional authoresses, like Mademoiselle de Scudéry and Madame Deshoulières, but even they had a far greater personal than literary influence in society, and their period was short. From the time when Louis XIV. attained his majority, the political women of the seventeenth, as well as the philosophical women of the eighteenth century, no longer appear directly before the public. Even Madame de Staël, in reality only half a Frenchwoman, thought a great deal more of her personal connections than of her writings, and had a warmer heart for her political friends than for her political principles. Nevertheless, we cannot deny that the unfeminine element began already with her to make itself objectionably felt. The women of the *ancien régime* shunned all publicity; they were content to exercise an indirect influence, ruling over the rulers in all departments, without ever thinking it necessary to resort to the kind of warfare which belongs to the other sex. Anacreon tells us that nature has given each created being its own special weapons, the bull its horns, the horse his hoof, man reason, and women beauty. By this, however, we are by no means to understand that all women are unreasonable and all men ugly, any more than that all men are reasonable and all women beautiful. He means that every woman, without exception, has received from nature a certain amount of grace, of which she often endeavors, not unsuccessfully, to divest herself. If even so proud a man as Louis XIV. thought fit to doff his hat before the lowest of his kitchen-maids, whom he might chance to meet on a back staircase at Versailles, this was merely a tribute which France, embodied in his person, was always ready to pay to a sex, whose humblest members could lay claim to the rights of grace and weakness. This grace is not confined to the passing bloom of youth, nor to the outward person. There is also a gracefulness of heart and of mind especially feminine. Thus, self-sacrifice and devotion, patience in suffering, intellectual freshness and suggestive naïveté, a

shrewd, direct judgment, and an equally shrewd, direct speech, not less than cunning tears, and the desire to please, are especially feminine weapons, seldom at the command of the other sex. Now, the Frenchwomen of those two glorious centuries, from Madame de Chévreuse down to Madame Roland, owed their sovereignty, their well-merited sovereignty, over the heroes of thought and action, to the judicious use of these arms, not to an unpleasing endeavor to compete with men on their own battle field. For no species of interest was foreign to them, and so they presided over social life, while their influence in politics, religion, and literature was completely decisive. Nor do I by any means allude here only to the most conspicuous figures, such, for instance, as Madame de Longueville, who succeeded in seducing her husband and brother, the great Condé,\* ay, even a Laroche-foucault and a Turenne, to open rebellion against the crown; or as Madame de Maintenon, who determined Louis XIV.'s inner policy for so long; as Angélique Arnaud, or Madame Guyon, the souls of French Jansenism and of French Quietism; as a Tencin and Geoffrin, whose salons gave the tone to the society of a whole century; I refer here to the numbers of women whose names were hardly known to the public, though they stood behind the greatest statesmen, the first writers, the leading men of society, as we gather by the new discoveries made from year to year by the admirers and students of that unique age. Nor does it do to be too quick to condemn the "corruption" or even laxity of morals of that period; for it presents fine, and by no means isolated, instances of conjugal fidelity and attachment. For example, the stout-hearted Duchesse de Chaulnes, of whom St. Simon relates that she refused to survive her husband; then the Duchesse de Choiseul, the friend of Madame du Deffand and of the Abbé Barthélemy,

who almost worshipped her husband, the Minister to Louis XV., albeit he was twenty years her senior; and the Marquise Costa de Beauregard, whose letters to her husband and children, published a few years ago, give us an insight into so noble a soul; the Maréchale de Beauveau, and numerous others. Many of those more questionable *liaisons*, moreover, which were tolerated in those times, were in reality little less than conjugal unions. What other name can we give to the bond existing between the Duc de Nivernais and Madame de Rochefort, or between the Chevalier de Boufflers and Madame de Sabran, even before the legal sanction—in the one case after forty, in the other after twenty years—had become possible? Can we conceive purer relations than those which existed between Mademoiselle de Condé and Monsieur de la Gervaisais, to whom marriage was forbidden, and who in vain sought to forget a hopeless passion, he on the battle-field, she in a convent? And can we venture to confound even relatively less sacred connections, such as those between Madame d'Houdetot and St. Lambert, Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Madame du Chatelet and Voltaire, not to mention others—connections which lasted for many years, and derived their nourishment from a mutual interest in mankind's loftiest aims—can we, I repeat, confound these with the thoughtless *liaisons* which begin and end in the caprice of a moment? When inclined to depreciate the moral value of these women of the *ancien régime*, let us rather call to mind the heroism, the firmness, the resignation with which, in the time of the great revolution, they mounted the scaffold—where they were to expiate their enthusiasm for the ideals of their youth.

It was a characteristic distinction, though only consistent with the whole constitution of French society, that

\* At the time of the "Fronde" such offensive and defensive alliances between influential women and ambitious politicians were matters of everyday occurrence; of this kind were the unions between Retz and Madame de Chévreuse, Beaufort and Madame de Montbazou, Condé and Madame de Chatillon.

\* The relations between the Comte de Toulouse and Madame de Gondrin, between the Duc de Sully and Madame de Vaux, between the Marquis de St. Aulaire and Madame de Lambert, between the Comte Lassaye and Madame de Bourbon, between the Maréchal d'Uxelles and Madame de Ferriol were of a similar nature; the last of these, however, could never be ratified by marriage.

young girls should have been strictly excluded from it ; for it was less the apprehension lest they might fall in love foolishly, or contract an early undesirable marriage, which suggested this exclusion, than the desire to be able freely to discourse on all topics, even such as young girls cannot understand, or which it is either irksome or prejudicial for them to listen to. Now, conversation was the great aim of all social intercourse in France, if it can be said to have had any aim except sociability. It was to the French, what art was to the Italians of the Renaissance, at once the substance and the form of their mental activity. "*On dit que l'homme est un animal sociable,*" says Montesquieu, "*sur ce pied-là il me paraît que le Français est plus homme qu'un autre ; c'est l'homme par excellence, car il semble fait uniquement pour la société.*" It was not solitary thought, imagination, and feeling, not a direct contemplation and reproduction of nature, not enterprise and action with the adroit manipulation of varying interests, but the intellectual elaboration we call conversation, *i.e.*, the form of mental exertion in which thoughts and feelings are employed rather as stimulants to excite our faculties and bring them into play, than as their purpose and object, which was the crowning result of that culture. The sudden birth of ideas in living language, brought about by the contact of mind with mind ; the art of imperceptibly guiding and turning the game ; the satisfaction of having found a suitable, an elegant, or an eloquent form for an idea, of being able to introduce the highest subjects into conversation without becoming abstruse, the lowest without being vulgar, of speaking of natural things without impropriety, of artificial things with simplicity, of gliding lightly over the surface of some matters yet so as to stimulate thought *en passant*, of diving to the depths of others without effort, of opening out sudden views, of touching on personalities lightly without entering more deeply into the subject, of suggesting ideas by such equivocalities, above all, the art of satisfying one's personal vanity by flattering that of others ; this spirit it is which pervades the whole culture of a nation, whose gregarious propensities are not compatible with soli-

tude, which is unable to exist without conventions, yet which feels the need of moving freely and gracefully within those arbitrary limits. Something of this spirit was communicated to the family, to public life, and to literature, and made of the cultured circles of France a society, the unwritten laws and intangible organism of which have outlived even the revolution and its reign of terror, a society which is only at its ease, morally and intellectually, in moral "tights," because that costume has become a second skin—which no doubt implies that it has lost all conception of the nude—*i.e.*, the final in truth and nature. I have said that this code of manners, like the preponderance of the two classes in which it had been developed in the course of centuries, lasted long after those classes had lost their political privileges, although old Talleyrand used to say : "He who did not live before 1789, and did not take part in the conversation of those times, will never know the highest enjoyment allotted to mankind." Let us but call to mind the men of the "Constituante," the Malouets, Lally-Tollendals, Lameths, Lafayette, etc., and the "Girondins," nearly of them men of law and guardians of ancient forms ; let us remember the leading circles of the Restoration, and the reign of Louis Philippe. Even down to the second empire and third republic, literary productions were not deemed indispensable to the reception of members into the ranks of the academy, dukes, prelates, and illustrious men of law being admitted as mere representatives of the taste of ancient France in modern society. These forms, it is true, are no longer so clearly marked as they were, and more than once passion has overstepped the bounds of propriety even in the most select circles. Nevertheless, what was essential in the tradition is still alive, and the present exclusion from the State of the educated classes, and of those who have any social importance, may perhaps have the beneficial result of allowing French genius to come to itself again, and slowly to reconstitute its empire undisturbed by political interests.

### III.

Something analogous to French court

life had begun to appear in England under the Tudors and the Stuarts; and here, likewise, it was the church, the army, and the law, in a close alliance and assembled round the throne as their centre, which gave the tone in society. Even down to the present day these three professions are the only ones which, far from depriving their members of the name and position of a gentleman, actually confer it. Still art, as well as social intercourse, although both were held in high esteem and widely cultivated, even before the great rebellion of the seventeenth century, never had been leading principles in English society; for even at that time politics were already predominant. A high and independent tone prevailed in the society which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson have shown us, and which was represented by men of the stamp of Spencer, Bacon, Sidney, Russell. Women played a considerable and important, yet thoroughly feminine, part in it. Liberty of speech was very great, and seldom degenerated into coarseness. Classical education was universal and profound, and women shared in it; the interest in art and literature was extremely vivid. For a moment it seemed as if England were destined to realize the ideal of modern society; as if, under the fortifying influence of public life, liberty and propriety, individual development and unity of culture, a taste for art and a lively, witty conversation would have free play. This healthy development, however, was nipped in the bud by the great rebellion. To say of any great complex of events, resulting from a long series of facts and circumstances, that it might have been different, would be unhistorical. What may be said, however, is, that the natural growth of England's moral and intellectual life was stunted by the great rebellion which saved England's independence, the Protestant faith, and political liberty. Still this event was unavoidable, for it was the product of a second development, accomplished within the core of the nation, which ran parallel with that higher one proceeding from the Renaissance. However this may be, Puritanism brushed the bloom off the national spirit of England. Later on, it is true, that spirit put forth a new blossom, which

from the time of Locke to that of Hume brought England intellectually to the front; there arose even a period of *Belles Lettres*, with which nothing in the European literature of the past century can compare; nevertheless, whatever may be its intrinsic value, this literature had none of the delicate fragrance emitted by the creations of Chaucer and of Shakespeare, which is missing even in the inimitable productions of their successors from Dryden and De Foe down to Goldsmith and Sterne. The modest, delicate bloom, the subtle changeful hue, which feminine influences cast over a national literature, was destroyed; henceforth English literature became a literature of men, as English society a society of men. The new impulse under Charles II. was but a sorry imitation of French manners and customs; even a St. Evremont and a Grammont lost all living sympathy with their country's culture; the whole movement was, in fact, but a coarse caricature of French life; on the banks of the Thames the refined Epicureanism of French society degenerated into a low sensuality; liberty became license, high spirits dissolute recklessness, elegance luxurious ostentation. It was not till after the second revolution of 1688 that a new kind of society was formed, which has maintained its ground down to our own time.

Even during the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, but more decidedly under the two first Georges, the disaffected gentry had by degrees withdrawn to their estates. If all of them did not care to express their dislike of those "d—d Hanoverians" with the bluntness of a Squire Western, most were at any rate of his way of thinking. Thus country life, which Englishmen have always loved, became the normal existence of the higher orders. Even when the gentry, under Robert Walpole—himself a country gentleman—began to be reconciled to the court, the custom of remaining in the country excepting during the parliamentary session, *i.e.*, the spring, was not discontinued; whereas, under Elizabeth and James I., it had been usual to spend at least three quarters of the year in London. True, the rusticated squire at first did not escape the shafts of the town wits and dandies; nevertheless the ridiculous



figure of Sir Wilful Witwoud, who had never been to town "since the Revolution" (1700), soon gave way to the pleasing, humoristic form of Sir Roger de Coverley, till Squire Allworthy finally became the personification of all peculiarly English virtues. For though this gentry for the most part bore no titles, still it was a nobility, and more than one plain Mr. could trace his pedigree back to the Norman conquest. At the same time the younger sons of the nobles descended either directly, or by means of the three liberal professions we have mentioned, to the gentry, while wealthy merchants procured their sons or grandsons—the English say it takes three generations to make a gentleman—an entrance into the ranks of the gentry by the purchase of landed property or by means of the same professions. The English clergyman, moreover, the greater part of whose possessions had not been confiscated during the Reformation, was, and in fact still is, himself a well-to-do country gentleman, whose rectory could often vie with the dwellings of county proprietors. Besides, he could marry and his sons and daughters share the sports and pastimes of the county families; he was not irrevocably condemned, like the French and Italian priest, to a single life, and thus excluded from all intimate family connections, nor to that of the needy country parson in Germany, whose means scarcely suffice to make both ends meet, or, indeed, to place him on a level with the wealthier peasants. The successful barrister and judge, too (this class had begun since 1688 to be virtually, if not legally, irremovable, a quality which had done more than anything else to secure the independence of the judges in France), the pensioned officer, the sons of the retired merchant, and, later on, of the returned *nabob* on their side also became part of the country gentry, at any rate as far as influence was concerned, if not equally in a social point of view, in virtue of their landed property. Now it was this country nobility and gentry which gave the tone in English society—I say English, for circumstances were different in Scotland, and under their influence Scotch society assumed a form more similar to that of Germany. It consisted of free and

independent men of wealth, most of whom had studied at Cambridge or Oxford, while many had seats in parliament. They managed the affairs of the villages which lay within the precincts of their estates; they were justices of the peace and magistrates, and commanded in the militia. In a word, they did the State good and gratuitous service, and this alone, in the absence of an organized class of paid officials, would have secured them political predominance. In England, however, the Law did not play the same part, either in politics or in literature, as in France. I can recall no writer of note, no prominent English statesman of the past century, who was a member either of the Bench or the Bar. Fielding, it is true, was a lawyer and even a London Justice, but he was also a thorough gentleman both by birth and by education; and though Burke and Sheridan nominally commenced the study of law, they can hardly be said to have belonged to the profession; whereas the elder Lord Melville, who, like Lord Bacon before and Lord Brougham after him, really proceeded from it, never occupied any commanding position. The whole political world was almost exclusively recruited from the ranks of the country gentry, and though the literature of the time bore the impress of town-life, nay, even of the life of the capital, we ought not to lose sight of the fact, that nearly all its representatives, from Addison, Steel, and Swift down to Gibbon, Burke, and Hume, passed into the public service—i.e., into a circle which consisted of statesmen who were also, for the most part, landed proprietors, and thus belonged to a class whose position, even when its members took no part in politics but spent their whole lives in a village, was still considered the most enviable in the land. Even in our days, after the great changes which have been wrought in political affairs by the Reform Bills of 1832, 1867, and 1871, and in the economical condition of England by the development of manufactures and Free Trade, the position of a country gentleman is still the ideal of all wealthy Englishmen. Even now an Englishman of any standing does not feel that he has a real "home" until he possesses a country seat, and this coun-

try home is the one object of his life, the one aim of his ambition, the thing for which he toils day and night, and thus helps to increase the national wealth as well as his own. He who is not rich enough to purchase an estate, puts up in the meantime with Putney, Weybridge, or some other rural suburb. The City is only the gigantic workshop, where business is transacted, and money earned wherewith to indulge in horses, dogs, conservatories, and unbounded hospitality in the country. For there the long days and evenings have to be filled up with prolonged repasts, deep potations, sports and pastimes of divers kinds—hunting, fishing, rowing, archery, flirtations between young people of both sexes; side by side with which go also the more useful pursuits of local business and reading, for which the well-stocked country libraries afford an excellent opportunity—even now the English read more than any other nation in the world. At times, of course, life in these residences would become somewhat rough and boisterous; still, a healthy spirit on the whole animated this class, which was kept fresh in mind and body by out-door exercise and public tasks and interests; and in most essential respects this life has remained unchanged. True, English society, in which both sexes equally join, is to be found only in the country, for what goes by that name in town is more a labor than a recreation, and consists mostly of formally arranged, specially invited gatherings, where the guests sit side by side without ease or freedom, exchanging commonplace remarks, and the relatively small amount of unrestrained hearty sociability still to be found in the metropolis in our time, is now, as it was a hundred years ago, a society exclusively of men, only now it meets in clubs—even parliament is a sort of gigantic club; whereas formerly it was wont to hold its gatherings at Wills' Coffee-house, or, maybe, at the Turk's Head. Women—mind I do not say young girls—seemed, as it were, to have disappeared altogether from the higher existence of the nation during England's most flourishing period. As far as I can remember, Lady Montague and Lady Holland were almost the only ones who, properly speaking, formed social centres, and

neither of them wielded their sceptre with the grace that charms us most in women. We vainly seek a Jacqueline Pascal, a Lespinasse, a Boufflers, who exercised so decisive an influence over the religious, literary, and social life of the ruling class in France, not to speak of those innumerable women who determined French policy, from Diane de Poitiers down to Madame du Cayla. In England, politics, religion, letters, and society too, were men's province, for Hannah More's influence was confined to a small middle-class clique. From Addison to Johnson, the whole intellectual life of England was masculine in character. In Swift's greatest works there is nothing that betrays the influence his connection with Stella really exercised over his life. What we read of women in the writings of Pope, Richardson, Fielding, or Goldsmith seem to imply that only girls played any part in society, and that, on attaining her twenty-fifth year, a woman either withdrew from the world and devoted herself entirely to her household duties, or that she appeared only at the theatre and the card-table to show her diamonds, her feathers, and her paint, or to indulge in the coarsest kind of flirtation. The era of the blue-stockings only began at the commencement of the present century, with Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, though the name dates from the time of Lady Montague, and since then the azure tint has extended to other masculine interests besides letters. It is said that these female encroachments have entirely distorted the social relations between the two sexes which constitute the whole charm of society, and that the intercourse between the sexes in England has lost a good deal of its former charm. This is not, however, the case with young, unmarried people, whose relations to each other have remained quite natural and pleasing, though their converse can hardly be called "society," since it is limited to a mere interchange of feelings, which is a totally different thing. Whatever may be the part which women apparently play in English town society of the present day, however strongly they may muster numerically, their actual influence, especially in politics, is very slight. One is, indeed, rather tempted to reverse Sterne's sen-

tence with regard to France, and to say that in England everything is Salic but the monarchy. True, the Queen presides over the privy council, and we find women sitting on school boards, charity committees, etc., etc. No doubt also much of the work is done by them. The more important decisions, however, are given by men. The wife of a member of parliament who makes no demur at standing on the hustings by her husband's side—a position, by the way, which would suffice to render him an object of ridicule, i.e., morally to annihilate him, for the moment at least, in France—is quite content to watch over and admire her spouse as her property without desiring to guide his political steps from behind the scenes as a Frenchwoman would. We have no wish to pronounce an opinion on the comparative value of the two social systems, but we wish to point out the difference between them. Nobody can feel a truer regard and sympathy than the writer of these lines for the good Englishwoman, who lives only for her husband, enjoying his triumphs, sharing his anxieties and still holding ready for conversation with his friends a lively wit, a sound common sense, a large stock of reading, and who shows more real taste and elegance in her plain but neat walking-dress than all the votaries of high art. Where, indeed, is there a lovelier type of womanhood to be found than in an English maiden? Where one that is more worthy of regard than the English matron, such as we find her, surrounded by her numerous family, in the houses of the middle class? Unfortunately, however, these types seem to be becoming rarer and rarer, and we find in their place crowds of authoresses, doctresses, prophetesses of woman's rights, muses, priestesses of high art, and huntresses after names and titles. These ladies nowadays seem often to take a pleasure in appearing sexless, which is but another word for without influence, inasmuch as their influence proceeds from their sex alone. Friendship, from which every thought of difference of sex is excluded, competition in business, in which all respect and consideration for sex is placed under an interdict, are false relations, and, like all unnatural conditions, cannot be lasting. Wo-

man's work is either inferior to man's, and then she must fail in the merciless struggle she has provoked, or it approaches it very closely in value, and then she generally sinks beneath exertions for which Nature has not fitted her. It would be the same if we were to undertake her task in life, for

"Swanzig Männer verbunden ertrügen nicht  
all'die Beschwerde."

Of the mother of a family, not to speak of a lady of fashion,

"Und sie sollen es nicht, doch sollen sie  
dankbar es oinsehen."

And ought not women also to recognize that the laws of Nature cannot be opposed with impunity, and that these have assigned different spheres of action to the two sexes and different parts to each in the spheres which are common to both? As a man who betakes himself to female arms on the field they have in common, becomes an object of ridicule, while he accomplishes but little, so does a woman lose all her charm as soon as she seeks to adopt men's weapons and a masculine style of warfare. These mutual relations, however, become yet more strangely perverted, if consideration for the weakness of one sex is expected together with an annihilation of all boundaries between both, as is largely the case in English society. In competition, the form which the struggle for existence assumes in human society, all combatants must stand on a footing of equality, otherwise the conditions of the combat cease to be equal. The "*Tirez les premiers, Messieurs les Anglais!*" is chivalry, not war, and if it pleases me to allow a competitor of mine to win the prize, because he may happen to be consumptive, this is generosity, not business. Now, what constitutes the whole charm of social intercourse is a diversity of Nature combined with an identity of intellectual interests; and every consideration which imposes an exaggerated decency, nay, prudery, on men in their conversation with women, puts an end to all free intercourse between them. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*. And that is precisely the reason why *pueri* and more especially *puellæ* are out of place in society. It is certainly by no means desirable that gentlemen, still less ladies, should make

use of improper language; still when natural subjects present themselves unsought in the course of conversation, is it really necessary carefully to shun them? Whoever wishes to form part of society must be capable of taking part in all the interests which animate it. A woman who desires to maintain any influence there, must be able to follow a philosophical discussion without lagging behind, a political argument without yawning; nay, she must even be able to hear a spade sometimes called a spade without blushing. This does not render it incumbent upon her to advance new philosophical systems or develop original political theories; for even in the struggle for existence, women are not called upon to take the offensive, or at any rate not directly, and in the great work of universal generation and development their activity is that of conception and giving birth, not that of creation and generation. But, that it is quite possible for them to forego the exaggerated restraint which has been imposed on conversation without becoming unwomanly, is sufficiently proved by the noble women of the Italian *quattrocento* and of ancient France; and that this extreme prudery was not natural to the English, but is a product of modern conventionalism, is shown by the bewitching forms of a Beatrice and of a Rosalind, of a Portia and of an Isabella, of an Imogene and of an Ophelia, whose modesty and chastity is assuredly by no means tarnished by the *naïveté* with which they call things simply by their names, or jest upon subjects which in our days would be utterly tabooed. Or are we to take it for granted that Shakespeare never saw any such irresistible maidens and matrons, but conjured them all up out of his imagination?

This somewhat unnatural condition of English society was probably caused chiefly by that religious movement which interrupted the healthy development of England for a second time toward the close of the past century, as the political reaction did her constitutional progress. I have already shown elsewhere how English intellectual freedom, which had victoriously broken the fetters of Puritanism and arisen from the mire of the Restoration, was again destroyed, and how cant regained an absolute do-

minion over the minds of Englishmen, as it had done in the seventeenth century, though in a somewhat different form. Its power over society, however, was still more irresistible. Whoever dared to oppose it, like Byron and Shelley, was driven into exile. Hypocritical respectability spread its gray shroud over English life, a leaden gravity took possession of society, an orthopaedical prudery forced it into her strait-waistcoat. True, the England of the past century was neither very refined nor delicate in its habits; still, even if an Addison occasionally took a glass too much, if a Fielding was not at all times over-nice in the choice of his expressions, if a Goldsmith gave himself up a little too freely to a Bohemian life—where so artistic a feeling for beauty of form, so great a moderation in political judgment reigned, a social criterion would not long have been wanting; and a Clarissa Harlowe, whose virtue we cannot question, a Sophia Western, whose every word breathes innocence, show us that the women also were on the way that leads to a union of liberty with self-restraint, of simplicity with culture. When the narrowest religious interests were forced into the foreground and checked the free intellectual progress of the century, as Puritanism had done that of the Renaissance, society also was deeply affected by them. This was fortunately held somewhat in check by the political life which at all times has purified and invigorated England like a current of fresh air. For politics still continue to be for England what art had been for Italy—the all-pervading, all-engrossing interest of the nation. And it is to this interest that English society is mainly indebted for the healthiness of its tone. By it the unity of national culture also was maintained, which sectarianism had menaced with destruction; the different classes were saved from isolation by political liberty, while the dismemberment that might have resulted from country life was prevented by political centralization, and thus an organic whole, with perfect freedom in each of its members, came into being, which differed as widely from the mechanical whole produced by the centralization of the French State, as it did from the disconnection of national existence in Germany. Now



the free air of public life such as this may not be favorable to the growth of so delicate a plant as the refined sociability which flourished under the Renaissance in Italy or during the *ancien régime* in France; but the value of that social refinement should not be over-estimated. A healthy public life, a fertile intellectual and a vigorous economical activity, an abundant if not over-refined enjoyment of existence, are things which, taken singly, still more collectively, far outweigh any such advantage. If a little less anxiety were shown to attain such a social refinement without accepting the conditions indispensable to its possession, it might well be that foreigners would hardly feel its absence from English life as a loss, least of all we Germans, who have no idea of the higher sociability which Italy and France once possessed.

#### IV.

Is there any "society" at all in Germany, in the sense which other European nations attach to the word—a thing, by the way, which is quite conceivable even without higher sociability? We are almost inclined to question it. Three hundred years ago a society of this description certainly existed in Germany, but it was destroyed during the Thirty Years' War, and we Germans have been laboring ever since to reconstruct it, more especially in the present time, which has fortunately once more restored to us our national State. Before 1618, German and Italian society were not dissimilar, for the historical development of both nations has a striking, though easily explained analogy. Our cities at that time formed centres of culture, and it was the commercial patriciate which took the lead in them. Abundant riches, European connections, a solid education, resulted in a certain grandeur of existence which has since utterly disappeared. The wealthy delighted in refined surroundings, tastefully decorated dwellings, elegant mansion-houses and guild-halls, magnificent public buildings artistically designed and completed; but very few traces are preserved of what is, properly speaking, luxury. The style of life and education was common to all the higher classes

and to both sexes, as was the case in Italy; nor were religious and political, literary and artistic interests less common to all than the mode of life and education. Chivalrous pastimes, in which nobles and patricians indistinctively took part, alternated with hard work in the counting-house; for as yet it was no disgrace to earn one's bread, and commerce, although the newly-discovered ocean highways had injured it considerably, was still flourishing. True, the Hanseatic towns had lost a little of their former importance, though Lübeck still set the example of a metropolitan style of life; but the great commercial firms of Augsburg, Nürnberg, Frankfurt—the Fuggers and Welsers, Hochstetters and Tuchers, Peutingers, Pirckheimers, Glauburgs, were still unshaken; and the heads of these firms were the associates of princes and nobles, artists and *savants*, their connections with Reuchlin, Hutten, Dürer, Erasmus, Melancthon, were of the most intimate kind, nor were their wives and daughters by any means excluded from intercourse with the great representatives of classic lore and art.

All this was changed by that dreadful war. Towns and villages had been destroyed, wealth annihilated, commerce ruined, the high spirit of the citizens was broken. Work had fallen into discredit, as in Italy. Those only who had inherited enough to live upon from their forefathers, were ranked among the aristocracy. All intellectual culture had vanished. Even the very language had deteriorated. A listless indifference had replaced the healthy interest exhibited by the higher orders of the preceding century in religious, literary, or political questions. The petty nobles as well as the city patriciates had lost their former independence; the princes alone had become more powerful and important at the expense of the central power as well as of the higher middle-classes. These princes now proceeded to organize their power by means of a numerous bureaucracy. The reduced petty nobles and shortly afterward the half-reduced town-citizens, entered into their service. And whoever had once passed into this class, never came out again; for the younger sons did not, as in England, return to the citizen-class, and free

labor was prohibited to those who possessed a title—nay, even to their children and children's children. And now began the title-mania. Nor was this unnatural, since none but the titled were able to purchase *Rittergüter*, none but the titled were permitted to hold offices of State, none but the titled were admitted to court; and these courts—there were no less than five hundred of them, without mentioning the *Reichsunmittelbaren*, who were three times as numerous—became the centres, around which all social and political life gravitated; their ways and actions formed the subject of all conversation. And what courts they were! Without grandeur, cultivation, or originality; knowing no other interests than those of vanity, no higher ambition than that of aping the external culture of foreign lands. Their nobles delighted in empty flunkeyism; even military service was neglected in their miniature armies. Not a trace of mental aspiration was to be found, save where some distinguished woman perchance broke through the barriers, and thereby let in a fresh current of purer air from the outside. To be sure, it was hardly better outside either; in the absence of all centralization, without a capital, without any common interests, the State, as well as society, broke up into hundreds and thousands of diminutive *coteries*. The horizon grew narrower and narrower, life became emptier and emptier. Prying curiosity, gossip, and envy developed to excess. Dependence engendered servility; constant surveillance, together with the absence of generally recognized forms, produced that want of self-confidence and assurance which characterizes our countrymen even to the present day, as soon as they leave their studies, and the snug and cosy round of their accustomed life, and which is so often taken for affectation by foreigners. "*Les allemands sont les plus sincères des hommes, mais non pas les plus naturels*," said Ch. de Rémusat when he first visited Germany. To be sure, this is not quite so bad as if we were said to be the most natural of men but not the most sincere. All traces of that petty spirit in social intercourse, which grew up during the seventeenth century, are not yet effaced, nor is it a wrong judgment which G.

Freitag pronounces, when he says that "certain qualities were formed in the German character, which even to-day have not quite disappeared: a craving for rank and titles, an absence of freedom in our relations with, and behavior toward, our superiors in social position, whether they possess official rank or hereditary titles; aversion from publicity; above all a strong disposition to judge the life and nature of others in a narrow, disparaging, microscopic spirit." And what else had they to criticize or talk about? Shut out from every, or at all events from any influential, share in State affairs; without public life, without any community of interests which might have promoted so to say a moral circulation, of which the most distant members would have felt the effects; restricted to the office and the tavern; debarred from all commercial or political contact with other nations; in poverty-stricken circumstances, having constantly to combat with distress;—how could the middle-class work its way up to a free, open point of view from which to regard life? The growth of the national wealth was exceedingly slow, for it was not, in fact, till our century, and properly speaking till Stein's reforms in the administration and in the laws on property, till privileges had been abolished, inland barriers removed by the Customs' Union (*Zoll-Verein*), the river tolls done away with and the coinage simplified, it was not until all this had been accomplished that trade and manufacture once more revived, and with them the free life of the middle-classes. In our fathers' days all these arbitrary obstacles to commerce and intercourse were still in full force, impediments which at times seem almost to have been purposely established in order to prevent Germany from recovering the loss of two centuries, which other nations had gained upon her in consequence of the Thirty Years' War.

Now, just as the national life lost more and more of its coherence, and all sympathy between one city and the other gradually ceased, the gulf between the different classes likewise widened: the army was separate from the bureaucracy, the citizens stood aloof from the country nobility, who grew coarser and poorer, and being of no use to the commun-

ity squandered their strength, until the Prussian army commenced to draw them into the service of the State, whereby little by little they once more entered into the common current. Now, among these sharply separated classes, it was that of the officials with a liberal education which soon began to predominate, precisely because the sovereign, whose organ it had become, was the only acknowledged authority; this bureaucracy therefore in Germany played the part which a merchant patriciate, a nobility of the sword and robe, and a landed gentry played in Italy, France, and England, i.e., it grew to be the prevailing type of German society in the eighteenth century. The remaining "notabilities" which a little town contained—professors, doctors, lawyers, and a small number of educated merchants—followed their lead. But the German officials did not form an independent class like the wealthy, irremovable French magistracy. The German judge, like all the rest of the officials, was the instrument of the sovereign, without the princely salary which permits the English judge to play so important a part in society; in this, as in every other respect, he was, and remained, a modest, submissive official—honest, hardworking, conscientious—but without any decisive influence in the State or in society; poor and needy, timid and humble. It had become necessary to have recourse to the middle class, even at the beginning of the century, and rank in society was now conferred by office, as it formerly had been by birth. Of these citizen recruits in the bureaucracy a university education was required, and as all the above-mentioned notabilities attended the Latin School—the only one to be found in such places—every one, not excepting the few merchants who had the privilege of associating with them, acquired the same, often liberal, education, and this again led the way to the regeneration of society.

For, as the State gradually became strengthened by the severe discipline peculiar to this bureaucracy, so was the intellectual life of the nation invigorated by the preparatory studies required of those who entered into it. Modern German literature is a product of our higher schools (*Gymnasien*) and univer-

sities, and for more than a century it was for Germany what art once was for Italy and politics for England, i.e., the one great national interest, which left its impress upon the whole culture of her people. No wonder, then, if such a literature became a critically learned one, which stood in a close connection with science; no wonder if it was penetrated with philosophy and especially cultivated by those who taught, so as to form a literature of divines and professors different from that of any other time or people. This may, it is true, have had its disadvantages, but it had great advantages also. If our polite literature for the most part portrays narrow circles and circumstances, if its tone is often too didactic, its form at times wanting in elegance, its chief interests purely of a spiritual kind, if we miss the fresh current of public life in its pages, if in the idealism which pervades it, reality often falls short of its due; how great, on the other hand, is the inner nobility which is imparted to it by that idealism! What depth it acquires from this preponderance of the intellectual life of the individual over the external life of the collective community! We owe it precisely to the distance by which the circles that brought forth this literature were separated from reality, if we have arrived at the broad and unbiassed conception of life, which is unique of its kind, and distinguishes us from every other people. A firmly coherent society usually holds together by means of the cement of prejudice and convention; whereas the specific characteristic of our culture during that century was freedom from all prejudice. Let any one, who is inclined to doubt this, remember the life led at Weimar and in Berlin, the social position held by Jews and by actors, the tolerance in matrimonial matters—our literature, born during the sentimental period, may be said to have first introduced love matches, for till then *mariages de convenance* had alone been tolerated in Germany; let him also call to mind the high degree of religious forbearance, united to a religious feeling equally deep. It was intellectual unity, above all, which we acquired through this literature, and which later on paved the way to our political unity. By it, too, the nation once more gained a cen-

tre round which to gather. For a time literary and scientific interests stood entirely in the foreground. It forms a striking contrast between the history of our own and of other nations, that our higher orders voluntarily submitted to the guidance of the teaching class, from which princes, nobles, officers, officials, merchants, and women alike derived their instruction, nay, their whole intellectual life. The women, especially, even from the very beginning, stood in the closest connection with men of learning, and it would be difficult to say whether they exercised or experienced a greater influence.

Everywhere, from Sophie Charlotte, the friend of Leibnitz, to Anna Amalia, the patroness of Wieland, Germany has distinguished princesses and ladies of rank to show, who did much to further intellectual life. The biographies of Herder and Goethe show how deep an influence Marie zur Lippe and Fräulein von Klettenberg exercised over the religious views of these founders of our culture. Or who can forget the part which a Frau von Stein, a Frau von Kalb, and the two Lengefelds played in Thuringia, the Jewesses Rahel, Henriette Herz, and Dorothea Mendelssohn in Berlin? The wives of *savants*, too—a Caroline Herder, an Ernestine Voss, a Caroline Schlegel, like the ladies of the Pempelfort and Ehrenbreitstein circles, contested the palm with those of the metropolitan centres and of the nobility. We hear that all this has greatly changed since those times; the different classes are said to be more sharply separated, the sexes to have greatly modified their relations with each other; religious strife has once more obtained admission into our life in spite—or shall we rather say, in consequence—of diminished religious feeling. Even our former cosmopolitan sympathies seem to have given way to a narrower feeling of patriotism—all which changes became inevitable, as soon as we undertook the task of forming a national society; and after all they are not by any means so harmful as the admirers of unrestrained moral and intellectual freedom would have us think, provided they be kept within bounds and not suffered to degenerate into intolerance, the spirit of cast, and a rigid conventionalism. But has the advan-

tage, for which we have paid so high a price, really been attained? And if not, how are we to acquire that social unity, without having to relinquish what still remains to us of that individualism and freedom from prejudice, which were ours in the time of our greatness? It is not much, after all; for if we are still far from forming a single herd, as the English do, we nevertheless form a score of such herds in which individuality is scarcely better off. Liberals, Ultramontanes, professors, merchants, and whatever other elements the nation may contain, each form a world in themselves, a seemingly impassable gulf separating them from one another, and each of them concealing within itself a number of tacit freemasonries. To be sure, many things are in progress which bid fair to heal this condition of internal dismemberment—above all, the increase of material prosperity, which is the foundation of all the more refined forms of life, and the improvements in communication between different countries, which are constantly opening out a wider view and daily multiplying the points of contact with reality, not only for our learned middle-classes, but also for the poor inhabitants of our inland towns.

Sons of university men enter more and more frequently into commercial and industrial life, to fight the battle of free competition and increase the nation's wealth, while steeling their own character and developing its self-reliance. The sons of our clergymen may be found in all parts of the world, whether it be the far east of India or the far west of America, transformed into robust, resolute, practical men, who return to the mother country as free and independent people that no longer tremble before every policeman they may meet.

Our political life is growing daily more public, and thus gradually forcing into the background all the petty interest in one's neighbor's private affairs, which had so disastrous an influence even in the most brilliant period of our intellectual history. Our political unity has not only given us a sense of our own worth, which was wanting in us, and which, in the better elements of the nation, is as far removed from national conceit as from our former submissive humility; it has given us political in



terests in common. The army, to which we are so largely indebted, yet which, despite the great national movement in 1813, had retained agood deal of its squire-like (*junkerlich*) exclusiveness during the prolonged peace, has drawn nearer to the rest of the nation since, our political revival, and tends more and more to become amalgamated with it. It is now the common school of all Germans, where the youth of all the educated classes meet together, first as volunteers, next as officers of the reserve, and finally as officers of the *Landwehr*; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, this citizen-soldier is destined to become the type of German culture, as the country gentleman has become that of English. Especially is this likely to be the case should admission to the volunteer service again be restricted to the educated, and those only who have passed through the highest school-classes be accepted, and should the officers' corps in the standing army continue, as during the last fifteen years, to be more and more recruited from the middle classes. If it has hitherto been the official, with his habits, sometimes formal, sometimes off-hand, who predominated and gave the tone in German society, that position is now from day to day passing more irrevocably into the hands of the independent merchant and manufacturer, who is also an officer in the national army, and on whose excess of *nonchalance* soldiery discipline acts as a wholesome check, while the starchness of his military bearing is advantageously corrected by the freedom of civil life.

Yet these are all merely external matters. As the free atmosphere of a scientific culture and ideal spirit breathed by our officials at the university, is the cause of their great superiority to the clerks of the French bureaucracy; so their presence in the army brings our youth together in the service of something higher, of something which transcends the narrow interests of their everyday life; and this it is that, properly speaking, crowns the whole civilization. This military training, it is true, only aims at making good Germans of our sons; but they ought to be brought up to be human beings as well. This our colleges (*Gymnasien*), our technical, commercial, and cadet-schools do not do, or rather have left off doing; they train them to be merchants, professors, engineers, and soldiers, things which ought to be left to special schools, apprenticeship, or life itself. This is the thing we must guard against as the greatest danger which menaces German culture. It will only be when all the sons of the educated, no matter what career they may afterward adopt, are once more obliged to sit on the same benches, to share the same pastimes, to derive their intellectual nourishment from the same source, that we shall again have a right to think and talk about a German society. Only then can we attain that social unity of which we all feel the want, as we have acquired our literary unity by hard work, and our political unity by the force of arms.—*Contemporary Review*.

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### OUR COOLING SPHERE.

BY REV. WILLIAM DOWNES, M.A.

EVERY ONE is familiar with the appearance which a turnpike road presents on a fine frosty morning after showery weather. The depth of winter, we will suppose, is over, and we are beginning to look forward hopefully to spring. The air is crisp, the ground firm, and the frozen puddles, glistening in the sunshine, are transformed into quite attractive objects. But if they are for the

time being "things of beauty," they are not destined to be "joys forever." The sun mounts the heavens, and his increasing power and loftier arc assure us of better times which are in store for the northern hemisphere; better times, which already the songsters of the wood, fondly credulous of the early promises of an English spring, are hailing in anticipation from their not yet leafy

haunts. Even to less sanguine man the prospect is a cheering one; but while we gaze and listen—

Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid—

the flashing crystals vanish from our path, and dirt resumes its sway. One short half-hour of vernal sunshine suffices to dispel those fragile ice-sheets, whose thickness may be estimated at about a quarter of an inch.

And a *quarter of an inch of ice* is our present starting-point. We have to imagine such a film of ice continuous over the whole surface of the globe. And we have further to carry out in imagination the suggestion which the shepherd, according to the old ballad, once offered to King John, as to the speediest method of making a complete circuit of the world; to wit,

Ride with the sun, and ride with the same  
Until next morning he riseth again;

so that we may have the opportunity of seeing our ice-sheet dissolved, at least along one parallel of latitude. We should then have realized one practical measure of the annual thermal loss of the planet on which we dwell. The heat radiated by the earth into space in one year has been computed to be, at the present time, as much as would be required to melt a quarter of an inch of ice covering the whole of its surface.\*

Viewed in this light, the loss seems to be but infinitesimal. Half an hour of sunshine, or even the application of the palm of the hand for a few seconds, will produce in any one spot as much heat as finds its way there through the earth's crust in 365 days. But if, on the other hand, we look at it collectively, and imagine the ice whose supposed liquefaction is our present measure gathered together into a mass, it proves to be no less than 777 cubic miles of ice.† We may therefore in thought portray an enormous glacier or iceberg, a mile broad and a mile high, extending in one straight unbroken line, say, from London to Vienna. And when we have cal-

culated the heat which would be required to melt such a mass without any help, direct or indirect, from the sun, we should, if our statistics be correct, have again realized the amount of heat which the earth will have permanently lost between January 1st, and December 31st of the present year. So true is it that "great" and "small" are but relative terms. Time and space render inappreciable an amount of glaciation which would throughout an average English county produce a winter climate all the summer through.

That the interior of the earth is the seat of intense heat is a familiar truth. Volcanic phenomena give us ocular demonstration of it. Mining experiences, moreover, have furnished us with an almost uniform rate at which the heat increases, and this is generally computed to be about 1° F. for every 55 feet of descent. But mining experiences are necessarily very limited. The deepest mine in England, that of the Rosebridge Colliery near Wigan, takes us down only 2445 feet and to a temperature not much exceeding 90° F. It is hot enough to make the work exceedingly trying to the miners, but that is all. This, however, is (so to speak) scarcely traversing the earth's epidermis. But if we may assume a uniform increase of heat in descending, the temperature at a depth of 50 miles may be expressed in figures as 4800° F. In other words, at less than an eighth of the distance which lies between the circumference of the earth and its centre, the heat would be about twenty-two times the heat of boiling water at the sea level. Proportionate figures might of course express the heat at greater depths still, but figures fail to convey any idea to the mind of that which must necessarily transcend all imagination. Suffice it to say, that in a descending series we must eventually come to a heat so great that no substance with which we are acquainted could, under any conditions which we can imagine, exist in it in either solid or fluid form. And we conclude, therefore, that if the earth's centre be not itself in a gaseous condition (and there is reason to think that it may not be so), there must be a gaseous zone somewhere between a solid centre and a solid circumference.

\* "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," by T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S., p. 34.

† "Chemical Denudation in Relation to Geological Time," by T. Mellard Reade, C.E., F.G.S., p. 34.

"*Facilis descensus Averni*" is proverbially treated as a truism. But if the classic authors are to be our guides, and if in the centre of our planet Acheronian shades and Elysian fields are to be localized, there will be found practical difficulties of access which might well discourage even so unsubstantial a personage as a ghost. Nor can the all-powerful imagination accomplish the descent with any approach to ease. The distance we may suppose to be nearly 4300 miles; but along a line of this length connecting the surface of the earth with its centre, we may safely assume that conditions would vary greatly, and (since heat and pressure have to be balanced one against the other) probably by no means uniformly. We can measure the power of pressure upon the surface, but in the nether depths its power is in part open to conjecture, nor can we say how soon we may reach a debateable zone, at which the expansiveness of heat may overcome the compressive force of gravitation. Nor, again, could we venture to expect to find that zone itself always at an uniform depth. Here and there it seems to approach the surface. The volcano is nature's safety-valve, and the cavernous rumble of the earthquake warns us that there are imprisoned gases beneath our feet which pressure but imperfectly prevents from escaping. Upon other ground, also, it is quite evident that our experience, limited as it is to the surface of the earth, may tend to mislead us in regard to what lies beneath the surface; for if pressure increased uniformly with depth, the average density of the earth would be much greater than what upon astronomical data we know it to be. The earth, as a whole, is about  $5\frac{1}{2}$  times as heavy as it would be if it were entirely composed of water; or, technically expressed, the density of water is 1, and the mean density of the globe is  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . But  $5\frac{1}{2}$  is only about double the density of rock matter upon the surface; whereas, if nothing but steadily increasing pressure be supposed it would vastly exceed this. There is therefore only one possible explanation. Heat, intense heat, somewhere or other, overcomes pressure and converts everything into gas; and if it were in our power to try experiments, and to feed

the subterranean crucible with the most intractable substances—asbestos, fire-proof safes, or what we will—all would there share the same fate—*instant evanescence*.

Figures would be useless to express the intensity of such a heat, and comparisons would be but feeble. But it is evident that there must be some analogy between steam—true gaseous invisible steam, not the condensed vapor which so often passes under the name of steam—and these vaporiform rocks. And it may be asked, If a heat of  $212^{\circ}$  F. suffices to convert water into a gas which will propel an engine, not without some risk of a boiler bursting, what must be both the heat imprisoned and the power of pressure which girds it in, when rock matter (which, if condensed, would measure doubtless many hundred millions of cubic miles) is thereby kept throughout the ages in a vaporous form, and, like the steam in the trusty locomotive, is the servant and not the master still?

But, as we have already said, this subterranean heat is escaping slowly yet incessantly; and that which once escapes never returns. One practical consequence, moreover, of this lessening of the internal heat of the globe is a reduction in its size. The weight of the world continues the same. The materials of which it was at first composed alone enter into its composition now, if we except a trifling accretion of meteorites, insufficient to make any calculable difference. There has, it is true, been a constant re-arrangement of the constituent particles, but the particles remain the same. And we know by the shrunken and wrinkled condition of the older rocks how important a part contraction, consequent upon cooling, has played in the re-moulding of the earth's surface. Year by year she has parted with a certain amount of heat, and as a consequence she has shrunk, and she is still shrinking, into slowly narrowing dimensions. But if geological time be as great as geologists claim, it may be thought that surely earth ought ere this to have cooled completely. That she has not done so is entirely due to the marvellous properties of rock-matter as a non-conductor of heat. The cooled surface of the globe is to the inner fires

as the eider-down quilt to the sleeper. Moreover, radiation through rock matter, necessarily a very slow process at all times, tends to become slower with the lapse of ages; for in proportion as the heat escapes, so does the cooled crust grow in bulk. If earth be growing older and colder, yet does she weave for herself an ever-thickening mantle and hug the closer the caloric whose escape she cannot altogether prevent.

The molten rock which volcanoes eject furnishes a good illustration of this non-conducting property. It is a well-known fact that the outer surface of a lava stream soon cools sufficiently for a man to walk over it. But for years afterward the heat will continue to be intense at a depth of a few feet. Poles can be thrust into fused rock by men standing upon the cooled surface above it. Water poured into cracks will spirt fiercely up again in jets of steam, and cigars may be lit in crevices around which the moss grows, or the fern frond nestles, or the wild crocus is forced into premature bloom.

But perhaps no more curious and conclusive instance can be cited than one which has been recorded by the late Sir C. Lyell,\* who tells us how a portion of a glacier upon the slopes of Etna was actually prevented from melting by the incandescent lava which had flowed over it from some vent in the higher regions of the volcano. And the anomaly is thus accounted for: A shower of volcanic dust some ten feet thick seems to have first fallen upon the ice, and so good a non-conductor of heat did this dust bed prove, that the fiery lava stream afterward flowed over it, not only not melting the subjacent ice, but actually preserving it by the exclusion of solar heat. The glacier, thus strangely preserved, supplied the Catanians with ice during at least thirty summers; and in this position, if it had not been disturbed, it might have endured as long as the snows upon the summit of Mont Blanc, or the frozen billows of a Palæocrystic sea.

The hint thus given by Nature seems to have been adopted, as the same author tells us, by the shepherds of the

district, who "are accustomed to provide water for their flocks during summer by strewing a layer of volcanic sand a few inches thick over the snow, which effectually prevents the heat of the sun from penetrating."\*

And thus it comes to pass that, with the intensest heat at proportionately no great distance beneath us, we shiver in the northern blast. Commerce and invention are taxed to the utmost to provide us with a little artificially produced caloric, while, Tantalus-like, we realize that just beyond our reach there is a practically exhaustless supply. Who knows but that the next triumph of science and engineering skill—surely one which would be no more wonderful than the telegraph or the telephone—might be a conductor of subterranean heat ramifying like the gas-pipes of a city into every house, and superseding the use of fuel! *Nous verrons*. But in the meantime our present subject leads to an inquiry exactly the converse of this. We have to explain, not how heat may be got out of the earth, but how in the first instance it ever got in.

An apple dumpling has ere now been represented as a phenomenon suggestive of philosophic inquiry. How an entire apple could have found its way into the centre of an unbroken but fragile crust certainly might be a problem demanding solution from one by whom an apple dumpling had never been otherwise regarded than as one of the delectable things which are charmed into existence by the magic sound of the dinner bell. The apple certainly could not have been placed there after the crust had assumed the conditions familiar to the eye and experience of the quasi-philosopher, who would reasonably and logically premise that the apple must be a something anterior to the paste. Upon exactly the same principle may we assume that Earth's inner fires must have been anterior to the cooled crust which has gathered round them; for after what we have seen of the non-conducting properties of this crust, we shall not be ready to suppose that heat from solar rays or from any other exterior source could penetrate so far. It is plain, therefore,

\* "Principles of Geology," vol. ii. chap. xxxvi. pp. 38, 39.

\* "Principles of Geology," vol. ii. chap. xxxvi. pp. 38, 39.



that our planet, or, to take a larger view, all the planets, were once in an incandescent state throughout, and that they are now found to be in various stages of cooling.

And this brings us to the "nebular hypothesis," whose origin, like the birth-place of Homer, is a subject of controversy. Some, and especially some Frenchmen, claim it for Laplace; some, and especially some Englishmen, assign it to Sir W. Herschel; while Prof. Hæckel,\* writing from a German point of view, traces it back to some half-forgotten utterances of Kant. Certain, however, is it that little was heard of it until about the year 1811, when it became in this country intimately associated with the name of the elder Herschel, by whom a nebula in Orion was supposed to exhibit the same gaseous conditions as those out of which our solar system is now believed to have been developed. If a planetary system may be thus accounted for by phenomena which observation shows to be still in existence in another part of the universe, the fact is one of great interest and importance.

This celebrated and now generally accepted hypothesis assumes as its starting-point that the whole of our solar system, from the sun, its present centre, to the orbit of what is now Neptune, or even perhaps to a circumference more distant still, was originally one vast nebula, such as those which may now be observed in the heavens, associated with more than one constellation. At some distant period of the past (it supposes) a condensation of this nebula began while a spiral motion of the whole, due to stellar attraction, and still, probably, in force, caused it to rotate. Two sets of changes consequently commenced. Outer rings became detached from the nebula, while condensation and gravitation caused each of these to assume in turn the form of a sphere, which, obeying the impetus already given to it, circled along what we may now call its orbit. Thus the superior planets, as some think, came into existence first, then Earth, then the inferior planets. But after the birth of

Mercury, the youngest of our family of planets, no more rings were given off, but the condensed remains of the quondam nebula, driven with fierce energy against one another and toward a common centre, produced the huge fire-ball which we call the sun.

So well does this hypothesis account for observed phenomena, and so long has it now stood the test of criticism, that its truth may be regarded as little short of demonstrated. Its application to our present subject is manifold. To begin with, it accounts for the spherical forms of the planets. The sphere is the natural and necessary form for condensing matter to assume, when no modifying conditions are present. We see this in such familiar instances as the rain-drop or the dew-drop, both of which are vapors condensed into spheres. Any fluid, moreover, if just so much of it be allowed to pass over the rim of a vessel as will suffice to overcome cohesion, instantly assumes a spherical form, and we call it, by the synonym of ordinary parlance, a "drop." And this it does by virtue of that same law of molecular attraction which produced the round world, and each of its associated spheres.

We have, however, to account not only for a sphere, but for an intensely *heated* sphere. And condensation is a *vera causa* for this. It is a well-known fact that, as a rule, the more rapid the condensation, the more fierce will be the evolution of heat. Familiar experiments in chemistry and physics might be cited to show this. But for our present purpose the rain-drop will again suffice us. As slow condensation of aqueous vapor gives us the gentle shower, so does its rapid condensation produce the thunder-bolt.

This, however, upon our hypothesis, would not have been the only source of heat in a nascent planet. The very forces of attraction which moulded the sphere, must also have been accompanied by a fierce evolution of heat. The very same cause which first produced and now sustains the solar fires—those fires which are unaccountable upon any theory of combustion—must have made each planet to come into existence aglow with heat—in fact, a mimic sun.

A popular tradition has ventured to suggest that the law of gravitation was

\* "History of Creation," by Prof. Hæckel, vol. i. chap. i.

first brought home to the mind of Sir Isaac Newton when sitting under an apple-tree, by the thump of a pipin falling upon his cranium. Whether or not there be any truth in this sensational story, it is an instance of the way in which great natural laws are capable of homely illustrations. For thus it is with the nebular hypothesis: at least, with that part of it which teaches that spheres and satellites may be given off from a parent sphere. To exhibit the principle, we need only a little alcohol, some water, some oil, and a spoon. Let alcohol and water be mixed in a common basin until the diluted spirit becomes of exactly the same density as oil, and it will be found that oil poured into it will instantly assume a spherical form. Then, if this be stirred into a rotatory motion, rings will be given off, which in turn will form minor spheres coursing along their miniature orbits.

Such an illustration would throw no light upon the evolution of heat, but probably it would illustrate what is an important feature in the solar system—a great variety in the sizes of the detached spheres; and it is evident that many conditions will be dependent upon the size of a planet. With the size the force of gravitation will vary, so that on no two planets will the same object have the same weight. The spring which would carry a boy over a terrestrial hurdle would not suffice to take him over a Jovian hurdle of the same size, if hurdles there be in Jupiter; while upon some of the little asteroids whose superficies, like that of a farm, might be most-conveniently measured by acres, a similar spring would send him flying like a bird into the air. And the difference in size is also an important element in regard to the present subject. Manifestly, the larger mass will take longer to cool. And slow as has been the process of cooling within the Earth, it must have been infinitely slower in a planet like Jupiter, which is as much larger than Earth as a hen's egg is larger than a pea. It has even been thought that the cloud masses, millions of miles in thickness which envelope Jupiter, may indicate that the surface of that planet is still too hot for water to rest upon it. It would be a remarkable thing if the elder planet be indeed thus imperfectly developed,

while Earth, so much younger in time, has had for countless ages a surface cool enough to sustain life.

It is only when we thus regard our globe as a member of a planetary system, and that system in turn as a unit among the systems, that we realize how infinitesimal are its concerns and how relatively insignificant it is. We may for practical purposes treat the orbit of Neptune as the circumference of our planetary system, and state the diameter of it therefore as about 5,486,000,000 of miles. But if we could suppose all this vast plane converted into a solid disc, instead of being, as now, for the most part, empty space, and if to it were then given, by some means or other, a slightly luminous surface, it would appear to an observer upon the very nearest fixed star no more portentous than a new shilling glittering in the sunshine would appear to an observer at a distance of somewhat over a hundred yards. In other words, it would want fairly good eyes to discern it at all. We may safely say, then, that the annual thermal loss of our own little sphere, though sufficient to melt 777 cubic miles of ice, would, even though multiplied by centuries of centuries, no more affect the temperature of space than the striking of a match would avail to moderate the climate of Siberia.

But though neither outer space nor our own immediate atmosphere are at all sensibly affected by the Earth's radiated heat, the effects of contraction, consequent upon it, are everywhere evident upon the Earth's own surface. We are apt to speak of land and sea as if they had been from the beginning of time the two distinct areas which we now see them, whereas in truth those land surfaces are quite exceptional which are not the sea-beds of the past, heaved up into the air from the depths, in which they were formed by the lateral pressure of a cooling and contracting sphere. The exceptions, such as peat bogs and lavas, are merely local. As a rule, contraction wrinkles up the mountain range which Jupiter Pluvius sculpts into peak, valley, and ravine. That oceanic abysses are being deepened by the same contractive force, we are led to believe by those who, from the deck of the "Challenger," have taken soundings in

every sea; while the labors of certain Swiss geologists amid their native Alps are now teaching us that the crumpling-up of mountain masses transcends probably anything that even geologists have hitherto conceived. If four or five sheets of paper were placed one upon another, and then crushed into a ball in our hands, the crushed paper would, according to the mapping of MM. B. Studer et A. Escher,\* be scarcely an exaggerated illustration of the present structure of the once horizontal strata of the Alps.

But while such grand regional disturbances as the above, traversing as they do whole continents and oceans, represent to us the effects of contraction upon a large scale, some of the results of merely local refrigeration are no less curious. Those even who have not paid a personal visit to the cave of Staffa, can hardly fail to be acquainted with the appearance which its hexagonal basaltic columns present in prints or photographs:

The pillared vestibule  
Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,  
Might seem designed to humble man, when  
proud

Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight,  
Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace  
In calms is conscious, finding for its freight  
Of softest music some responsive place.†

Downward into the clear still depths of the Irish sea stretches the marvellous edifice, and, continuous probably beneath it, reappears as the "Giant's Causeway" upon the Irish coast. Of course it has its appropriate legends, and is sacred to the memory of kings, bards, giants, and monsters of the deep. And it is reserved for this matter-of-fact age to dispel the dream, to call it a cooled lava stream, and even to simulate its hexagonal prisms in the homely material starch, cooled under similar conditions in miniature.

The theory is—and experiment has rendered it something more than a theory—that molten rock, when condensing into a solid form, tends to become an aggregation of spheres arranged in columns. But since the spheres are at

once flattened by their own weight and that of the rock above them, the columns are practically cylindrical; or rather, they would be so, but that lateral pressure also crushes one against another until each becomes more or less angular. If the pressure be evenly distributed, regular hexagonal columns will be the result, as is very frequently the case with basaltic rocks.

The same principle, but with far less of symmetry, is believed to be also traceable in granite, which breaks up into blocks often not only irregularly angular at the sides, but also slightly concave or convex at the top or base. If the supposition of some geologists be correct, and we see in these lines of separation faint traces of that spherical form which the molten rock matter, when it first began to cool, tended to assume, then many a logan stone and rock basin visited by the traveler upon Devonshire moorlands may be accounted for by natural laws, and the association of them with Druidical horrors may oftentimes rank on a par with the legends of Fingal's Cave.

We will only here add that this tendency of cooling rock matter to contract into angular prisms has some curious analogues in the animal kingdom. What mechanical laws have effected in the one case, economy of space or of material has effected in the other. Rather too much, perhaps, has sometimes been made of the so-called instinct of the bee in constructing a honeycomb of regular hexagons. "It may be said that the instinct of making circular prismatic cells with spherical ends and then clearing away the unnecessary wax is all the instinct which the bee requires."\* And that the hexagonal honey-cells are but modified spheres and cylinders, is confirmed by what Mr. Darwin tells us about the rude spherical and cylindrical cells of the humble bee, and the intermediate characters of those of the Mexican *Melipona*.† However this may be, corals at least cannot be accredited with an instinct which would influence their own growth. Yet not a few corals, and

\* "Carte Géologique de la Suisse," par MM. B. Studer et A. Escher.

† "Cave of Staffa," Wordsworth.

\* "God and Nature," by the Bishop of Carlisle. *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1880, p. 513.

† "Origin of Species," chap. vii.

notably certain fossil corals, as their names testify, are compressed into angular and even into perfectly hexagonal forms. A block of Lithostrotion basaltiforme, from the mountain limestone, could easily be manipulated into an excellent model of the Giant's Causeway or of Staffa's Cave. Economy of space, conducing to economy of wax, is the apparent design on the part of the bee, which, whether consciously or unconsciously exercised, is doubtless a habit advantageous to the species. And in the same way an economy of carbonate of lime, certainly unconsciously exercised by the zoophyte, would give to

those corals, of whose mode of growth it is characteristic, an advantage over others in an element in which carbonate of lime is but scantily supplied. But apart from the philosophy of the matter, the plain fact is worthy of note, that circumscribed space does avail to produce analogous modifications of form in so many unconnected instances. For the final result differs little, if at all, whether illustrated by the skeleton of the brilliant zoophyte, by the structure of the moorland Tor, by the wave-washed basaltic cavern, or by the exquisite fabric of the bee.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA. By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Lodge's book is based upon a course of lectures which he delivered at the Lowell Institute of Boston, and which grew upon his hands as he extended the range of his inquiries until the result is a volume of considerable size. Its aim is to describe the condition of the various colonies in and about the year 1765—the year of the Stamp-Act Congress—to show "who and what the people were who fought the war for Independence and founded the United States—what was their life, what their habits, thoughts, and manners." Each colony is dealt with in a chapter by itself, except the four New England colonies, which were substantially identical in race, language, religious belief, manners, customs, and habits of mind and thought, and which consequently can be dealt with as a whole. Prefixed to the descriptive chapter on each colony or group, is a chapter giving a condensed outline of the political history of the colony from the date of its settlement up to the year 1765; and three concluding chapters summarize the events from 1765 to 1776 which ushered in the Revolution, describe briefly the war for Independence, and state the circumstances of the peace secured in 1782.

These historical chapters are merely supplementary to the main purpose of the book, which is to describe the various colonies in and about the year 1765; and by thus subordinating the historical and political aspect of his subject, Mr. Lodge has found a distinctive place for his work, and has avoided treading in the beaten tracks of his numerous predecessors, for whom the Colonial period appears to

have possessed a fascination not possessed in equal degree by any other portion of the national history. The events, the incidents, the occurrences, of the Colonial era have been recorded over and over again, until no future writer can hope to add materially to our knowledge of them; but there is no other work which tells so clearly and picturesquely as Mr. Lodge's who and what the people were who fought the War of Independence and founded the nation. Mr. Lodge, in fact, has achieved the difficult feat of producing a work which really fills a gap in American history.

ANTHROPOLOGY: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MAN AND CIVILIZATION. By Edward B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Man being the proper study of mankind, the science which deals with man must be assigned a foremost place among the subjects that demand the earnest attention of students; and Dr. Tylor has rendered a most valuable service in bringing its elementary principles and facts within such easy reach. His book is a model of its kind—systematic in arrangement, thorough in treatment, comprehensive in scope, and lucid in style, yet attempting nothing which cannot be readily accomplished within the limits of a modest-sized volume. He has not attempted, as he explains, to furnish a summary of all that Anthropology teaches, or to deal exhaustively with the facts upon which it is based: his book is, strictly speaking, an *introduction* to the science, complete and trustworthy so far as it goes, but leaving the more advanced work to special students who may be induced by it to carry their researches further. "It does not deal



with strictly technical matter, out of the reach of readers who have received, or are receiving the ordinary higher English education."

With whatever care it may be limited, however, the *Science of Man* covers and includes extremely multifarious subjects, "ranging," as Dr. Tylor says, "from body to mind, from language to music, from fire-making to morals." Among the topics to which special chapters are assigned are "Man, Ancient and Modern" (discussing the antiquity of man), "Man and Other Animals" (defining man's place in nature), "Races of Mankind," "Language," "Language and Race," "Writing," "Arts of Life" (these furnishing the subject of no less than four closely compacted chapters), "Arts of Pleasure," "Science," "The Spirit - World," "History and Mythology," and "Society." The subjects dealt with are much more various than even this summary of contents would indicate; yet, as the author remarks, "they are all matters to whose nature and history every well-informed person ought to give some thought."

The illustrations, especially those portraying racial types, are remarkably fine; and the treatise should find a place in even the most modest collection of books relating to modern science.

WOOD MAGIC: A FABLE. By Richard Jefferies. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

To the American public Mr. Jefferies is best known as the author of "Wild Life in a Southern County," and "The Gamekeeper at Home"—descriptions of English rural life which remind one of White of Selborne and old Izaak Walton. The present work is different from either of its predecessors, and is the subject of an appreciative notice by Prof. Grant Allen in the London *Academy*, from which we make the following extracts: "It is only a delicate, fanciful, fantastic, and beautiful apologue, full of exquisite description, strung upon a slender thread of narrative, and couched in pure, rich, and dainty English. . . To give a *compte-rendu* of such a light and graceful phantasy as this would be cold-blooded, and, moreover, it would be impossible. The book must be read; it cannot be dissected. Mr. Jefferies' style remains much the same as ever, only it has gained in polish and lost nothing in that peculiar power over the rural vocabulary which is one of its author's strongest points. It would be mere impertinence to write at the present time that Mr. Jefferies has a wonderful faculty for close observation of nature, for the interpretation of small hints and suggestions, for the realization of animal and plant life. All that need not now be said. But, to some extent, in 'Wood

Magic' he has taken a fresh departure. There is a story, a fabulous, marvellous, curious story, with a charming little boy for its hero, and birds and moles and rats and weasels for its *dramatis personæ*. Sir Bevis, the little boy in question, wanders about among the insects and creeping things of the wood, with the best intentions in the world, after a childish fashion, but manages, nevertheless, to do rather more harm than good in the long run. His portrait is sketched with a minute fidelity and an evidently loving touch, which constrains one to identify him with the Harold to whom the book is inscribed. Sir Bevis, indeed, is the backbone of the story—as mischievous and as genuine a child as one could wish to come across on a summer's morning. Beside him there flits by a long phantasmagoria of talking beasts and birds, whose history centres round the exploits of King Kapchack, the successful magpie, and the Emperor Choo Hoo, the celebrated rebel. But the animals are not at all like the Reynard or the King Stork of our classical fables; they are real living wild creatures, rather than mere lay figures for the display of cardinal virtues and vices. Mr. Jefferies throws an amount of life and reality into his fable to which we are quite unaccustomed.

"And yet it is in many respects a saddening book. Whether the author means it or not—and it is difficult to say what his underlying intention may really be—this naturalistic picture of life in the woods, with all its frank struggle of brute force and cunning, and with its queer side-satire on human action, has a terrible moral of its own. The animals hate and fear one another, eat the weaker and are eaten by the stronger, exactly after the cruel fashion of nature herself. That "nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal," seems, indeed, at times to be the central thought of the book. Mr. Jefferies lends no countenance to the hypothesis of a beneficent Providence overruling all the evil of the world for good. His universe is like the real one, a perpetual conflict of selfish aims. Even his human beings are built upon the same egoistic pattern. There is a terrible, too realistic episode of a wounded keeper lying helpless in the covert through a long day and stormy night, while his wife does not seek him, because, when once she had looked for him in great alarm, she found him drunk at the alehouse, and he beat her for her trouble; and a laborer, slouching by with a wire in his pocket, will not go into the copse at his call, lest it should turn out to be a mere ruse for catching a poacher. Even little Bevis himself is a strange compound of childish temper with good impulses. All this side of the book is powerful and strongly written, but it is almost painful in its

naked exhibition of the world we live in. Is it not the fact that man—cultivated man, at least—has now grown too ethical for the planet in which his lot is cast, and shrinks from contemplating the horrible life-and-death struggle which goes on half-unsuspected in beautiful nature around him? At any rate, it is a relief to turn from the darkest passages to the fresh and breezy bits that intervene, and, above all, to the last chapter, where Bevis makes friends with the wind, and learns from it the secret of a happy life. This, the final moral, impressed upon him beside the grave of a prehistoric chieftain, appears to be something after a simple fashion: Oh, let us all go and be dolichocephalic savages! Not a bad moral either in a country which has four millions of people cooped up in a breathless, barren London, not to mention sundry stray half-millions cooped up here and there in still more breathless and barren Glasgows, Liverpools, and Manchesters. Mr. Jefferies' antidote for pessimism appears to be a healthy open-air life. That, we imagine, is the last word of this curious, beautiful, and enticing, but somewhat mystic parable."

LITERARY STYLE AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William Mathews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

The author has here brought together a budget of newspaper and magazine essays, which, admirably adapted for their original purpose, hardly possess the specific gravity that would indicate the need of preserving them in book form. It may be said, however, that Dr. Mathews has met with surprising success in similar ventures, and it is probable therefore that he has an audience who find in his homely teachings, direct simplicity of style, and copiousness of illustrative quotation, the sort of mental food and stimulus that they require; and if such is the case the present volume will be as likely to prove acceptable as any of its predecessors. It contains twenty-one essays, of which the more noteworthy, besides the one which gives the book its title, are "The Duty of Praise," "Periodical Literature," "The Blues" and their Remedy," "The Ideal and the Real" (not at all an abstract disquisition, as its title might imply), "Memory and its Marvels," "Angling," "The Secret of Longevity," "Originality," "Who are Gentlemen?" "Office-seeking," and "Americanisms."

This list gives a tolerably fair idea of the miscellaneous character of the contents, and there is no subject probably within the range of ordinary human interest about which Dr. Mathews would not find something to say himself, or something pertinent which somebody else had already said. The extent of reading

which his work reveals redeems even the simplest of his essays from mere commonplaceness, and is apt to provide the reader on every page with something for his note-book or his memory.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE "Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat" have reached an eighteenth edition in Paris.

AN industrious person has already begun to compile a concordance to the revised New Testament. The book will be published as soon as possible.

A NUMBER of unpublished letters written by Cardinal Richelieu will be shortly published under the auspices of the French Ministry of Public Instruction.

It is stated that Marshal Macmahon has been putting together his papers with a view to the preparation of an autobiographical memoir, entitled "Histoire de ma Présidence," to be edited by one of his former *aides-de-camp*.

A MUSEUM of palæography has been established at Venice, under the charge of Profs. Crechetti and Predrelli, in which will be collected inscriptions, mss., charters, and all that bears upon the early history of writing.

MME. MICHELET is engaged in preparing for publication an abridgement of her husband's "History of France," written entirely in his own words. It will consist of three volumes, of which the third, treating of the Revolution, will appear first, as being essential for the right understanding of the other two.

AN amusing instance of Carlyle's plain speaking is reported by a hearer of it. An acquaintance, with strong opinions of his own, had supported them pertinaciously one evening against Carlyle's views, and was thus taken leave of at the door: "Good night, sir! And let me tell you that you have capabilities for becoming one of the greatest bores in England."

A WORK on marriage ceremonies, particularly those of Russia, by N. F. Sumtsov, has just appeared at Kharkov. Besides a description of the marriage ceremonies prevalent in many parts of Russia, it contains the nuptial songs which form an interesting feature on such occasions. The marriage customs of the ancient Slavs and Germans are also compared with the modern survivals in order to explain the symbolic significance of the latter.

WE understand that Messrs. Macmillan will bring out a new translation of Kant's "Kritik der reinen Vernunft" in honor of the centenary of that work. It will be the first English translation of the original text (Riga, 1781),

and the changes and additions of the later editions will be given in the form of supplements. The translation has been intrusted to Prof. Max Müller, and there will be an historical Introduction by Prof. Noiré.

THE subject of an international copyright between China and Japan is now under consideration. Chinese authors complain that their works are not only printed in Japan, but that cheap editions of them are imported into China and sold to their detriment. It is worthy of note that Chinese authors have perpetual copyright in their productions, and that any infringer of an author's rights is punished by receiving a hundred blows and being transported for three years.

THE Common Prayer, translated into the Mohawk language for the use of the Indians in the vicinity of New York, and printed at New York in 1715, is one of the rarest books in the class of American linguistics. When the third edition was published in 1787, it was stated that very few copies had survived the War of Independence, in which the Mohawk tribes, having joined the Royal cause against that of the States, suffered severely, and were expatriated to Canada. It was therefore an event of some bibliographical importance when a copy turned up in a recent sale at Puttick and Simpson's auction-rooms. Mr. Quaritch was the purchaser.

WE are informed that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has just discovered in Warwickshire a valuable collection of documents throwing considerable light on the social position and history of Shakespeare's connections in that county. Among other matters of interest, it seems that, throughout the poet's youth, his uncle Henry rented a considerable quantity of land under Bartholomew Hales at Snitterfield, and, by a chain of curious evidence, the exact site of his farm has been ascertained. It was situated on the brow of the hill near the church, skirting the road to Luscombe. As Snitterfield is within an easy walk of Stratford-on-Avon, the youthful Shakespeare must have been very familiar with the locality.

THE English Spelling Reform Association have addressed through their president, Mr. A. H. Sayce, a memorial to the Educational Committee of the Privy Council, praying that certain changes may be made in the present code, and, also offering to lay their views personally before the committee by means of a deputation. The special complaint of the spelling reformers is that the present code does not allow children, when examined in Standards I. and II., to offer any other system of spelling than that commonly in use. It is suggested that, as school-books have now been

printed according to more than one of the improved systems, such new systems might now be permitted as alternatives by the school inspectors in both writing and dictation.

A GREEK manuscript, which it is not unlikely may prove of considerable historical interest, has recently been discovered by Prof. Vasilyevsky in the Synodal Library at Moscow. The last and most interesting portion of the MS. is, as it appears, a contemporary account of the Greek wars and the Bulgarian insurrection of 1040. The unknown writer describes the Bulgarian movement in considerable detail, and assigns its commencement to the Valachs. The geographical situation of these last is defined. They are spoken of as a branch of the Bessi who dwelt along the Danube and Save, chiefly in hardly accessible regions, whence they ravaged the surrounding lands. They are, moreover, characterized as insincere and treacherous, an account of them which tallies with that of Strabo.

AN interesting story is connected with the recovery by the Bibliotheca Palatina, at Heidelberg, of three manuscripts which were taken from it about 260 years ago. They are three Greek codices which in the sixteenth century were spoken of by the philologist Sylburg, and were supposed by him to have been lost. Lately the librarian of the University of Halle has discovered them among his treasures and established their identity. In 1862 they were taken from Wittenberg to Halle along with others. A certain Professor Erasmus Schmidt, who lived at Wittenberg in the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, took these manuscripts from Heidelberg and deposited them in the library of Wittenberg for safe keeping. Subsequently they were all carried off to Rome, where, however, only the acknowledgment of their receipt remains, which was published in 1844. As soon as the librarian at Halle made his discovery known, the University of Heidelberg demanded back its lost treasure, and the Prussian Minister of Education directed that it should be returned.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

HEARING THE GROWTH OF PLANTS.—It is now possible to *hear* plants growing. At a recent meeting of the Silesian Botanical Society, an apparatus was shown, in which the growing plant is connected with a disc, having in its centre an indicator which moves visibly and regularly, and thus on a scale, fifty times magnified, denotes the progress of growth. Both disc and indicator are metal, and when brought in contact with an electric hammer, the electric current being interrupted at each of the dividing interstices of the disc, the

growth of the plant is as perceptible to the ear as to the eye.

**THE FOSSIL MAN OF NICE.**—Some human remains, evidently of great antiquity, were discovered a few months ago at Carabacel, near Nice, and have been reported upon by a local scientific committee, as well as examined by M. de Quatrefages. The bones had not been artificially interred, but were found embedded in a deposit of calcareous clay, at a depth of about nine feet from the surface. This deposit was irregularly stratified, and contained a mixture of Pliocene and Eocene shells, showing that it had been formed by the reconstruction of the pre-existing strata. Of the bones, the most remarkable is the lower jaw. This is sufficiently characteristic to enable De Quatrefages to refer it to the Cro-Magnon type. The fossil man of Nice, therefore, belongs to the same race as M. Rivière's skeleton from Mentone, both being probably of Palæolithic age.

**ELECTRICAL SPEECH-RECORDER.**—A curious piece of apparatus has been devised by M. Amadeo Gentili, of Leipsic, for the purpose of giving an intelligible record of speech. The natural movements of the mouth in speaking are employed to produce through delicate levers a series of electric contacts, and thereby sundry combinations of signs on a moving band of paper, similar to those of the Morse alphabet. The working parts are mainly arranged on an ebonite plate, from one end of which projects a piece to be taken between the teeth, whereupon the mouth-levers come into position. The nasal puff in sounding *m* and *n* affects a special delicate organ. It is mentioned by M. Guerout that the letters *g* and *k*, *d* and *t*, *b* and *p*, *f*, *v*, and *w*, which are produced by movements very slightly different, are represented by the same signs. Thus of these letters the alphabet comprises only *g*, *t*, *b*, and *f*. Further, *c*, *s*, and *x* are represented by *ts* and *gs*.

**THE RELATION OF BRAIN STRUCTURE TO INTELLIGENCE.**—There is plainly to be noticed a growing doubt among the most competent biologists as to there being any fixed relation between brain structure and mental function. That pet theory of a few years back is not now tenable. There is a *tertium quid* in the evolution and action of intelligence which we cannot yet put our finger on. One example in point may be mentioned, from a recent lecture of Prof. Calderwood of Glasgow. Speaking of insects, he quoted Sir John Lubbock with reference to their position in the order of development. Sir John said that, though the anthropoid apes ranked next to man in bodily structure, ants claimed that place in the scale of intelligence. Once he had watched an ant working, and it worked from six in the morning to

ten at night without intermission, carrying one hundred and eighty-seven larvae to its nest. Prof. Calderwood said that it became apparent that anatomical structure was not in itself an adequate guide in determining comparative importance in the scale of organic existence; and that even comparative brain structure could not be taken as a sole test of the measure of intelligence. The whole order of ants presented quite exceptional difficulties for the theory of evolution, and also for the theory of intelligence, which seeks to account for it by complexity of brain structure.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

**NEW VACCINATION STATISTICS.**—Dr. Buchanan, the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, has put out some very striking statistics on the subject of vaccination. The death-rate from small-pox among people of all ages is 90 to a million of those vaccinated, and 3350 to a million of those unvaccinated. The death-rate from the same cause of children under five years of age, is  $40\frac{1}{2}$  per million of those vaccinated, and 5950 per million of those unvaccinated. The inference is that even vaccination is not an absolute and final security from death by small-pox, but that it is an insurance against it of the most effectual character, and most effectual of all at that time when the period of vaccination is nearest, and the consequences on the constitution most potent. Of course, the antagonists of vaccination may reply that the security which vaccination affords against death by small-pox, is either a positive addition to the danger of death by other diseases, or a positive subtraction from the vigor and healthiness of the lives which it lengthens. But if they maintain this, they ought to bring statistical proof of it of the same adequate kind; and no such proof has ever been offered, nor has the existence of any such proof ever, so far as we know, been rendered probable, on grounds of the smallest plausibility.—*The Spectator*.

**THE MASTODON IN RECENT TIMES.**—Prof. John Collett, Ph.D., State Geologist of Indiana, gives some statistics in relation to the mastodon, that dispel the notion that these animals did not live in recent times. Archaeologists who argue the great antiquity of man upon this planet, based upon the fact that his remains have been found with those of the mastodon, will be compelled to seek other lines of proof for their theory. We quote from p. 385, Geological Report for 1880. Prof. Collett says: "Of the thirty individual specimens of the remains of the mastodon (*Mastodon giganteus*) found in this State, in almost every case a very considerable part of the skeleton of each animal proved to be in a greater or less condition of decay. The remains have



always been discovered in marshes, ponds, or other miry places, indicating at once the cause of the death of the animal and the reason of the preservation of the bones from decay. Spots of ground in this condition are found at the summit of the glacial drift or in "old beds" of rivers which have adopted a shorter route and lower level, consequently their date does not reach beyond the most recent changes of the earth's surface; in fact, their existence was so late that the only query is, Why did they become extinct? A skeleton was discovered in excavating the bed of the canal a few miles north of Covington, Fountain County, bedded in wet peat. The teeth were in good preservation, and Mr. Perrin Kent states that when the larger bones were cut open the marrow, still preserved, was utilized by the bog cutters to "grease" their boots, and that chunks of sperm-like substance  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches in diameter (adipocere), occupied the place of the kidney fat of the monster. During the past summer of 1880, an almost complete skeleton of a mastodon was found six miles northwest from Hoopston, Iroquois County, Ill., which goes far to settle definitely that it was not only a recent animal, but that it survived until the life and vegetation of to-day prevailed. The tusks formed each a full quarter of a circle, were 9 feet long, 22 inches in circumference at the base, and in their water-soaked condition weighed 175 pounds. The lower jaw was well preserved, with a full set of magnificent teeth, and is nearly 3 feet long. The teeth, as usual, were thickly enamelled, and weighed each from 4 to 5 pounds. The leg bones, when joined at the knee, made a total length of  $5\frac{1}{2}$  feet, indicating that the animal was no less than 11 feet high, and from 15 to 16 feet from brow to rump. On inspecting the remains closely, a mass of fibrous, bark-like material was found between the ribs, filling the place of the animal's stomach; when carefully separated, it proved to be a crushed mass of herbs and grasses, similar to those which still grow in the vicinity. In the same bed of miry clay a multitude of small fresh water and land shells were observed and collected, which still prevail all over the States of Illinois, Indiana, and parts of Michigan."

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#### MISCELLANY.

**COLORING WALLS.**—Ceilings and walls are often finished in distemper, but very often turn out unsatisfactory, from the want of knowledge in the mixing and laying on. Absorption in the wall should be checked or stopped, or one part will absorb more color than another, and an uneven or spotty appearance results. Various preparations are used for preparing walls

and to stop absorption. One of these is to mix about a dozen pounds of the best whiting with water, adding thereto enough parchment or other size to bind the color, about two ounces of alum, and the same weight of soft-soap dissolved in water; mix well and strain through a screen or coarse cloth. In mixing the distemper, one writer says, "Two things are essentially necessary: clean and well-washed whiting, and pure jellied size." The whiting should be put to soak with sufficient soft water to cover it well and penetrate its bulk. When soaked sufficiently, the water should be poured off, which will remove dust from the whiting. It may then be beaten up to a stiff paste by the hand or spatula. Size is next added and mixed together. Care should be taken not to break the jelly of the size any more than can be avoided.

Another caution is that distemper should be mixed with jellied size to lay on well—the color then works cool and floats nicely; but when the size is used hot it drags and gathers and works dry, producing a rough wall. A little alum added to the distemper hardens it and helps to dry out solid and even. The best size is made from parchment clippings, which are put into an iron kettle filled with water and allowed to stand twenty-four hours till the pieces are thoroughly soaked, then they are boiled for five hours, and the scum removed. The liquid is then strained through a cloth. For mixing colors the whiting and the color required, finely ground, are dissolved separately and then mixed to the required tint. For example, lampblack mixed with whiting makes gray, and the most delicate to the darkest shades may be obtained. For French gray the whiting required is taken and soaked in water, and Prussian blue and lake finely ground in water are added to produce the necessary shade or tint. Buff may be made by dissolving in like manner, separately, whiting and yellow ochre. A little Venetian red gives a warm tone. A good salmon tint is produced by adding to the dissolved whiting a little of the same red, just sufficient to tinge. Drabs of various tints can be easily made by grinding up finely a little burnt umber and mixing it with the dissolved whiting. The sooner the distemper color dries after being laid on the better, and the best plan is to close windows and doors during laying, and throw them open afterward.—*Building News.*

**AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF DR. JOHNSON.**—To Mr. Hector, in Birmingham, Oct. 7, 1756. Dear Sir: After a long intermission of our correspondence you took some time ago a very kind method of informing me that there was no intermission of our friendship, yet I know not why, after the interchange of a let-

ter or two, we have fallen again into our former silence. I remember that when we were nearer each other we were more diligent in our correspondence, perhaps only because we were both younger, and more ready to employ ourselves in things not of absolute necessity. In early life every new action or practice is a kind of experiment, which, when it has been tried, one is naturally less eager to try again. Friendship is indeed one of those few states of which it is reasonable to wish the continuance through life, but the form and exercise of friendship varies, and we grow to recollect (?) to show kindness on important occasions, without squandering our ardor in superfluities of empty civility. It is not in mere civility that I write now to you, but to inform you that I have undertaken a new edition of Shakespeare, and that the profits of it are to arise from a subscription. I therefore solicit the interests of all my friends, and believe myself sure of yours without solicitation. The proposals and receipts may be had from my mother, to whom I beg you to send for as many as you can dispose of, and to remit to her money which you or your acquaintances shall collect. Be so kind as to mention my undertaking to any other friends that I may have in your part of the kingdom, the activity of a few solicitors may produce great advantages to me. I have been thinking every month of coming down into the country, but every month has brought its hindrances. From that kind of melancholy indisposition which I had when we lived together at Birmingham I have never been free, but have always had it operating against my health and my life with more or less violence. I hope, however, to see all my friends, all that are remaining, in no very long time, and particularly you, whom I always think on with great tenderness. I am, Sir, your most affectionate servant, SAM. JOHNSON.—*Notes and Queries.*

INSTINCT OF THE WASP. — M. Fabre has continued and added to very interesting observations on the solitary wasps which he published some years ago. He then described the singular state of paralysis into which they throw their victims, which if killed would decay, and if buried alive would in their struggles almost infallibly destroy the egg or young larva of the wasp. The wasp, however, stings them in such a manner as to pierce the ganglia, and thus, without killing them, almost deprives them of all power of movement. One species of *Sphex*, which preys on a large grasshopper (*Ephippigera*), obtains the same result in a different manner. After having almost paralyzed her victim in the usual manner, she throws it on its back, bends the head so as to extend the articulation of the neck, and

then, seizing the intersegmental membrane with her jaws, crushes the subcesophageal ganglion. Truly a marvellous instinct. M. Fabre found that after this treatment the victims retain some power of digestion, and he was able considerably to prolong their life by feeding them with syrup. — *Sir John Lubbock.*

ANCIENT VINTAGES. — The Italian wine-growers are doing their best now to improve the products of their vineyards, and to study the methods of fermentation which are best suited to enable them to make good wine. If they are, as is doubtless the case, a good way behind the French and the Spaniards in this matter, some progress has been made. Italian wines have even already come to bear a high value in the markets of other countries. It is, however, little likely that the modern cultivators will ever send out from their vats anything resembling the wines which were formerly so much prized in Rome. A curious account of these ancient Roman wines was that which was written toward the end of his life by M. Grenier, of the *Constitutionnel*, who died a few days ago. He assures us that all our preconceived ideas as to wine must be abandoned in thinking of these liquors. They were rather to be compared to the sweetened drinks, and even to the confections of our own day, being either sweet by nature or rendered so by mixing with them a compound of various solid substances. Honey, cheese, essence of flowers, and many other ingredients were thus used, and in such quantities as often to convert the wine into a sort of jelly. New wine was used for pouring upon slices of bread, which were then eaten much in the same way as children eat bread and jam. When it was older, it was formed into cakes, and at fifty years of age, if M. Grenier is right, it was "hard enough to build walls of." The old wine was thus quite solid, and when intended to be taken, was broken up into pieces and put into a cup to be mixed with hot water and so dissolved. — *Globe.*

#### OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;  
I can sit here and care not for them now,  
Dreaming beside the glittering wave of life  
Once more—I know not how

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear  
Faint, oh so faint, some air I used to sing,  
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear  
The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade  
Over the fields and happy homes of men,  
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,  
Long since—I knew not when.

EDWARD DOWDEN.



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